THE SELECT WORKS OF Mr. JOHN DENNIS,

In Two Volumes:

Consisting of

PLAYS, POEMS, &c.

I. *Iphigenia*, a Tragedy.
II. Liberty Asserted, a Tragedy.
III. *Appius* and *Virginia*
IV. Plot and No Plot, or *Jacobite* Credulity, a Comedy.
V. Grounds of Criticism in Poetry.
VI. To Mr. *Dryden*, upon his Translation of the third Book of *Virgil*'s Georgicks: Pindarick Ode.
VII. To a Painter drawing a Lady's Picture.
VIII. The Court of Death, on the Memory of Q. *Mary*.
IX. The Passion of *Byblis*.
X. The Monument sacred to the Best of Kings, K. *William* III.
XI. *Britannia Triumphans*, or a Poem on the Battel of *Blenheim*.
XII. The Battel of *Ramillies*, a Poem.
XIII. On the Accession of King *George*.
XIV. Priestcraft dangerous to Religion and Government.
XV. Essay on Publick Spirit.
XVI. Essay on the Operas, &c.

To which is added,

CORIOLANUS, *The Invader of his Country: or, The Fatal Resentment*, a Tragedy.

LONDON,
Printed for *J. D.* and sold by D. BROWNE, W. MEARS, S. ILLIDGE, F. CLAY, T. BICKERTON, T. CORBET, W. CHETWOOD, and T. PAYNE. 1721.

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X. The Monument Erected to the Duke of Marlborough.
Line III.
XI. [illegible] Dramatick Poem, or a Poem on the Duke of Marlborough's Victories.
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IPHIGENIA:

A

TRAGEDY,

Acted at the

THEATRE

IN

Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields.

Si quando aliquod Officium exiſtit amici in periculis adeundis aut communicandis, quis eſt qui id non maximis efferat laudibus ?

Cic. de Amic.

PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. *Verbruggen.*

[The Genius of *England* riſes to a Warlike Symphony.]

SEE, Britons, *ſee, before your raviſh'd Eyes,*
See England's *lofty Guardian Genius riſe:*
Admiring ſee that formidable Mein,
That is by Gods with Veneration ſeen;
That from Great Neptune *due Reſpect can draw,*
And keep the watry trembling World in awe.
I, who your Souls with all that's great inſpire,
With ſoaring Thoughts, and each ſublime Deſire;
'Tis I, my Britons, *who vouchſafe t' appear,*
And view my Godlike Sons aſſembled here:
And I am charm'd to ſee you aſſembled all,
At the known Sound of my Majeſtick Call.
Hither in Pomp the Tragick Muſe I've led,
Who had twenty rolling Moons been from you fled,

Forlorn, forſaken, the Celeſtial Maid
In Solitudes diſconſolately ſtray'd:
Wild as a Bacchanal *I ſaw her rove,*
This buskin'd Child of Memory and Jove.
Her once victorious Eye now look'd Deſpair,
With miſerable Cries ſhe rent the Air,
Beat her immortal Breaſts, and tore her golden Hair.
Am I by all forſaken then! ſaid ſhe,
Oh is my Britain *faln to that Degree,*
As for effeminate Arts t' abandon me?
I left the enſlav'd Italian *with Diſdain,*
And ſervile Gallia, *and dejected* Spain:
Grew proud to be confin'd to Britain's *Shore,*
Where Godlike Liberty had fix'd before;
Where Liberty thrives moſt, I moſt can ſoar.
Once more I thought t' inſpire Athenian *Flights,*
And once more tow'r to Sophoclean *Heights.*
But, Oh! ſhe cry'd, I feel a ruder Care,
And I have chang'd Ambition for Deſpair.
Here Song and Dance, and every Trifle reigns,
And leaves no room for my exalted Strains.
Thoſe Arts now rule that ſoften'd foreign Braves,
And ſunk the Southern *Nations into Slaves.*
This ſaid the Muſe, my Britons, *againſt you:*
Oh Supreme Jove! *And is th' Indictment true?*
It is; ſo wanton are your Stages grown,
That my degenerate Sons I have not known,
Or what is worſe, ye Gods, have bluſh'd to own.
Oh what would my magnanimous Henry *ſay,*
Or Edward's *Soul returning to the Day;*
To ſee a Bearded more than Female Throng
Diſſolv'd, and dying by an Eunuch's Song?

To

To give you wholeſome true ſevere Delight,
With me the Tragick Muſe returns to-night.
To your ſoft Neighbours Sound and Show reſign,
But liſten you to her great Voice and mine.
'Tis true, the Organ's weak we now inſpire,
But what can weaken our Celeſtial Fire?
Where cannot we exert our boundleſs Pow'rs?
Yet from his mortal Voice diſtinguiſh ours.
Whatever in the following Scenes is low,
Whate'er may from corrupted Cuſtoms flow,
That's his, from that your generous Breaſts defend;
But to what's ours with ſilent Dread attend;
And ours is all that's brave and truly great,
And which can, raiſing you, exalt the State.
Friendſhip's the Virtue which we recommend,
He makes a Patriot too who makes a Friend:
Who freely for his Friend reſigns his Breath,
Would for his Country meet a glorious Death.
With ſilent Awe, my Britons, *then attend,*
View the great Action of a Grecian *Friend,*
And learn degenerate ſelfiſh Thoughts t' amend.
From Grecian *Fire let* Engliſh *Hearts take flame,*
And grow deſerving of that noble Name:
For not the boundleſs Main which I controul,
Can ſo delight my Eyes, or charm my Soul,
As I am pleas'd when my brave Sons I ſee
Worthy of Godlike Liberty and Me.

[He ſinks to the ſame Symphony that he roſe.]

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Oreſtes, King of *Mycenæ*. — Mr. *Betterton*.
Pilades, a *Grecian* Prince, his Friend. — Mr. *Williams*.
Helymus, *Diores*, Two *Grecians*, attendant on the Princes.
Two *Scythian* Captains.
Meſſengers.

WOMEN.

Queen of the *Scythians*. — Mrs. *Barry*.
Iphigenia, High Prieſteſs of *Diana*. — Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Euphroſine, a *Grecian* Lady, Confident to *Iphigenia*. — Mrs. *Martin*.
Delia, another *Grecian* Lady, likewiſe Prieſteſs of *Diana Taurica*.
Prieſts and Prieſteſſes.

SCENE, *A Wild Country on the Top of a Mountain before the Temple of* Diana Taurica.

IPHIGENIA.

ACT I. *Storm.*

Iphigenia. Euphroſine.

Iph. DEFEND me, Great *Diana!*
Defend thy *Iphigenia*, thou bright Goddeſs,
The wretched Servant of whoſe cruel Rites
Before thy Sacred Temple here I ſtand!
A Storm ſo dreadful my Eyes ne'er beheld,
Not e'en in this accurſed *Scythian* Climate,
O'er which the furious God of War preſiding,
The reſtleſs Natives and the outrageous Elements
All wage eternal War. (ture in it.

Euph. There's ſomething ſurely above Na-

Iph. But if this Storm's ſo terrible to us,
How muſt it look, alas, to thoſe poor Souls,
With conqu'ring Death conflicting on the Main!
Look

Look there *Euphroſine*'s a Sight will melt
Thy pitying Heart within thy tender Boſom;
See, in the Mouth of this tempeſtuous Bay,
Upon the Summit of whoſe horrid Cliffs
This threatning Fabrick ſtands,
Yon goodly Veſſel, of a foreign Make,
No Pilot to conduct it but the Tempeſt,
Before the foaming Surges bounds along.

Euph. Bleſs me, ye Pow'rs! what God can ſave them ſinking?
Shou'd they 'ſcape foundring in the wild Abyſs,
Anon they run amain upon the Rocks
Of this inhoſpitable Shore.

Iph. Or if by wondrous chance they avoid thoſe Rocks, (Seas,
Something more dangerous than the Rocks or
And rougher than the rudeſt of the Winds,
Attends them on the Shore. (they die,

Euph. If they are caught on *Scythian* Ground,
And fall the Victims of theſe dreadful Altars.

Iph. They die, but by whoſe hands, *Euphro-*
Ah miſerable me! Tho in this Place (*ſine?*
The Men are more relentleſs than the Rocks,
Yet here are always Women to be found
More ſavage than the cruel'ſt of their Men.

Enter Meſſenger.

Whence art thou? And to whom?

Meſſ. From yon uncultivated *Eaſtern* Plain,
O'er which our roving *Scythians* drive
Their wandring Habitations,
Our warlike Queen has ſent me to demand,
If all things are prepar'd to ſolemnize
Our Great *Diana*'s annual Feſtival.

Iph. Tell her they are;
The Garlands are prepar'd, the Victims crown'd,
The Sacred Pomp of the Proceſſion's ready,
And nothing but the Queen her ſelf is wanting;
For now the Night, the fatal Hour approaches.
Meſſ. I fly to let her know it. *Exit.*
Iph. Ah woe, *Euphroſine!* But yeſterday
This fatal Office was conferr'd upon me,
Which to refuſe had brought me certain Death,
And yet this Night already I muſt——Heav'ns!
My Blood runs chill within me, at the Thought
Of executing this moſt horrid Office.
Euph. Yes, you're to plunge your Knife in human Blood;
But 'tis the Blood of Strangers.
Were you to offer up your darling Child,
Or to embrue your Hands in the dear Blood
Of one who lov'd you, and who was belov'd by you, (recoil
How then would your poor trembling Heart
At the bare Thought of ſuch a dreadful Office!
Yet, *Iphigenia* from a Race deſcends,
To which from *Tantalus* to *Agamemnon*,
Thoſe diſmal Deeds have been but too familiar;
You ſacrifice a Stranger to *Diana*,
Remember that your Father *Agamemnon*
A Daughter would have ſacrific'd.
Iph. O dire Original of all my Woe!
Why, my *Euphroſine*, would'ſt thou remind me
To that Intention of a cruel Father (of it?
I owe a tedious twelve Years Miſery;
I owe a tedious twelve Years Reſidence
In this ſad Clime, where Heav'n's Inclemency
Frowns

Frowns all the Year upon the horrid Natives;
Where I muſt linger out a wretched Life,
Far from my Country, and my dear Relations,
Far from the ſweet Society of Ladies,
Whoſe Souls with ev'ry Grace and Virtue fraught,
Alone can by their Converſation give
Inſipid Life a Reliſh.
'Tis now five years ſince the laſt wretched *Grecian*
Was thrown upon this Coaſt, and I alas
Am utterly a Stranger to whate'er
Has happen'd to my Country and my Friends;
Only laſt Night, laſt fearful Night, *Oreſtes*,
My only Brother, and the ſecond Hope
Of Royal *Agamemnon*'s high-born Race,
Broke my diſtracted Slumbers with dire Viſions,
That quite diſmay'd my Soul; my very Dreams
All in this place, are like the Natives, dreadful.

Euph. However you exclaim againſt thoſe Natives,
To you they are leſs barbarous than your *Grecians*,
And far more gentle than a cruel Father.
To them you owe your Liberty, your Honour,
To them too, next the Gods, you owe the Puniſhment
Of a curſt Slave's Deſign upon them both.
When for the ſpace of three revolving Moons
The *Grecian* Fleet had windbound lain at *Aulis*,
And great *Achilles* longing lay, impatient
To urge the *Trojan* Fate;
Calchas aloud proclaim'd throughout the Army,
That the offended Gods deny'd the Winds,
Till that the King of Kings, who ſtood oblig'd

By

By an old Vow to offer to *Lucina*
The loveliest Product of the fertile Year,
Should sacrifice his beauteous *Iphigenia*.

Iph. Why wilt thou old Calamities renew?

Euph. To reconcile you more to your Misfortune, (done for you,
And shew you what great things the Gods have
Tho you ungratefully repine: the King,
By damnable Ambition urg'd, consented
To what the Camp with one accord demanded,
And made your Marriage with the great *Achilles*,
The subtle Lure to draw you down from *Argos*.

Iph. The Fraud of *Calchas* and of dire *Ulysses*!
False fatal Marriage!

Euph. And tho true, untimely, (Cheek,
Scarce had ten Springs then bloom'd upon your
And yet your tender Mother *Clytemnestra*,
Betray'd and flatter'd by the hope of seeing
Your Destiny united to a Hero's,
And such a Hero from a Goddess sprung,
Too soon consented to the fatal Journey.

Iph. I would not hear the rest.

Euph. You must: At *Aulis*
The subtle *Clytemnestra* found the Cheat;
Then like a raging Lioness, whose Young
Some desperate Hunter in the Toils entangles,
Your raving Mother soon dismay'd your Father,
Flew to his Tent with Fury in her Soul,
And Terror in her Eyes; storm'd, wept, pray'd, shriek'd,
Till she at last prevail'd on his hard Heart;
So far she shook his fainting Resolution,

Iph.

Iph. What canſt thou mean by this ſad Re-
Of what I would not hear? (petition
Euph. Once more, I tell you,
To reconcile you to your *Scythian* Fate:
For to that ſtrange degree you were undone,
That only *Scythia*'s Shore could have preſerv'd
you (fled:
From a worſe Fate than that from which you
For after that your Mother had prevail'd
Upon your Father to retract your Deſtiny,
It was determin'd at the dead of night
You ſhou'd by ſtealth from *Aulis* be convey'd
To *Thracian Polymneſtor*'s Court,
There to remain conceal'd till the Event
Of that fam'd Expedition;
And that a *Lesbian* Slave in Shape, and Size,
And Age reſembling yours,
In a long Veil ſhould die for *Iphigenia*:
So you eſcap'd, and ſo all *Greece* was cheated.
Iph. Unfortunate Eſcape! for that which
follows (mention'd,
Was ten times worſe than Death, and barely
Strikes to my Heart like Fate, and ſhakes my
Nature.
Euph. Yet I muſt on; your Peace of Mind
depends on it.
That day it happen'd that there came to *Aulis*
A Maſter of a Veſſel in his Boat,
Whoſe Ship lay out ſome Leagues at Sea,
Being bound for the *Propontis*:
The Maſter was by Birth of *Tomos*,
The Country where the *Iſther*
It ſelf at all its ſeven wide Mouths

Diſ-

Diſcharges in the *Euxine*.
To him you were deliver'd, with large Treaſures,
And ſix ſmall Virgins of your Train, of which
My wretched ſelf was one,
To be convey'd to *Thracian Polymneſtor*.
With him we at the Ship arriv'd, and ſail'd:
But then that Beauty, which at Land had made
The moſt unfortunate of Women, (you
Had like to have prov'd more fatal on the Main;
For fir'd by that, and by the Treaſure tempted,
The Captain paſs'd by *Thrace* and the *Propontis*,
Deſigning to tranſport us all to *Tomos*.

Iph. Oh the Villain!

Euph. As ſoon as in the *Euxine*, all the World
Appear'd to be compos'd but of two Elements;
The deſperate Caitiff made a damn'd Attempt;
We helpleſs Wretches ſhriek'd to Heaven for Succour,
When ſtrait upon the Wings of all the Winds
Th' avenging Gods flew down from Heav'n to reſcue us;
Jove gave th' Alarm to Nature, ſtrait the Thunder
From different quarters roar'd, and the blue Lightning
Thwarted the Lightning in its ſlanting Flight;
The Sea-Gods in a moment turn'd the Seas
Up from their deep Foundation:
They roaring out, in liquid Mountains roll'd,
With Intervals of horrid Vales between them,
While ſcreaming Monſters echo'd to our Shrieks;
Death in a thouſand Shapes at once appear'd,
And each of them amazing.

Iph. The very bare remembrance of that Storm

Still

Still ſtrikes a thrilling Horror to my Heart,
The terribleſt I ever ſaw
Before I ſaw this Ev'ning. (preſerv'd us;
Euph. Yet 'twas by that that gracious Heav'n
For now the Veſſel tumbling in the Abyſs,
The King of Terrors in his diſmal'ſt Shape
Star'd in the Villain's Face, and made him ſoon
Deſiſt from his curſt Enterprize.
A ſharper Care now ſeiz'd his guilty Soul.
Three Days and Nights adrift before the Storm
We in the Deep lay rolling, on the fourth
The Tempeſt wrack'd us on this *Scythian* Shore;
We ſtrait were by the Natives ſeiz'd, the Maſter
And all his Crew, the Crew of guilty Wretches,
Who would have ſacrific'd our ſpotleſs Honours
To their infernal Luſts, that very night
Yielded their Throats at great *Diana*'s Altars.
We were preſerv'd, and conſtituted part
Of the bright Train attendant on the Goddeſs.
Iph. See, thou haſt talk'd this Tempeſt over
But ah the goodly Ship is ſeen no more, (too;
And all the Wretches in its hollow Womb
Are periſh'd in the Waves; and now alas
The Elements ſeem reconcil'd, and now
The angry Ocean ſinks into a Calm,
As if it like a hungry Lion roar'd
But for its Prey, and were by that appeas'd.
But look, *Euphroſine*, what two are thoſe
Who with ſuch friendly Care aſſiſt each other
To climb the craggy Steepneſs of the Cliff,
While two at diſtance with unequal pace
Purſuing, pant behind them?
Euph. The wretched Remnants of the Wreck,
Who come to periſh here. *Iph.*

Iph. Strangers they by their Garb appear, and *Grecians*;
With what laborious Toil they mount,
And ever and anon
They ſtop, and caſt an eager eye
Tow'rds theſe tremendous Altars!
Euph. The foremoſt wears Affliction in his Aſpect,
And the black Cloud that lours upon his Brow,
Seems to declare ſtrange Wretchedneſs of Sorrow.
Iph. Yet Sorrow on his Brow Majeſtick ſits,
And ſhows that from no common Cauſe it ſprings:
His Mein ſeems earneſt, and his Looks profound,
Like one upon important Buſineſs bent,
Ah Wretch! if thou art by our *Scythians* ſeen,
Thy buſineſs is to die.
But let's retire, and let th' Attendants bar
Theſe maſſy Gates, for lo they come, *Euphroſine*.
Enter Oreſtes, Pilades, Helymus, Diores.
Euph. Shall we alarm the Guards?
Iph. Not for thy Life.
My firſt Requeſt to great *Diana*, is,
That I may ne'er perform this cruel Function:
For that which Reaſon utterly abhors,
Can ne'er be acceptable to Divinity.
But if I am compell'd by theſe Barbarians
To do a Deed which moſt my Soul abhors,
Let the Slaves deſtin'd for the Altar bleed:
But ſpare your Images, ye Pow'rs above,
In thoſe two Godlike Youths.

[*Exeunt* Iph. & Euph.

Or. You *Helymus*, and you *Diores*,
Keep exact Watch upon your ſeveral Poſts;
If we are caught on *Scythian* Ground, we die.
[*Exeunt* Hel. & Di.
I fear not for my ſelf; why ſhould a Wretch,
That groans beneath intolerable Woe,
Fear Death, his kind Redeemer?
But for my Friend, my *Pilades*,
I cannot chuſe but fear.

Pil. I cannot fear with my *Oreſtes* near me,
Not even for *Oreſtes*.

Or. Alas, you need not fear for me,
I am ſo exquiſitely miſerable,
That Death will long avoid me;
A Wretch that labours with a world of Woe;
By all but by my *Pilades* forſaken,
By Gods and Men forſaken,
And by the formidable Furies haunted.

Pil. Now your long Miſeries muſt ceaſe, take Comfort,
The *Delphick* God has ſaid it.
This is the Temple of the dreadful Goddeſs,
Whoſe cruel Altars ſmoke with human Gore;
If we her Image can tranſport to *Athens*,
Your Woes are at an end:
So ſaid Divine *Apollo*.

Or. See, where that Image ſits, inthron'd in Horrour,
And on the bloody Battlements behold
The Spoils of murder'd *Grecians!*
The dreadful Gates are barr'd,
And the high Walls prohibit all Acceſs:
May we not juſtly then ſuſpect this Oracle?

For

For how can we approach this fatal Image,
Or how can we tranſport it?
Pil. When we deſpair,
Great Love ſhall crown our Action with Succeſs,
And from the Dangers of the Place deliver us:
So ſaid the God. Upon our Virtue then,
Upon our Friendſhip firmly let's depend,
Immortal Love ne'er ſtirs a moment from us.
Or. Above the World, I ſwear, I love my (*Pilades.*
Then let us to the Ship retire,
That lies among the Rocks conceal'd,
And with the Advantage of approaching Night,
Sally with all our Friends,
Surprize and force the Place.
Enter Helymus, *and after him* Diores.
How now? what means that ghaſtly Look!
Haſt thou too ſeen the Furies? Why ſtand'ſt
thou ſpeechleſs? (does Deſpair
What means that deep-fetch'd Groan? Why
Stare thro thy haggard Eyes?
Hel. My Lords defend your ſelves:
For from the Brow of yonder neighb'ring Hill
A Party of the *Scythians* have ſurpriz'd me;
Their reinleſs Steeds come ſcouring down the
Mountain
As they had Wings, and ſeem'd to bend their
Directly tow'rds the Temple. (Courſe
Or. It is enough, my *Pilades* retire,
In the good Ship thy Refuge quickly take,
While I with *Helymus* and good *Diores*
Keep theſe inhuman Dogs that hunt for Blood
at bay.
Pil. Had I made that Requeſt to my *Oreſtes*,

By Heav'n I ne'er ſhould have forgiven my ſelf,
Becauſe *Oreſtes* ne'er could have forgiven me.
Should *Pilades* have ask'd his only Friend
To be ſo falſe, ſo infinitely baſe
As to deſert him; one day I muſt die,
That is moſt certain, and who knows how (poorly,
How like the baſe-born Vulgar? Could I have ever wiſh'd to have fall'n more nobly,
Than fighting, dying for my dear *Oreſtes?*
How ſhould a Friend expire but with his Friend?
And not when Death has ſeiz'd his nobler part,
Drag a half wretched paralytick Life,
His own forlorn Surviver.
Why wouldſt thou then unkindly thus deprive (me
Of ſuch a Death as I ſhould envy thee?
Or. Then as we have liv'd, let us embracing die. (only,
Now let them come. Had they attack'd me
I wou'd have given up my wretched Breaſt to them,
That groans beneath th' intolerable Weight
Of never-ceaſing Woe.
But ſince thro mine they ſeek the Life of *Pilades*,
By *Caſtor*, and the friendly God his Brother,
They'll find they ſafelier might have undertaken
To have rous'd the hungry Monarch of the (Woods,
While ſlumbring o'er his Young.

Enter Queen of the Scythians, *and Train.*

Queen. Give orders that the Horſe remain at diſtance,
Let theſe on foot attend me to the Temple,
There's ſomething ſad in my foreboding Mind
That's

That's unbecoming of this pompous Feſtival.
Laſt night, when Death-like Sleep had ſeiz'd on Mortals,
In the dread Hour to ſilent Horrour ſacred,
This in the Viſions of the Dark I ſaw,
The Foldings of th' Apartment where I lay
Flew open with a Whirlwind's violent Blaſt,
And to my Eyes appear'd th' amazing Form
Of our tremendous Goddeſs:
With threatning Majeſty her Head ſhe ſhook,
Her ſevere Eyes with wrathful Frown ſhe roll'd,
And then ſhe cry'd, while me chill Horrour froze,
Off'rings of human Blood I will no more,
I will no more with *Scythian* Horrours dwell,
The Sacrifice which thou prepar'ſt, I abhor;
Know to my Eyes 'tis impious, 'tis abominable;
T' a powerful God thou muſt thy ſelf be Victim,
Thou muſt thy ſelf to-morrow burn and bleed,
'Tis by the aſſembled Gods, and by the Fates decreed.
She ſaid, and diſappear'd: but Dreams are (Dreams,
All Superſtition is below great Souls,
And I will think no more of it.

[*ſeeing the* Grecians.

Ha! what are you? that thus with Arms unlicens'd,
And theſe Majeſtick Miens,
Appear on *Scythian* Ground, that calls me Sovereign!

Or. Well may you wonder at us, we are Men,
And thoſe are Creatures you ne'er ſaw before.

Queen. Yes, I'm a Woman, born to command Men.

Pil. No, to command *Barbarians*, we are *Grecians.*

Queen. By your exalted Speech, and tow'ring Miens,
I took you to be Gods;
But if you're *Grecians*, we ſhall find you mortal:
For if you're *Grecians*, know that you muſt die.

Or. Then know that we reſolve to die like *Grecians*,
Like two who know that we were born to die.

Pil. That every brave Man's buſineſs is to die.

Or. Th' Employment of your *Scythians* is to kill,
But the whole Buſineſs of a *Grecian*'s Life
Is like himſelf to die.

Pil. For Death is only certain, all things elſe
Depend on Fortune's arbitrary Freak,
And may or may not happen; Death is Fate's,
And only ſure and common to us all.

Queen. Gods, how they talk! I'll ſee what they can do,
Fall on.

Or. Now the two friendly Brother Gods aſſiſt us. [*They beat off the* Scythians.

Queen. Gods! what have I beheld? with what a Fury
They drove my Daſtard *Scythians* all before them,
As Whirlwinds drive the Duſt.
Protect me, great *Diana!*

Oreſtes, Pilades, Helymus, Diores *re-enter.*

Or. Now, Madam, you may ſee, that tho we're mortal,
Grecians are yet as far above your *Scythians*,
As they're below the Gods: But you are mute,
Expecting we ſhould uſe our Fortune baſely,
Becauſe your *Scythians* baſely would have us'd it;
But we are able to forgive our Captives,
The high Prerogative of all the Brave.

Your

Your Subjects, as by Cruelty they're inſtigated,
In all their Combats conquer to deſtroy.
Greatneſs of Mind excites the *Greek* to Battel,
Who conquers only to preſerve,
And to improve the Vanquiſh'd.
That you ſhall ſee, your Life, your Liberty, (us
Your Scepter's yours once more; now learn from
To ſhew more Mercy to unhappy Strangers.
Farewel. [*Exeunt* Grecians.

Queen. Gods! have I liv'd to hear ſuch words as theſe?
'Tis not the eaſy Conqueſt they obtain'd
That mortifies my Pride; what's that to me?
I have a Greatneſs of my own, a Greatneſs
Immortal, like my Soul in which it dwells,
And ne'er can ſuffer by my Subjects Baſeneſs.
But this is what torments me, I have heard,
Gods! I have heard them ſay ſuch things, as ſhows (to me
They who pronounc'd them thought they were
Superior Beings; but by Heav'n, once more
I'll have them in my power, and then I'll ſhew them——

Re-enter Scythians.

Oh! are you then return'd at laſt? you Wretches!
What can you think your ſelves that you deſerve? (ters,
When twenty of you, with true *Scythian* Scimi-
Fled from four *Grecian* Swords.

1 *Scyth.* Pardon, great Queen, we fled not from their Swords, (them;
Their Eyes had ſomething more than mortal in
We could not bear their darting Beams, which ſhot

Pernicious Fire thro all our daring Souls,
That in a moment blaſted all our Vigour.
Queen. Give order, that the Horſe immediately
Fly down the Road that winds around the Cliff,
And intercept their Paſſage to the Sea;
And charge them ev'ry Man upon their Lives,
Neither to kill the *Grecians*, nor permit them
T' eſcape from out their hands, but bring them bound
To great *Diana*'s Shrine, where I'll expect them.
Fly inſtantly, ye Slaves, for if they eſcape,
I'll have new Ways invented to torment you,
Shall make you howling beg for Death,
Which ye ſo baſely ſhun'd.
Scyth. We fly, O Queen, t' obey thee.
[*Exeunt* Scythians.
Queen. If theſe are Men, they had reaſon to declare
That Men were Creatures I ne'er ſaw before;
But ſure this Action ſpeaks them more: then ſhow them (temn'ſt
That thou art more than Woman, and con-
The *Grecian Leda's*, and their wanton *Helena's*,
As much as they deſpiſe thy *Scythian* Soldiers:
Shew them that thou too haſt a magnanimous
A Soul of their Original; (Soul,
Which, kindled by th' informing Breath of *Jove*,
And made Immortal as himſelf, aſpires
To all that's worthy of its great Extraction.
Shou'd they eſcape, they ne'er can know thy Worth,
Nor can that haughty Stranger, who ſo proudly Gave

Gave me my Life and Liberty, e'er know
That my diſdainful Soul impatient longs
To pay the mighty Debt in kind. What then?
Thy Conſcience knows it, and immortal *Jove*;
And the bright Eye of you, refulgent Goddeſs,
That with one View ſees all the World, bears witneſs to it. (of me?
Gods! muſt they then depart with little Thoughts
What if they ſhould? why ſhould that Fear diſturb thee?
'Tis a precarious Greatneſs that depends
On others Thoughts, my own ſuſtain my Excellence.
Why doſt thou wiſh then with ſuch Eagerneſs
To have theſe *Grecians* in thy Eye once more!
What means this ſtrange Diſquiet, and the Fire
Of this ſo wild, untractable Deſire?

ACT II.

Iphigenia, Euphroſine.

Iph. HOW ſtrangely ſhe ſeem'd mov'd in the Relation!

Euph. But how differently!
Now quite tranſported with th' Heroick Action.

Iph. Then at their Victory as much enrag'd,
And at their Uſage of her mortify'd.

Euph. But pleas'd. (pleas'd.

Iph. Yet in the midſt of Joy diſdaining to be

Euph. Sollicitous about th' Event,
Impatient till 'tis known.
Iph. So uncommanding of her ſelf
Till now I ne'er obſerv'd her. (*Grecians*,
Euph. Should but her *Scythians* intercept the
You'll find her ſhow a Paſſion ſtill more impotent.
A diſtant Shout.
Iph. What doſt thou mean? 'tis what her
Soul deſires.
But the hoarſe Echo of that diſtant Shout
Tells us that we too long defer Obedience
To what ſhe now commanded, that while ſhe
Her private Offerings paid to Great *Diana*,
We ſhould advance tow'rd the Cliff's dreadful
Brow, (pice,
From which the fearful Downfal of the Preci-
And the wild Horrors of the rocky Beach
Lie ſubject to our view; from thence ſhe thinks
We ſomething may deſcry.
But ah! ſee there, ſee where the noble Strangers,
Proſtrate and groveling on the ſtormy Beach,
Surrounded lie on ev'ry ſide by Fate.
The murd'ring *Scythian* ſhouting on the one ſide,
And the mad *Euxine* bellowing on the other,
And blanching with its flying Foam their Gar-
ments:
And now the ſavage Croud all pours upon them.
Shout at a diſtance.
And now they ſend up barbarous Shouts to
Heav'n. (*ſine*,
Alas, they'll murder them; turn, turn, *Euphro-*
My Soul this cruel Proſpect cannot bear.

Euph.

Euph. They dare not touch them, for perhaps the Queen,
The Queen can leſs endure this Sight than you.
Iph. What doſt thou mean? Thou talk'ſt in Riddles.
Euph. Then to explain this Riddle, know
Iph. Whom? (ſhe loves.
Euph. A *Grecian.*
Iph. One of the Strangers? at firſt ſight? im-
Euph. Oh no! (poſſible!
I yet remember ſtranger things in *Greece*,
Young as I was, when I was torn from thence.
You have prepar'd her Heart for this fierce Paſ-
Iph. I! (ſion.
Euph. You.
Tho Nature has indu'd her with a Mind
Above her Climate, and above her Sex,
Still as a Woman, ſhe was born to love,
Yet Love ſhe never knew before this Hour.
For you ſtill whiſper'd to her liſtning Soul
So much of *Grecian* Worth, and *Grecian* Virtue,
That ſhe has utterly contemn'd her *Scythians.*
All you have ſaid theſe noble Youths make good,
Theſe are the only Objects worthy her
That ever ſhe beheld, and at the Sight
Her ſympathizing Soul took ſpeedy fire.
Iph. Thou rav'ſt: 'Tis mere Imagination all.
Euph. You were too much concern'd to obſerve her nicely, (tures,
Elſe you had plainly ſeen, her Words, her Geſ-
Her Mien, her Eyes, and all her Soul declare it.
Shout aloud.

Iph.

Iph. But hark!
Whence the rude Noiſe of this audacious Shout,
So near this hallow'd Place? [*Enter* Scythian.
Scyth. Where is the Queen?
Iph. What would'ſt thou have? the Queen is in a Place,
Where for thy Life thou muſt not dare t'approach.
Scyth. Of the four *Grecians* two are now her Captives,
And with ſlow ſolemn march are guarded tow'rds the Temple.
Iph. What have I heard?
Euph. What are they?
Scyth. *Gretians*; we know no more.
Euph. Then heard you not their Names?
Scyth. Their Names by ſtricteſt Oaths they enjoin'd each other
Not to pronounce.
Euph. What Numbers of you took them?
Scyth. We took them not by Advantage of our Numbers,
But by the powerful Influence of our Goddeſs:
Thrice had we now without Succeſs attack'd them,
From ſupernatural Aid they drew their Safety.
Oft *Caſtor* and his Brother they invok'd,
And ſome affirm theſe two Auxiliar Gods
Apparently ſuſtain'd them. (came pouring,
Our *Scythians* now from neighbouring Rocks
And we a freſh and fourth Attack prepar'd.
The *Grecians*, the two friendly Gods invok'd,
Th' avenging Pow'r of Great *Diana* we,
That in the Clouds inthron'd with Silver Glory,
Illuſtrated the Horrors of the Combat.
When of the *Grecians*, one, to our Aſtoniſhment,
Starting

Starting from out the reſt in fearful manner,
Fix'd on the empty Air his ſtaring Eyes,
He ſhook his Temples, and his Teeth he gnaſh'd,
And then he fetch'd a Groan that ſeem'd to rend
His vital Thred aſunder; then like a Lion
He formidably roar'd, Doſt thou not ſee,
Doſt thou not ſee th' abominable Fiend?
Doſt thou not ſee th' inexorable Fury?
Look how her bloody Mouth ſpouts purple Foam,
And her black Noſtrils, Cataracts of Fire!
Gods! how her cruel Eyes ſhoot Horrors thro my Soul!
Save me, y' eternal Pow'rs, for ſee ſhe comes,
The dreadful Goddeſs comes, and now ſhe raves,
And now her hiſſing curling Snakes erect
Their coal-black Creſts, and dart their forky Tongues. (them.
Do you ſee their odious Eyes? I cannot bear
Damnation! how their fiery Glances ſting me!
But Oh what Shape, what diſmal Shape is that,
That ſtaring wide with ſtony Eyes behind them,
Appears more dreadful than ten thouſand Furies!
Oh 'tis my——

Euph. What follow'd?

Scyth. The reſt with hollow dying Sounds,
Imperfectly pronouncing.
He foam'd, he inward roll'd his ghaſtly Eyes,
And groaning, down he fell entranc'd before us.

Iph. Poor wretched Man! how influenc'd this the reſt? (were fix'd

Scyth. While with Aſtoniſhment all Eyes
On ſuch a dreadful, ſuch a wondrous Object;
Two of them took the advantage of the Occaſion, And

And ſliding in between the craggy Piles
Of numerous Rocks invironing the Bay,
Were quickly in their winding Mazes loſt.
Euph. What did the fourth in conſequence of this? (mitted,
Scyth. He, neither fled nor fought, nor yet ſub-
Another's Danger took up all his Soul,
Regardleſs of his own.
For now th' Entranc'd beginning to revive,
Lay ſtrongly ſtruggling on the Beach with Fate;
At which our *Scythians* all their Rage recover'd,
And at him levell'd all their deadly Javelins;
When he who ſtood before him ſhrieking out,
Threw himſelf backward on the proſtrate Wretch,
And made his Breaſt the Buckler of his Friend.
Euph. The noble Deed deſerves eternal Fame.
Iph. 'Tis a true *Grecian* Action;
An Action truly worthy of the Clime,
Fertile in Heroes and in Demi-Gods.
Euph. That Action ſure might melt even *Scythian* Hearts.
Scyth. It did not only melt, but raviſh them.
The Godlike Deed with general Shout applauding,
Down we unanimouſly threw our Javelins,
And the Contention that remain'd,
Was who ſhould ſave the *Grecians.* (Ground,
Running, we gently rear'd them from the
And cheriſh'd him who wanted moſt our Help;
Till quickly we recall'd his fleeting Spirits,
Then into different Bands we all dividing,
Some ran among the Rocks to ſeek the Flyers,

And to the Temple ſome conduct the Captives.
But ſee, they now draw near!
Iph. *Euphroſine*, inform the Queen of this,
While I receive the *Grecians*.
Euph. Be wiſe, and come away.
Why would you ſee a Sight that would diſtract (you?
Iph. I would to Heaven it would, for that
Diſtraction (getfulneſs;
Would drown a World of Woe in ſweet For-
'Tis better ſurely not to know, than knowing,
To know that we are infinitely miſerable.
But if I cannot bear theſe Objects here,
How ſhall I then endure them at the Altar?
How ſhall I there approach them? how ſhall I
there—— (gers in it.
Let me not think of it, that Thought has Dag-
Euph. Be wiſe, and come away.
Iph. Theſe noble Youths bring News from
Greece, *Euphroſine*.
'Tis now five years ſince I beheld a *Grecian*;
Oh how I long to hear from my dear Country!
Beſides, conſider what I left in *Greece*;
I left a Father there.
Euph. A cruel one.
Iph. Let him be cruel, ſtill I am his Daughter;
I left a Mother there, ſhe was not cruel:
Her very Eyes were not ſo dear as I to her.
I owe my very Life, I owe my all,
To her exceeding Tenderneſs!
There too I left the Darling of my Soul,
The Darling of my Virgin Soul, a Brother,
On whoſe young Temples ſcarce the ſeventh
Had ſhed its golden Down. (Summer

Can

Can I be thought to have left all these behind,
And to have left them all behind entirely?
Ah no! their Images are here, *Euphrosine*;
And here remind me of the dear Originals,
Incessantly remind me.
There are no other Objects here of Tenderness,
Or none, excepting thee.
And I, thou know'st, am in my Nature soft.
Then to indulge that Softness strait retire,
And leave me here, to ask these noble Youths
After my Country and my dear Relations.

Exit Euph.

Enter Orestes, Pilades, *Guard.*

Approach, ye most unfortunate of Men!
Ill-fated Youths, the Sons of wretched Parents!
Wretched your Brothers, and your Sisters miserable.

Or. Madam, we know we are your Victims,
And come resolv'd to die.
For Souls undaunted, why this vain Compassion?
By you we bleed, and you deplore our Destiny:
If that you think, by softning our firm Minds
To make Death dreadful to us, you mistake us.
To Souls prepar'd, such little Arts are vain;
Not all your *Scythian* Javelins once could daunt us,
Nor can your Female Lamentations melt us.
Your cruel Gods, when we approach their Altars,
Shall blush, to see two Men, two dying Men
Unshaken and undaunted as themselves,
Amidst their high Security.

Iph. So high a Mind in such a low Condition!
But from whence are you miserable Men!

How

How long have ye been Wanderers from your Country? (to it.
A long, long time 'twill be, e'er you return
Or. Seek not to ſoften us by vain Inquiries,
Nor to diſturb us in our Hour of Death.
Iph. Grecians you are, I ſee, but of what Province?
I muſt be anſwer'd; my Reaſons are moſt urgent.
Or. How ſhould our Anſwers poſſibly con-
Iph. Are you Brothers? (cern you?
Or. We are not ſo near as Brothers, and yet nearer.
Iph. Then you are Friends it ſeems:
What may we call you?
Or. Miſerable!
Iph. That is the Name which Fortune has be-
I ask not after that. (ſtow'd upon you:
Or. The more we keep our Names conceal'd,
The more we keep this ſhameful Fate conceal'd;
This Fate ſo much unworthy of us:
Tho our Hearts bleed, our Names ſhall never ſuffer. (you Birth?
Iph. Say then, what State, what City gave
Or. Madam, we came reſolv'd to die;
And Death is now our buſineſs!
Iph. There's time enough, alas, for Death,
And long you will enjoy him.
Anſwer me firſt: oblige me ſo far, *Grecian.*
Or. Argos, renown'd throughout the World, is my Country.
Iph. Ha, *Argos!* Is it poſſible? O Heav'ns!
Tell me the truth, I here conjure thee, *Grecian.*

Or. Within *Mycenæ*'s Walls I firſt ſaw Light,
Mycenæ, once the tow'ring Queen of Cities.
Iph. And yet you left it for this diſmal Place?
Or. Ev'n ſo the Gods would have it.
Iph. They're welcome Gueſts to me who come from *Argos*.
Or. And Death's the hearty Welcome we expect.
Iph. Grecian, you may inform me of ſome things,
Which moſt my impatient Soul deſires to know.
Or. You will be anſwer'd; ſpeak.
Iph. You have heard of *Troy*, whoſe Fame has fill'd the Univerſe?
Or. Oh, wou'd to *Jove* I ne'er had heard of [*Troy*,
Not in my very Dreams!
Iph. 'Tis ſaid it now by Fate of War lies low.
Or. But oh ſeverely have its heav'nly Founders
Upon its Conquerors reveng'd its Fall.
Iph. Is *Hellen* at the laſt return'd?
Or. As fatally to ſome of mine,
As ever ſhe departed. (me too.
Iph. She once had like t' have fatal prov'd to
Or. My Obligations to her are well known.
Iph. The common Hatred of all *Grecians* ſhe.
Say, are thoſe *Grecians* yet come back?
Is *Calchas* yet return'd?
Or. The lying Prophet periſh'd on th' *Ægean*.
Iph. And *Ulyſſes*?
Or. A Wanderer upon Earth and Sea,
The Outcaſt of the World.
Iph. At length then halting Vengeance has o'ertaken them.
And proud *Achilles!* lives he?

Or.

Or. In Fields, where once *Troy* ſtood, his Head lies low,
And he in vain at *Aulis* was contracted
To wretched *Iphigenia.*
Iph. Falſe fatal Marriage!
The Fraud of *Calchas*, and of dire *Ulyſſes!* [*Aſide.*
But run there any Rumours now in *Greece*,
Touching the Fate of that unhappy Princeſs?
Or. She who was ſacrific'd at *Aulis?*
Iph. She.
Or. Alas!
They talk of her as of a pleaſing Viſion
Sent down from Heav'n to cheer our Eyes a moment,
And then to re-aſcend.
But, Madam, who are you, who here enquire
Thus circumſtantially of *Grecian* Matters?
Iph. I too was born in *Greece*, and young was torn from it.
Should I proceed, my Story is ſo ſtrange,
That it could ne'er find Credit with you.
How bears the General his high Felicity?
Or. What General? I am grown an utter Stranger
Ev'n to the very Names of all the Happy.
Iph. The King of Kings, Imperial *Agamemnon.*
Or. I cannot, will not ſpeak, enquire no further.
Iph. Now by the Gods proceed, I here conjure you,
'Tis a long time ſince laſt my Soul knew Comfort.
Or. The King of Kings is now but common Clay.
Iph. Then are his Children wretched; ſay, How died he?

Or. Moſt miſerably for himſelf and others.
Iph. Alas! but how?
Or. As *Troy* and *Priam* tumbled from their height,
As all the Race of *Tantalus* has fall'n,
So periſh'd *Agamemnon* by a Woman.
Iph. A wretched Creature ſure, whoe'er ſhe be.
Or. She weeps by Heav'n; from whence theſe flowing Tears?
Iph. I mourn, reflecting on his former Hapineſs,
I mourn the ſad Viciſſitudes of Fate,
The Ills that every hour befal Mortality,
The common ſad Condition of poor Man,
My own forlorn Eſtate. How bears the Queen?--
Or. Hold! by the Gods I here conjure you hold,
By vain Enquiry plague my Soul no more.
Iph. Anſwer this once, and I have done for ever:
How bears the Queen this terrible Diſaſter?
Or. The Queen ſtill met a more tremendous Deſtiny.
Iph. Diſſolve me, Gods, into a Flood of Tears. [*Aſide.*
How fell ſhe?
Or. Alas, 'tis terrible, it ſhakes my Nature;
She fell by——
Iph. Whom? (Being.
Or. By the curſt Wretch to whom ſhe gave his
Iph. By her own Son! Aſtoniſhment of Woe!
Wherefore?
Or. His Royal Father he reveng'd,
Whom barbarouſly ſhe murder'd.

Iph.

Iph. Murder'd!
O Horrour upon Horrour! Diſmal Race,
The true Deſcent of *Tantalus!*
Deplorable the Crime, and dire the Vengeance!
Or. And direly have the Gods repaid him.
Iph. Reſides he now at *Argos?*
Or. Every where, and no where.
Enter Euphroſine. Iphigenia *goes to her.*
Euph. Madam, the Queen approaches.
Or. Haſt thou obſerv'd that Lady well, my Friend,
That's ſo acquainted with th'Affairs of *Greece?*
Pil. I have.
Or. Methinks there's much of *Hellen* in her Form, (ſo,
Pil. I was about t' inform you that I thought
Or. That very Air that ſet the World on fire.
Pil. As ſweet, yet check'd by ſomething that's ſevere.
And ſee the very Motion of that Eye,
That went to all Beholders Hearts like Lightning,
That moves ev'n mine in this my loſt Condition.
[*Aſide.*
Or. She is not only fair, my Friend, ſhe is good too; (them.
She pities our Misfortunes, nay, ſhe weeps for
Pil. Pity's the Harbinger of Love; ſuppoſe
That this ſhould be the Object which the God
Foretold ſhould be oblig'd by Love to aſſiſt us?
Or. I would to Heaven it were! O hopeleſs Wiſh!
For at the ſight of her my Soul dilates it ſelf,
As at the View of a long abſent Friend,

Unſatiated with gazing.

Enter Queen, Guard.

Queen. At length our *Scythians* have redeem'd their Honour,
And, haughty Strangers, you are in our pow'r:
But to you, *Grecian*, we have Obligations,
Which we diſdain to owe.
Guards, let him inſtantly be free; for th' other,
Strait to the Temple let him be conducted,
And there expire the Victim of the Goddeſs.

Or. The very Mercy of a *Scythian*'s Cruelty!
I gave you Life and Liberty, becauſe (Preſent,
I thought them grateful Gifts, but Death's the
The only Preſent you can make to me. (you,
Would you requite the Gifts which I beſtow'd on
With my Friend's Life and Liberty requite them,
And let my Blood appeaſe your cruel Goddeſs?

Queen. Proud! Haſt thou then diſdain'd my proffer'd Mercy? (ſtantly:
Know one of you is doom'd to die, and in-
Determine which between you.

Pil. Scythians, conduct your Priſoner.

[*They are going.*

Or. Hold, you Barbarians, hold.
By all that wondrous Pow'r of Sacred Friendſhip, (Heart,
That but this moment charm'd your ſavage
I here conjure you, hold!
Conſider how we from our earlieſt Years

[*To* Pilades.

Have liv'd, as if one Will, one Soul had acted us;
Is this a time to differ? Why wouldſt thou

Uſurp this wretched Death, that is my Right?
Who drew thee from the Clime of gentle *Greece*
To this inhuman Shore?
What but my Miſeries ſeduc'd thee hither!
The Prop and the Support of my ſad State?
What have I done t' induce you to believe
That I ſhould prove ſo recreant to all Goodneſs,
To let you ſuffer here inſtead of me?

Pil. Would you not have me ſuffer?

Or. Would I not have thee ſuffer! canſt thou ask it?
O my Friend!

Pil. And yet you urge me to ſurvive you;
O Contradiction! (the Death,

Or. What haſt thou done, which can deſerve
Which fondly thus thou court'ſt?

Pil. What have I done, that I deſerve to live
After the only Man of all the World
That's fit to be my Friend?

Or. Thou haſt no loſs in me, or if thou hadſt,
Thou haſt a Soul that is above thy Fortune.
Oh live, my Friend, and ſhew this curſed Race
What *Grecians* can endure!

Pil. What live, to ſee you here expire
Before my very Face!
Live and ſtand tamely by, while theſe *Barbarians* (Blood.
Sheath their accurſed Knives in your Heart's
Away, I always own'd my ſelf a Man,
And own no Virtue of that barbarous nature.

Or. What will become of me?
If 'tis ſo hard to thee to loſe thy Friend,
To thee whoſe Faculties are all entire,
Whoſe Soul's in its full Strength,

What muſt it be to me, who bow my Neck
Beneath the Burden which the Gods have laid
on me? (Pangs
Whoſe wounded Spirit ſwoons beneath the
Of Sorrow, which no Tongue of Man can utter.
O curſed Sting of Guilt that's inſupportable!
Pil. Thou haſt no Guilt, the Gods themſelves
declar'd it.
Or. Oh I have done a Deed!
Pil. The Gods commanded thee.
Or. Nature forbad me. (Laws,
Pil. Nature is theirs, and theirs are all her
What their ſupreme Authority has made;
Their independent Pow'r can ſuperſede:
Thou could'ſt not help performing their Com-
For what they will, is Fate. (mands,
Or. Then why at my laſt need have they for-
ſaken me,
Why has the baſer World diſown'd this Fact,
And branded my great Name with Infamy?
Why gapes the Earth with ghaſtly Yawns be-
fore me,
While Hell unwilling from the Center burſts,
To ſhew me Forms that fright my trembling
Genius,
Blaſt all my Faculties, unhinge my Reaſon,
And in a moment make me ſtart to Madneſs?
Yet while I had thee by me, 'twas impoſſible
That I could be intirely miſerable,
It was impoſſible that I could think
Upon thy wondrous Faith, thy wondrous Truth,
Upon thy wondrous ſelf, and not be pleas'd.
That Thought, that only Thought prevail'd up-
on me,

To

To bear the ſmarting Wounds of my own Spirit,
To bear the Loſs of Peace, the Loſs of Fame:
But muſt I loſe my Friend, and muſt I bear it?
Ye Gods I will not bear it, and my Plagues
Shall be your Sport no longer. Come ye Furies,
Ye formidable Goddeſſes aſcend,
And threefold Madneſs to befriend me ſeize me.
Pil. What ſhall I do?
His Fury wildly champs upon the Curb,
Anon it foams, and ſtarting with a Bound,
Hurries him headlong, far from Reaſon's Road:
I ſhake, I tremble at the diſmal Conſequence;
I can no longer bear this mortal Agony
In him, whom dearer than my ſelf I love.
No more!
Compoſe the Tumult in thy raging Spirits,
Thy Friend has liſten'd to thy Lamentation,
And with a bleeding Heart has heard
Thy miſerable Plea.
Or. Is it not fitting then that I ſhould bleed?
Pil. Grant me but one Requeſt, and thou ſhalt (die.
Or. 'Tis thine, whate'er it be.
Pil. But ſwear.
Or. Then by th' Almighty Pow'r of *Jove*,
By all our great Progenitors, his Offſpring,
I ſwear!——
Pil. That thou wilt die as thou haſt liv'd,
My Friend and my Companion.
Or. Couldſt thou doubt that? How willingly I ſwear! (vive thee.
Pil. Then haſt thou ſworn that I ſhall not ſur-
Or. Nay, that my laſt Requeſt——
Pil. Hold, by the Gods, to whom thou ſtand'ſt obligʼd

By

By dreadful Oaths; hold, make not that Requeſt,
And be not perjur'd in the hour of Death.
Or. Ha!
Now Death is arm'd, and with a fearful Sting.
Queen. Now, *Grecians*, who's the Victim?
Or. 'Tis I.
Pil. 'Tis I.
Or. Pil. 'Tis both.
Queen. But both it muſt not be, I here am abſolute;
But one ſhall fall a Victim to the Goddeſs.
Pil. To holy Friendſhip t'other falls a Sacrifice.
Queen aſide. Theſe are, ye Gods, the Works of your own hands,
Your living Image.
To ſeparate Apartments, Guards conduct them.
[*Exeunt Guards with* Oreſtes *and* Pilades.
Now to the Temple lead, let's there conſult
The Goddeſs, ſhe her ſelf ſhall chuſe her Victim.
[*Exeunt Queen and Attendants. Manet* Iph. Euph.
Iph. Stay, my *Euphroſine*, one moment ſtay,
Haſt thou obſerv'd that Godlike Youth,
Who ſhew'd that noble Sorrow?
Euph. I have.
Iph. Does he deſerve the Death which we prepare for him?
Does he not, ſay, deſerve to be immortal?
Euph. Yet he muſt die.
Iph. Die Nature firſt; he muſt not die, *Euphroſine.*
Euph. Yes, in the Arms of a young beauteous Queen.
Iph. Ha!
Firſt let him bleed; no, let him live, ye Pow'rs,
Let *Iphigenia* die.
Euph. Amazement! What do I hear?
Iph. What wilt thou ſay when thou haſt heard the reſt?

Euph.

Euph. The reſt, Oh Heav'ns!
Iph. To my Apartment inſtantly let's go,
There thou the Secret of my Soul ſhalt know,
But not the very Winds of Heav'n muſt on it blow.

ACT III.

Iphigenia. Euphroſine.

Iph. WILT thou betray me?
Euph. I'll rather die with you.
Iph. Diſſuade me then no more; I am determin'd,
And Fate cries out I muſt not loſe a moment.
Be gone then, fly, and ſend the unhappy *Grecian* to me. *Enter* Delia.
Del. Madam, the Queen commands that both the Strangers
Without delay be brought into her Preſence.
Iph. Unfortunate Command that thus prevents me!
I will not be prevented; inſpire me thou,
Thou gentle God of Love, for whom I act.
Delia, inform the Queen, that of the Captives
The eldeſt is the Victim now
Of theſe moſt dreadful Altars;
For ſuch, ſhe ſays, is Great *Diana*'s Will.
His Eyes are muffled, and his Arms are pinion'd;
His Temples are with holy Fillets bound,

Already

Already has the ſacred Water cleans'd him,
And to the infernal Gods he ſtands devoted:
The other ſhall attend her inſtantly. [*Ex.* Delia
Euphroſine!
To me convey the eldeſt of the Strangers,
And to the cruel Queen diſpatch the other.
And thou, immortal Love, whoſe conqu'ring
Pow'r
Can give the tender timorous Virgin Force,
Thus to defy the Terrors of the Night:
Immortal Love indulge my bold Deſign;
Preſerve us, thou Preſerver of the Univerſe!
Enter Oreſtes. (why
Or. Here all alone! That pleaſes me; Bu
Why I can gaze upon her unobſerv'd,
And none condemn my Weakneſs.
I have not half an hour to view the Light;
And ſince I've felt the Extremity of Woe,
'Tis fit I find ſome Pleaſure e'er I die:
Death's ghaſtly Image then I'll chaſe away
With Love's tranſporting Thoughts. (Life
But if thoſe Thoughts once make me fond o
I'll think that I have reaſon to deſpair,
And ſo contented die. [*Coming up to* Iph.
It was your Pleaſure that a dying Wretch
Should come and take his leave of you.
Iph. Stranger, I ſent for you to give you notice
That th' Altar is adorn'd, the Steel prepar'd,
And the next moment they expect the Victim.
Or. The Victim will attend them.
But whoſe muſt be the executing Arm?
Iph. Look how it trembles at the dreadful
Deed!
Methinks

Methinks with Horror, Stranger, you ſurvey me.
Or. No, do but ſtrike with that ſoft melting
Look, (on thee.
And my laſt Breath ſhall bleſſing pour my Soul
O Look, ill ſuted to this curſed Office,
That nought reſpires but Blood and horrid Mur-
How long have you poſſeſs'd it? (der!
Iph. Laſt night the *Scythians*, threatning hor-
Compell'd me to accept of it; (rid Tortures,
But a more cruel Wrack ſucceeds th'Acceptance,
The Fear of ſtriking this accurſed Blow
Has torn my Heart in pieces. (pale?
Or. What Object makes you ſtart, and turn ſo
Iph. Hark! heard you not the Temple-doors
Upon their Hinges turning?
Or. No, 'twas the hollow Breath of the bleak
That grumbles on the Mountain. (North,
Iph. My Apprehenſion every moment mur-
ders me; (draws nigh.
Ah Gods! we muſt make haſte, the fatal Time
Or. Yet ſomething would I whiſper to your
Wou'd you vouchſafe to hear me. (Soul,
Iph. Alas, 'tis now too late, we muſt be gone.
Or. To Death, at your Command, thus readi-
ly I run. [*Going towards the Temple.*
Iph. Ah Gods!
You run you know not whither, that's not the
way. (me
Suppoſe that now ſome pitying God perſuades
Yet to preſerve you from impending Fate.
Or. And my Friend too!
Iph. And him too.

Or.

Or. To that propitious God my very ſelf I'll
ſacrifice. (Flight?
Iph. Wou'd you take me the Partner of your
Or. The Partner! What a Whirl of Fate is
Surprize and Joy diſtract me. (here!
Iph. Wou'd you?
Or. Or may I periſh in it unlamented.
Iph. No more. Near yonder *Weſtern* Point
there lies
A leaky, tempeſt-beaten, tatter'd Bark;
In which four Wretches ſlumber out the Night,
To fit them for the Labours of the Day;
That we muſt ſeize on, and muſt truſt to that.
Or. Alas, we need not: Near yon *Eaſtern* Point
The ſtout, the ſtrong-ribb'd *Argoſie* attends us;
A hundred daring Souls inclos'd in its huge Bulk,
All waiting on my Nod.
Iph. Were you not wreck'd then? (ceal'd.
Or. Among the Rocks the Veſſel rides con-
Iph. What do I hear! nay then, the Gods re-
Remove a little further to the Right, (gard us.
That no one from the Temple may diſcern you:
Thither I muſt return, and thence tranſport
The Image of the Goddeſs.
Or. That in my Rapture I had quite forgot.
[*Aſide.*
Iph. So ſhall we ſtill be under her Protection,
And ſhall avoid the Fierceneſs of her Anger.
Or. Alas! You've nam'd the very fatal Thing
For which we touch'd on this accurſed Shore.
Iph. Then came you here by Choice?
Or. To fetch this fatal Image of the Goddeſs.
Iph. What mov'd you to it?

Or.

Or. The *Delphick* God ordain'd it.

Iph. Ha!

How every thing I hear gives me new Life,
And makes my Blood run dancing to my Heart!
Six *Grecian* Virgins, all of noble Birth,
Within yon Temple wait upon my Call,
Who all would offer up their Lives to ſerve me;
They tell me of prodigious Apparitions
That have aſtoniſh'd them this fatal Night:
Two ſhall amuſe the Queen with the Relation,
While the reſt ſecretly tranſport the Goddeſs.
And thou, old Night, the Friend to Love and Stealth,
T'indulge this Stealth to which great Love compels me,
Redouble all thy Shades. [*Aſide.*
Expect me in a moment back again;
But on your Life remove not from the Place;
Let me be ſure to find you here,
So may you find the Happineſs you wiſh for.
Exit Iph.

Or. Confirm that Wiſh, ye Heavens!
Hark! Who comes there? A Man! Pray Heav'n a Friend!
What Alteration can a moment make!
I, who this minute long'd to lay my Head
Down in the dark and peaceful Grave,
Am now grown fond of miſerable Life.
What ſudden Vigour Love receives from Hope!
For ſcarce an Hour is paſt ſince the ſoft God
Lay weak and languiſhing within my Breaſt;
Now raging, there he all his Pow'r exerts.

Enter Pilades.

Now Fate, beware a Counter-Turn!
Who comes here? *Pil.*

Pil. A Friend.
Or. My *Pilades!*
Pil. The ſame.
Or. Speak lower. (Safety.
Pil. I cannot ſpeak too loud, who bring thee
Or. Softly, I ſay: you know not what you
Nor to what Danger you expoſe us both. (do,
Pil. The Fear of Danger to the Winds deliver.
I bring thee Life, and Health, and Joy, my Friend:
The *Scythian* Queen has ſent all theſe by me;
Yet on Conditions ſent them.
But thou art cold, as if thou fear'dſt the Terms.
Know, the Conditions will tranſport *Oreſtes:*
The Queen inclines to make another Choice
Of Victims for the Altar; but declares,
That Cuſtom, which is *Scythian* Law, requires,
That all thoſe Strangers, whom the Sovereign
By their ſupreme Prerogative preſerve, (Rulers
Muſt become *Scythians*, by eſpouſing *Scythians*;
Born ſo, or grown ſo here by long Continuance:
Or, by attending on thoſe cruel Altars,
Appeaſe the wrathful Goddeſs.
Or. Proceed.
Pil. The Miſtreſs ſhe deſign'd for me ſhe nam'd: (ded,
The Name of yours ſhe omitted; but ſhe ad-
That both our Lives and Happineſs depended
Upon your ſwift Compliance.
I, as your Friend, engag'd you ſhould comply.
Or. Why did you ſo?
Pil. Becauſe I found by what ſhe ſaid,
And what ſhe did not ſay,

Her lovely Self's the Perſon ſhe deſigns for thee!
Or. No matter. (gage?
Without my Knowledge, why ſhou'd you en-
Pil. Why!
Becauſe I thought in this impending Danger
You were in Reaſon bound, for your own ſake,
To make my Engagement good.
Or. For my own ſake! I'll periſh e'er comply.
Pil. Then, as a Friend, I frankly muſt inform you,
You ſtand oblig'd to make it good for mine.
Or. A mere imaginary Obligation!
Pil. Imaginary! Will you force me then
T'upbraid you? What would I have done for you? (for *Pilades.*
Or. You would have died: and I would bleed
Pil. Diſſembler!
Or. How! (ſo very eaſy!
Pil. You talk of dying, and yet refuſe me what's
Or. Is then the doing a baſe thing ſo eaſy?
Pil. Where is the Baſeneſs in eſpouſing her?
Or. Where is the Juſtice in eſpouſing one,
Whom I can never love?
Pil. Come, come, your Friend is the unhap-
Whom you cou'd never love. (py Perſon
Or. And yet you ſee I bear his bittereſt Cen-
Pil. Why can you never love her? (ſures.
From whence proceeds the Averſion?
Or. Averſion I have none; for I eſteem her:
Nay, I admire her.
Pil. Marry her then, and Love will ſoon ſuc-
Or. Urge me no more. (ceed.
Pil. For your own ſake, as well as mine, I muſt.

Or. Have but a little Patience. (Patience:

Pil. Were but my Life at ſtake, I wou'd have
But what I value more, much more than Life,
My Love is loſt, unleſs my Friend complies.

Or. Your Love! What Love?

Pil. I told you that the Queen declar'd the
Of her whom ſhe deſign'd for me. (Name

Or. And do you love her? (Peace;

Pil. Dearer than Life, or what's more dear, than
Unleſs ſhe brings it to this wretched Breaſt.

Or. When cou'd you ſee her?

Pil. At our Arrival.

Or. Ha! Where?

Pil. Juſt on this very ſpot. (I tremble!

Or. Ha! on this ſpot! ſaw whom! Gods, how

Pil. The Prieſteſs, tho I ne'er approach'd the Altar,
Has with her pointed Weapon reach'd my Heart.

Or. Damnation! wonderful accurſed Accident!
Now Fate prepares her Counter-turn. You amaze me!
Was that a time for Love to make Impreſſions?

Pil. The Force of Deſtiny would ſurely have
And great *Apollo*'s Oracle encourag'd me. (it ſo:
But yet the Thought of your approaching Danger,
At firſt reſtrain'd the growing Fire within me:
But when the Queen inſur'd your precious Life,
And gave me charming Hope,
She blew it into ſuch a Flame,
I muſt poſſeſs or die.

Or. How will relentleſs Heav'n diſpoſe of me!

[*Aſide.*

Pil.

Pil. By that dear Love, and all my Hope of Happineſs, (you.
Which lies in you, your faithful Friend intreats
Or. I'll hear no more, you know not what you ask.
Pil. That you would do your Duty, that I ask.
Or. I am not to be taught my Duty here.
Pil. Let it appear;
Was ever Man deceiv'd as I have been?
Or. You deceive your ſelf.
Pil. 'Tis one indeed deceives me,
Whom I have long miſtaken for my ſelf,
Unjuſt *Oreſtes!*
Is not the Altar deck'd, the Steel prepar'd
To rip this Breaſt that has ſo long receiv'd you,
And cheriſh'd you more dearly than my Blood,
Than my Heart's Blood which I'm about to loſe?
Or. You ſhall not loſe a Drop.
Pil. Comply then, and prevent it inſtantly!
What, can *Oreſtes* with ſuch Eaſe prevent it?
With ſo much Safety too, with ſo much Honour?
And yet deliberate? Where is the Friend?
Where is the celebrated Friend of *Pilades?*
But ſee their Prieſteſſes advancing tow'rds us,
Sent doubtleſly t' explore our Reſolutions:
Can you reſolve to ſee this faithful Breaſt
Rip'd up before your Eyes?
Or. Come, I'll ſecure your Life!
Pil. Will you?
Or. I will by Heaven!
Pil. And when?
Or. This very moment.

[*Enter two Prieſteſſes croſs the Stage, with the Image* Delia *following them.*]

Pil. Then art thou yet my Friend?

Del. Grecian, the Image is convey'd before,
Your Friends will follow ſtrait, prepare t' attend them. [*To* Or.

Or. I am prepar'd, (*to* Pil.) Obſerve you that Proceſſion? [*Ex.* Del.

Pil. What means that Image, and that nightly (Progreſs?

Or. Behold it well!
That very fatal Image, Great *Apollo*
Ordain'd us to tranſport.

Pil. And whither do theſe Prieſteſſes remove it?

Or. Where we without the leaſt Delay muſt follow; (ment.
Come, Come along; we muſt embark this mo-

Pil. By Heaven my Head turns round: Is this a Miracle,
Or have you palpably deſign'd t' abuſe me?

Or. Thou haſt heard a wondrous Truth!

Pil. What God has wrought that Wonder?

Or. Time's wanting now to tell thee.

Pil. How baſely I have cenſur'd thee! (thee.
Canſt thou forgive me? 'Tis my laſt Requeſt to

Or. Come, thou art ſtill my beſt, my only Friend.
Come, follow, by the glimmering of the Moon,
I ſee our Friends are coming.

Pil. Our Friends! Aſtoniſhment! What Friends do you mean?
I'm more and more confounded.

Or. Come on.

Pil. Farewel.

Or.

Or. What can my *Pilades* deſign? Come on I
Pil. Never. (ſay.
Or. Canſt thou deſert me? (cuted;
Pil. The great Deſign for which I came is exe-
I've done my Duty, and behold you happy:
Your wretched Friend muſt never ſee you more.
Or. Why doſt thou talk ſo?
Pil. My Life and Happineſs are both confin'd
To this accurſed Climate.
Or. The Prieſteſs of *Diana* you will follow.
Pil. Till my laſt Groan ſets free my afflicted
Soul. *Enter* Euphroſine.
Euph. Grecian, the Image is convey'd before us;
Prepare to follow. [*To* Or.
Yonder the Prieſteſs of *Diana* comes,
Th' Aſſociate of your Flight. I go before. [*Ex.*
Pil. What have I heard? Damnation!
It muſt be Illuſion and Enchantment all;
By all that's good, her ſelf, her lovely ſelf,
That ſlowly advancing ſeems to give Directions
To ſome who are about her!
And for this Reaſon you refus'd Compliance
To what the Queen demanded?
Or. This was the very Reaſon.
Pil. You love this Prieſteſs of *Diana* then?
Or. Thou art my ſelf, my very ſelf, my *Pilades*;
View thy own Heart, and ſee *Oreſtes* there.
Pil. A long and laſt Farewel.
Or. Wilt thou betray me?
Pil. Unkind t' inſult thus o'er your dying
Or. To die is to betray me! (Friend.
Nay dying you betray both me and her.
She, ſhe is in Diſtreſs, and wants your Help,

To free her from this barbarous Clime,
And this more barbarous Office.
Can you affirm you love, and yet forſake her
In this extreme Neceſſity?

Pil. Can I affirm I love, and yet behold her
Within another's Arms?

Or. Who ſhall poſſeſs her, lies in Fate conceal'd;
She has not yet declar'd her ſelf.
Come, the Time preſſes, for ſhe now approaches:
Our generous Friendſhip has prevail'd o'er Death,
Come, let it get the Conqueſt too of Love.
The ſordid'ſt Wretch that breathes, can die for Love;
'Tis a ſoft, wanton, univerſal Flame,
Great Nature's Art to propagate Mankind.
The Gods as many Lovers make as Men;
But they ſcarce make two Friends for many Ages.
Of all the Race of living Men,
Fame celebrates us two alone for Friendſhip,
And ſhall a Woman break the noble Bond?

Pil. Why! Would you then reſign her?

Or. Why! Would you then againſt her Will poſſeſs her?

Pil. I'll rather die, nay, rather be contented
To drag on Life deplorably without her,
And be my ſelf a Wretch moſt miſerable,
Than render her unhappy.

Or. 'Tis ſpoken like a true and generous Lover;
Wilt thou not ſhew thy ſelf a generous Friend,
My *Pilades*, and judge my Thoughts by thine?
Vaſt is the watry Plain that we muſt plow,
E'er we diſcharge our ſacred Load at *Athens*;
And we muſt labour all the diſmal way
With many Difficulties, mighty Dangers.

Thoſe let thy Love and Virtue make thy Friends,
Attend her, help her, ſave her, court her, gain her,
Incline her Heart, and I'll releaſe my Claim.

Pil. What ſhall I anſwer? Love and Shame diſtract me;
Muſt he ſurpaſs me thus in Godlike Proofs
Of unexampled Faith? He muſt not, ſhall not,
Tho he has ſurely prepoſſeſs'd her Soul.
I will not make my ſelf ſo little to my ſelf; [*Aſide.*
No, I'll live rather greatly miſerable,
That with my ſelf I may contented die.
Thou haſt o'ercome, *Oreſtes*,
And noble Friendſhip has prevail'd o'er Love.
But Oh my Friend, if on theſe curſed Altars
I had ſplit the Blood that's next my Heart to ſave thee,
It had been an eaſier Sacrifice.

Enter Iphigenia.

Or. No more, ſhe comes.

Iph. Who's that? The Stranger?

Or. The ſame.

Iph. Is that your Friend?

Or. It is.

Iph. Let us away,
Now all our Interruptions are remov'd;
For I pretending Orders from the Queen,
Have from their Poſts, remov'd the neighbouring Sentrys.
But whither? Thro what Dangers am I running?
Look not my Soul, Oh, look not now before thee!
My Head grows giddy with th'amazing Proſpect.
Look backward then, ſurvey the dreadful Altar;
I do, I ſee, I ſee the bloody Knife there;

Ah Gods! I feel it, with its cruel Point;
It goads and ſtabs me forward, let's be gone;
I can no longer bear the murd'ring Thought.

[*As they are going out, they are met by a Party of* Scythians, *bringing back the four Prieſteſſes, and the Image.*]

Iph. Ah!

Scyth. Here, here are their Accomplices, fall on.

Or. Hold, Savages, O hold!

Pil. Forbear, forbear.

Or. As for us two, we yield our ſelves your Captives,

Touch not with impious Hands her ſacred Limbs.

Scyth. I had forgot, ſhe is *Diana*'s Prieſteſs,
Keep off your Hands, but guard her with your Eyes.
So;
Be it your Care the Priſoners to confine,
I'll to the Queen relate their black Deſign. [*Ex.*

Iph. Ah wretched Men! by cruel Gods betray'd.

Pil. Pity thy ſelf, alas, too lovely Maid.

Or. Death ſoon will put an end to all our Woe,
But Oh what Pangs art thou to undergo,
Who art condemn'd to ſtrike th' inhuman Blow!

ACT IV.

Enter Queen and Scythian.

Queen. WHAT have I heard! Arm'd Men upon the Breach! (Plumes

Scyth. Above an hundred, all with *Grecian* And *Grecian* Shields.

Queen.

Queen. Double the Guards around the Temple,
And ſtrongly guard the Paſſes.
Who ſaw theſe *Grecians?*
Scyth. As we expecting lay for your Return,
Upon the Summit of yon ſhaggy Mountain,
That bending its black Brow, with dreadful Scowl,
Over the gloomy Deep, affrights Great *Neptune*,
By the pale Moon's reflected Beams we ſpy'd them:
And on the Sight, diſmounting all my Men,
I brought them to defend your ſacred Perſon.
Queen. And ſo, upon your March at this dead Seaſon,
You took theſe *Grecian* Fugitives: 'Tis well;
You have done important Service, and I thank you,
But what's the Reaſon that the younger Captive
Is not already in my Preſence?
My ſevere Charge how dare they diſobey?
Scyth. Behold, dread Queen, he comes.
Queen. Then go and ſee my other Orders executed. [*Exit* Scyth.

Enter Pilades.

Whom wou'd not that Majeſtick Mein deceive?
And his Friend's Godlike Eyes that look Divinity?
Why ſhould the ſacred Character of Virtue
Shine on a Villain's Countenance? Ye Pow'rs!
Why fix'd ye not a Brand on Treaſon's Front,
That we might know t' avoid perfidious Mortals? [*Aſide.*

Look

Look if the Traitor once vouchſafes to bluſh!
[*To him.*
If ſtill his Countenance be not aſſur'd!
His Eyes commanding, and his Aſpect lordly!
How doſt thou dare, with that audacious Look,
T' affront offended Majeſty?

Pil. I know no Mortal whom I ought to fear.

Queen. An Hypocrite, and not afraid!
What makes Hypocriſy ſo very odious?
Unleſs becauſe 'tis Cowardice.

Pil. Know, Queen, I ſcorn Hypocriſy, and
The baſeſt of Hypocriſies is Slander. (know

Queen. And am I then defy'd, preſumptuous
And dar'd to prove my Charge? (*Grecian,*

Pil. I dare ev'n *Jove*, who knows all Hearts,
to prove it. (convicted.

Queen. Then paſt Reply thou ſoon ſhalt ſtand
When I in Mercy gave you Life and Liberty,
Did you not own your ſelf oblig'd?

Pil. I own it. (on you,

Queen. But when *Diana*'s Prieſteſs I beſtow'd
Did not you ſeem tranſported? Anſwer me:
Was not your Joy extravagant and loud?
Did you not ſwear, that I, of all the World,
Was ſhe who neareſt had oblig'd your Soul?

Pil. I ſaid it, and I thought it. (*this,*

Queen. Did you not promiſe to reſide in *Scy-*
And to engage your Friend to do the like?
That with the Service of your Life you might
Return me Thanks for the rich Preſent made
you.
Were not theſe very Words your own?

Pil. They were.

Queen.

Queen. Then think of thy baſe Flight, if thou dar'ſt think of it,
And ſay, thou art not a Hypocrite:
What canſt thou anſwer to thy juſt Accuſer?
Pil. That which will make my Accuſer ſay, ſhe wrongs me.
You accuſe me that I wou'd have fled: Indeed
I attempted to regain that Liberty,
Of which your Pow'r unjuſtly had depriv'd me.
What Reaſon could you find, inſulting Queen,
To make them Captives whom the Gods made free,
And gave them Souls deſerving Liberty?
As againſt Nature's Laws we are your Victims,
Againſt the Right of Nations we're your Captives;
And any way was lawful to fair Liberty,
Which we were born for, and for which we'll die.
Queen. That very moment I reſtor'd your Liberty.
Pil. Indeed you did reſtore it, but on Terms
Impoſſible to be perform'd by us.
Queen. Why did you then approve them?
Pil. I never knew them well till I had left you.
Queen. A mere Pretence! Is *Grecian* Faith ſo known?
Had not you giv'n that Faith to remain here?
Pil. But then that Faith was on Conditions giv'n,
Which ſoon I found you never could perform.
Queen. Wherefore?
Pil. Becauſe the Gift you offer'd was no Gift.
Queen. What was no Gift? The Preſent which you priz'd ſo!

Pil.

Pil. Had it been real, it had been ineſtimable.
You only gave me Words, and the vain Promiſe
Of what the Gods had taken from your Pow'r.
Queen. Surely thou raveſt,
Is not *Diana*'s Prieſteſs in my pow'r?
Pil. Her Body is; but tho it be a glorious one
Without her Soul, I would refuſe the Treaſure:
But Love alone can of her Soul diſpoſe;
And, without leave obtain'd of you,
The God had frankly done it.
Queen. Ha! To whom!
Pil. How fain you would extort this Secret from me? (extort it.
Queen. How fain I would! by Heav'n I will
Pil. You never ſhall; I know I am to bleed,
And with me too the fatal Truth ſhall die.
Queen. Then 'tis no Truth, and thou wilt die a Villain:
Die with the Brand of an ungrateful Traitor,
An odious Hypocrite. (Wrongs,
Pil. To be reveng'd for theſe opprobrious
I need but tell you what you ask, proud Princeſs.
Queen. Do it then.
Pil. Will you perſiſt to urge me?
Queen. I will. The Prieſteſs! Who has touch'd her Heart? (lodg'd.
Pil. In your own Breaſt the fatal Secret's
Queen. Lodg'd in my Breaſt!
Pil. Ask, ask your ſelf the Queſtion, who is he
Who finds the way of touching *Scythian* Hearts?
Queen. Ha! Gods! That ſtings:
Here Guards, withdraw your Pris'ner,

And

And bring *Diana*'s Prieſteſs hither inſtantly.
[*Exeunt with* Pil.
By yon bright Goddeſs, he's come off with Ho-
But Oh, the exalted Virtue of his Friend! (nour,
Who freely for his Friend can Life reſign,
And for his Miſtreſs can contemn a Crown!
This raiſes him ſtill more in my Eſteem.
It wou'd do, had he made a better Choice.
And is the Prieſteſs then preferr'd to me?
Have I, who have had the Ambition to behold
Admiring Monarchs at my Feet adoring,
Liv'd to reflect, with mortifying Soul,
That I my ſelf, to one unknown, have offer'd,
And been, O Gods! by one unknown refus'd?
And for *Diana*'s Prieſteſs too refus'd!
Refus'd! ſcorn'd! loath'd! Oh how that tears
my Heart!
But if thou haſt a Soul, with treble Scorn
Return it: Suffer him to take this Prieſteſs;
And let his deſpicable Choice revenge thee.
What! muſt he gain her by the odious Boaſt,
That he has ſacrific'd me to my Creature?
And can I ſuffer it? I cannot think of it
Without Diſtraction. But the Prieſteſs comes.

Enter Iphigenia.

So; from whence come you? Ha! whence
theſe Diſorders? (you dumb?
What makes you tremble? And what ſtrikes
Iph. To ſuch a haughty and inſulting Look
I have not learnt to anſwer.
Queen. I look, as it becomes me, on my Slave.
Iph. The Sight of ſuch a Slave ſhould make
you humble,

By

By ſhewing you to what Exceſs of Wretchedneſs
The Daughter of a mighty King may fall.

Queen. Say, from whence come you? I command you anſwer.

Iph. I have no pow'r to ſpeak.

Queen. So haſty was your Flight?

Iph. Who muſt not fly from acting Cruelties,
At which Barbarity it ſelf can melt?

Queen. Oh, how thoſe meek and melting Words
Become the ſoft and tender Race of *Tantalus!*

Iph. The Race of *Tantalus* has been revengeful:
But yet it ne'er was bloody, unprovok'd.
What have theſe *Grecians* done to me?

Queen. What had'ſt thou done t' aſſembled *Greece* at *Aulis?*
What had'ſt thou done to thy own Father there?
Who to thy Ruin, unprovok'd, conſented;
Nay, preſs'd it, urg'd it.

Iph. My Mother urg'd it not.
I from the Heroines of our Race have learnt
To ſhew ſoft Pity. (haſt learnt,

Queen. Thou from the Heroines of thy Race
Thou haſt, fond Maid, to ſhew a guiltier Paſſion.
Oh, how their kind Reception of their Gueſts
Has made their Names throughout the World renown'd!

Iph. For an Example of ſuch kind Reception,
Perhaps I need not fly to *Greece.*

Queen. I underſtand thee well.
Plagu'd by the Terrors of impending Wrath,
Thou would'ſt provoke and haſten Death, thou would'ſt,
And have him ſwifter that he may be gentler;

But

But know, fond Maid, thou ſhalt not die ſo
easily;
Think of thy Gratitude to thy Preſerver,
And think what that deſerves.

Iph. My Preſerver!

Queen. Was ever ſuch audacious Inſolence?
Who was it ſav'd thee from immediate Death,
At thy Arrival on this Shore of *Tauris*?

Iph. Would I had been a Man at that Arrival,
For then my Blood had ſtain'd your cruel Altars!

Queen. O Wretch, ungrateful to that black
degree,
As to diſown the mighty Obligation,
By which thou liv'ſt to ſay thou art not oblig'd!
Wouldſt thou inſinuate that thy Sex preſerv'd
thee?

Iph. Men are the Victims that your Goddeſs
claims!

Queen. Not always.

Iph. Tradition ſays ſo, and your bloody Rites
Are founded on Tradition.

Queen. When ſhe her ſelf declares her awful
Will,
Tradition's of no Force.
But not the feeble Voice of faint Tradition;
No, the loud Call of the deſcending Goddeſs,
Claim'd thee at *Aulis* her devoted Victim,
At leaſt ſo *Calchas* ſaid.

Iph. The Fraud of *Calchas* plainly ſhe detected,
By ſuffering me to evade th' inhuman Altar.

Queen. 'Twas *Clytemneſtra*'s Sacrilege pre-
ſerv'd thee,
And not the Goddeſs;
Who wracking thee on this her ſacred Shore,
Strongly appears to re-demand her Fugitive.

Iph. Before theſe *Grecians* came, you had no
ſuch Thoughts.

Queen.

Queen. No, thy ſoft graceful Look, and ſeeming Innocence,
Inclin'd me to ſuſpect the crafty *Calchas*.
But thy black Guilt appearing with thy Ingratitude,
Makes me repent of my miſtaken Pity.

Iph. O fatal Pity! rightly term'd miſtaken.
True Pity would have ſuffer'd me to bleed;
Then I had been at reſt in the dark Grave,
With my unhappy Parents!
Not have convers'd with everlaſting Woe,
In yon dire Tabernacle of Deſpair!
For there no ſmiling Beam of Joy is ſeen;
No gladſom Sound is ever heard,
But all is always rueful Lamentation.

Queen. If thou'rt ſo ſenſible of this,
Then know that there's a Puniſhment preparing for thee,
A Puniſhment that's worthy thy Perfidiouſneſs.
If 'tis ſo terrible to ſee theſe Sights,
So woeful but to hear theſe Sounds of Sorrow,
What muſt it be to act the bloody Office?
What muſt it be to one who has a Soul
As ſoft as thine, as melting ev'n as Mercy?

Iph. Ah miſerable me!

Queen. To act it, nay, and act it on a Grecian
One who himſelf has only tender Thoughts,
Or only tender Thoughts at leaſt towards thee:
One who perhaps could die for thee, for whom
Perhaps ev'n thou could'ſt die.

Iph. Ah Gods!

Queen. See how her Soul declares its Weakneſs
And now unable to contain its Grief,
Pours forth a Deluge of impetuous Sorrow!

What muſt it be to think the dreadful Time
Of doing this accurſed Deed approaches!
That the next moment thou muſt ſtain thy (Hands,
By going to his Heart a curſed way? (Hands,
While thy Soul hears th' intolerable Sound
Of his laſt dying Groans, and ſees his Eyes;
His trembling dying Eyes, that in Death's cruel'ſt Pangs (rer?
Look kindly up, as if they bleſt their Murde-
Go bring the eldeſt of the Captives hither;
[*To ſome of the Guards, who go out.*
Prieſteſs, alone I leave thee with thy Lover,
But know, thy Conference with him muſt be ſhort; (him.
And know, that yet 'tis in thy power to ſave
But let not paſs the irrevocable Moment;
Think that the next comes hurrying on, and then
Unleſs thou firſt perſuad'ſt him to abandon thee,
Thou ſhalt behold him to the Altar dragg'd,
Where by thy Hand he dies; and when that's done,
Thou, Thou ſhalt by the ſacred Steel expire,
Thou the devoted Victim of the Goddeſs.
Guards! On your Lives, obſerve them at a diſtance. [*Ex. with Train.*

Iph. Inhuman Queen! Muſt I not only loſe
But muſt I urge him to forſake me? No, (him,
Alas thou need'ſt not urge him, that aſſure thy
For what would'ſt thou perſuade him to? (ſelf;
To avoid Death, and to embrace a Crown?
A little Argument will there prevail.
But the Queen ſays he loves me, is that true?
No, 'tis the Viſion of a jealous Woman.

But ſay it ſhould be true, forbid it Gods!
Oh ſhould he love me, I muſt taſte of Miſery,
Which ev'n in this Extremity I tremble at;
For I could die for him, and ſhould he love me,
How can I plead againſt my ſelf ſucceſsfully?
How can I e'er find Words that can perſuade him
To make another happy! Curſed Thought!
To make another happy, and me miſerable?
I cannot, I can ſee him periſh firſt.
Periſh! By whom! Ah Wretch! Inhuman Wretch! (him?
And canſt thou then at laſt reſolve to murder

Enter Oreſtes.

See where he comes, and with a Look ſo ſweet,
As might diſarm e'en Death, ye Gods! ye Gods!
Who have reſolv'd that I muſt be a Wretch,
Beyond whatever Morral was before;
Take care that I prevail to my Undoing,
And give me Strength enough to court Deſpair.
Or. Madam, I come to hear your laſt Commands, (come.
Let them be what they will, yet I with Joy am
But why upon this lovely Brow
So black a Cloud of Sorrow? (Horrour
Iph. Oh could you ſee my Heart, and all the
Which wildly rages there, how would you pity
Or. Alas! ev'n now I pity thee! (me?
Iph. Do you?
Or. Yes, from my very Soul, you cannot think
How much Compaſſion tears my tortur'd Heart.
Iph. Make haſte then, and prevent the curſed
That I'm compell'd to ſtrike. (Blow,
Or. Had I a Dagger, I would do it inſtantly.

Iph.

Iph. There is an eaſier way, at leaſt to you.
Or. Name it.
Iph. I cannot.
Or. Why?
Iph. Grecians abhor
That Virgins of Affairs like this ſhould ſpeak;
You have beheld the Queen.
Or. O mention not the Queen, I muſt not hear you!
Iph. Wherefore?
Or. Too well, alas, I underſtand you,
And would not have you name the only thing,
Which I can never grant.
Iph. Then I am loſt, for thou art ſurely loſt:
But why ſhould you ſo cruelly refuſe it?
Or. Reaſon and Juſtice equally refuſe it,
I love another.
Iph. Ha! Then his fatal Moment muſt determine, [*Aſide.*
What ground the Queen had for her ſtrange Suſpicion:
You love another?
Or. O more than Life, you ſee I love another!
Iph. Whom?
Or. That let me hide e'en from her ſelf, ye Pow'rs!
Iph. Ha! Why ſhould you conceal it from her?
Or. Ask me no more.
Iph. I muſt, and you muſt anſwer.
Or. She is my mortal Enemy.
Iph. Can any Woman prove a mortal Enemy,
To one who loves like you?
Your Paſſion known, perhaps had made her kind.
Or. 'Tis to avoid her Kindneſs I conceal it.
Iph. T' avoid it?

Or. More than ten thouſand Deaths I dread her Kindneſs.

Iph. You love your Enemy, and dread her Kindneſs?

Or. She is by Force, and not by Choice my Enemy.
She pities me, e'en from her Soul ſhe pities me;
Yet my hard Fate compels her to be cruel to me.
But ye Gods!
How much I ſuffer from her Pity more,
Than from her Cruelty I e'er can feel!

Iph. O Heaven and Earth! I tremble leſt the Queen
Had but too juſt a ground for her Suſpicion. [*Aſide.*

Or. Who can ſee her he loves in Grief,
And bear an equal Mind? (Sorrow?
How might my Paſſion known, augment her

Iph. But what can force her, ſince ſhe is ſo tender,
T' appear your mortal Enemy? (der,

Or. Why ſhould you ask? Your Queſtions but diſturb me!

Iph. I ask to ſave you, and I muſt be anſwer'd;
Speak, what can force her, ſince ſhe is ſo tender,
T' appear your mortal Enemy?

Or. A cruel God! and a more cruel Woman!

Iph. O all ye immortal Pow'rs! [*Aſide.*] But one thing more;
When did you ſee her laſt? (muſt anſwer.

Or. Ha! Enquire no more, for I no more

Iph. You muſt, you ſhall, by Love, and ev'ry God,
Tell me, I charge you, when you ſaw her laſt.

Or.

Or. The Man who loves with Violence like mine,
Always beholds the Object of his Wiſhes;
She now, e'en now, is preſent to my Sight.
Iph. Enough; his Tongue has ſaid enough, too much:
Let me conſult his Eyes. Ah, cruel Sight! [*Aſide.*
What haſt thou done? (in me,
Thou haſt awak'd ten thouſand tender Thoughts
That add freſh Horrors to the diſmal Deed.
Or. Confuſion! (dream'ſt not of.
Iph. Oh! thou haſt rais'd a Fury that thou
Appeaſe the Queen.
Or. Never. (loves me!
Iph. Gods! Am I doom'd to kill the Man who
Or. Why ſhould a Stranger's Fate cauſe theſe Convulſions? (were forc'd
Iph. Why! Can you ask? Suppoſe that you T'embrue your Hands in Blood, wou'd it not
Or. Ha! (ſhake you?
Iph. Were you compell'd to act a barbarous Murder,
Wou'd not the very Thought beforehand, ſay,
Wou'd it not, like a Vulture, gnaw your Heart?
Or. Yours is a Sacrifice, and not a Murder;
And one of the immortal Pow'rs commands it.
Iph. What if a God had laid Commands on you (obey?
To ſtain your Hands with Blood, wou'd you
Wou'd Nature ſuffer you? or if it wou'd,
Cou'd you expect one moment's quiet afterwards?

Or. Cruel Remembrance! [*Aside.*

Iph. Would not your Conſcience haunt you
Fly ev'ry moment in your Face, (like a Fury?
And plague you into Madneſs?

Or. Oh, how that ſtings me! [*Aside.*

Iph. Ha! what, you ſtart, and tremble, and
turn pale!
When the bare mention works on you ſo terribly,
Can I endure the thing? (mands it,

Or. The Pow'r that you adore, and that com-
Will calm, and will ſupport you. (Deed;

Iph. What if one God commands the dreadful
Perhaps another mightier Pow'r forbids it;
And if I do it, threatens me with Plagues
Not to be borne; no, not to be conceiv'd
Without Deſpair and Madneſs:
Which then ſhall I obey?

Or. Which of the Gods forbids you?

Iph. Thou ask'ſt me that, to which I dare not
His awful Name's inutterable. (anſwer;

Or. When came his great Command to you?

Iph. Ev'n now: Attend, and hear his potent

Or. Where? (Voice!

Iph. Here, where amidſt Confuſion he gives

Or. Here! (Law.

Iph. Here, look and tremble at his Pow'r Di-

Or. Ha! (vine!

Iph. Is he not manifeſt? Is he not terrible?

Or. Oh Aſtoniſhment! (ſee him,

Iph. If thou art blind, like him, and canſt not
Know, that thou feel'ſt him, wretched Man,
And own'ſt his dreadful Sway.

Or.

Or. Amazement!
And canſt thou be ſo infinitely miſerable,
To love this Object of Divine Diſpleaſure?
Oh this pathetick Silence, how it moves me!
How this Diſorder in thy Beauty melts me!
And quite deſtroys my manlier Reſolution?
Iph. Could you ſee all the Ravage that's within me!
Could you behold my Heart!——
Or. I have been ſhewn it; I have ſeen my ſelf there;
And in that Sight I ſaw a World of Woe.
Iph. Think what's to come, imagine me at th' Altar.
Or. I do, I do, my Soul's entirely there.
Iph. Reflect upon my Looks, reflect upon my Cries there.
Or. Damnation! What art thou to undergo!
And what muſt I endure!
Iph. Have mercy then upon your ſelf and me.
Or. O for a Dagger!
That plunging it in my Heart's Blood,
I might to both ſhew Mercy.
Iph. That Thought's a Dagger; there's ano-
Or. No! (ther way.
My Heart, my Life, my very Soul is yours;
My Honour and my Virtue are the Gods:
They are Depoſitums entruſted with me;
And I'll, untouch'd, with my laſt Breath reſtore them.
Iph. Help me, ſupport me, for, alas, I die.
[*Flat Trumpets.*

Or. From whence that Start! and theſe convulſive Tremblings!
Iph. O thoſe accurs'd abominable Sounds!
Or. What mean they? (ginning;
Iph. Now, now the impious Rites are juſt be-
And yon hoarſe Cornets, with their dreadful Clangors,
Summon th' Aſſiſtants to the diſmal Ceremony.
Ah! See the bloody Meſſengers of Fate!
See where they come! Pity my loſt Condition,
And be not obſtinate in ſo much Cruelty.
Or. The Gods and Fate are obſtinate.
Iph. Inſtant Deſtruction ſeize me, for they
Or. Alas! you faint. (come!
Iph. Horror has curdled all my Blood within me;
And my Heart dies within my wretched Boſom.
Or. O Words, that rend my vital Strings aſun-
O Sight not to be borne by one who loves! (der!
Let me ſupport thee in theſe dying Arms.
Come, thou moſt wretched Maid that ſeeſt the Light,
To the cold Arms of the moſt loſt of Men.
[*Embraces.*
Nay ſhrink not from me; yet thou haſt no Dag-
O Sweetneſs in Deſpair till now unknown! (ger:
Thus from ill Fate I force one happier Moment,
Than ever Fortune in her Smiles beſtow'd on me;
But dearly is the ſhort-liv'd Pleaſure purchas'd,
For the next Moment, how muſt we embrace?
Iph. Oh, Oh, Oh!
Enter Scythians.
Or. She faints, ſhe dies;

And

And yet I live and breathe like one insensible.
[*He sees the* Scythians *coming up to him.*
O would but *Jove* let loose the Hand that plagues me!
And now, now dash me at one bounteous Blow.
1 *Scyth. Grecian*, the Queen has sent us to inform thee,
That thy Delay has mortally offended her;
And Death and Vengeance chase thee now in view.
Here, you must to the Temple guard the Priestess.
[*To some of the Guards.*
And you in Iron Bonds must bind the Pris'ner:
[*To others.*
Then lead him where the Ministers expect him,
To bind his Temples, and to veil his Eyes.
Or. Stay but one Moment, when a Wretch requires it,
The only happy Moment I e'er knew.
1 *Scyth.* We dare not; for severely we're forbidden.
The *Grecians* who were seen upon the Beach,
With their drawn Weapons now ascend the Mountain;
And if thou shouldst be snatch'd from out our hands,
The Queen has sworn by yonder dreadful Altar,
That we shall all of us expire in Torments.
D'y' hear? We must dispatch; a second time
[*Flat Trumpets,*
The Cornets with their mournful Clangors summon us.
Bind him, you Slaves, when 'tis the Queen's Command,
How dare you stand insensible?
[Iph. *throws her Veil over her Eyes.*

Or.

Or. My *Grecians* climbing up the Rock!
I'd give the World then for a moment's Liberty;
[*While they bind him.*
But ſince it will not be, Hear me, ye Pow'rs!
I ask not Liberty, I ask not Life,
I ask not ev'n a Death exempt from Tortures,
Pour down your Plagues on my devoted Head,
Torment me, rack me, tear me,
Torture me any way, unleſs by torturing her:
Comfort her poor afflicted Heart, ye Pow'rs!
And grant, that at our next accurſed Meeting,
Grant, cruel Gods, that mine be all the Pain.

Iph. Break Heart, that we may never meet again.

ACT V.

SCENE *the Outward Temple.*

Enter Queen, Prieſts and Prieſteſſes.

1 *Pr.* SAVE us, ye eternal Pow'rs, that ſave the Juſt.

2 *Prieſt.* Protect us, great *Diana!*

1 *Prieſt.* What diſmal Night is this?

2 *Prieſt.* A dreadful Night indeed!

1 *Prieſt.* Sure all the Elements will now be (wrack'd,
And 'tis the end of all things.

Queen. Are you the Sacred Miniſters of (Heav'n,
And yet afraid of Thunder?

1 *Prieſt.*

1 *Prieſt.* When *Jove*'s diſturb'd, what Mortal dares be calm?

Queen. I, who am conſcious of committing
That may provoke his Anger. (nothing,
Are all things ready? (Image.

Prieſt. They are, ev'n now th' adorn the fatal

Queen. And is *Diana*'s Prieſteſs at the Altar?

Prieſt. She is, but languiſhing, and pale, and trembling,
A deadly Horrour has o'ercaſt her Eyes,
And ſhe is likely to expire
Before the very Victim. (then,

Queen. Summon the Priſoner to the Altar
And let the Cornets ſound th' Alarm of Death.
Bleſs me, what Shout is that? Sound on, I charge you: [*Flat Trumpets.*
Let nothing interrupt this dreadful Ceremony,
Preſumptuous Slave!

Enter Scythian.

Art thou not he who ſtrictly wert commanded
To guide the Victim to the ſmoaking Altar?
How doſt thou dare then, on this fatal Summons,
T' appear without thy Priſoner?

Scyth. Great Queen, provide betimes for your Security;
For now, ev'n now, before this Sacred Pile,
The *Greeks* and *Scythians* wage a doubtful War.

Queen. Oh! Confuſion! Bar the Gates immediately,
And give immediate notice to the Army.
The *Grecians* are without! And is it poſſible?
How could they force, in ſpite of your Reſiſtance,

 Their

Their Paſſage up the Mountain's ſteep Aſcent?
Scyth. You have heard how firſt by ſlow degrees they aſcended,
While as they mounted dusky Clouds aroſe,
And Heaven appear'd to ſcoul upon th' Attempt,
And lowring blacken'd all their March, while ours
Upon the Margin of the horrid Summit,
With threatning Darts impatiently expected them.
But when within our Javelins reach they arriv'd,
Upon the ſudden *Jove* declar'd aloud for them.
The dreadful Thunder from behind them roar'd,
While at our *Scythians* Eyes the blaſting Lightning flew,
The *Grecians* with a Shout that breath'd Defiance,
Receiv'd th' auſpicious Signal; and the Thunder
Seem'd as an Inſtrument of War t' excite them.
Hear, ye *Barbarians!* Hear great *Jove*, they cry'd,
Threatning Deſtruction to your curſed Race.
And as the Rocks reſtor'd the dreadful Cry,
Murmuring they claſh'd a formidable Din
Upon their flaming Shields, then ſhook their horrid Spears,
Their Spears that briſtled with th' amazing Beams
Of the retorted Lightning: Hideous they aſcended,
As flaming Furies mounting from the Abyſs,
While all our *Scythians* look'd like pale Offenders,
When they behold Hell's ghaſtly Executioners.
Queen. Infamous Slaves!
Scyth. This from the adjacent Turret I beheld,
Where I, great Queen, by your Supreme Command,

Prepar'd the Victim for th' expected Signal.
When lo the third, and the laſt fatal Time,
The mournful Cornets ſound th' Alarm of Death:
When in Obedience to your Sovereign Charge,
I hurrying dragg'd the Victim to his Fate.

Queen. And where have you beſtow'd him?

Scyth. Not I, great Queen, but Deſtiny beſtow'd him.
As we were traverſing the outward Court,
The *Grecians* that with their portended Spears
Had driv'n our *Scythians* from the Mountain's Ridge,
And quite o'ercome the Rock's ſevere Aſcent;
Swift as the Lightning intercept our Paſſage,
And in a moment ſnatch the Victim from us.

Queen. And thou'rt alive to tell this?

Scyth. My Life was of importance to your Service,
And therefore I preſerv'd it.
A panick Fear had now diſpers'd our *Scythians*;
Some fell, ſome fled, but all remain'd diſorder'd.
I by this Voice alone retriev'd the Fainting,
Confirm'd the Doubtful, and recall'd the Flying:
Rally'd by me, they ſtill maintain'd their ground,
When I withdrew to inform you of your Danger,
And know your further pleaſure.

Queen. O Death to all my Hopes! [*Aſide.*]
Return, I charge thee,
If thy Life's dear to thee, with ſpeed return;
And tell theſe Scandals to the *Scythian* Race,
That they had better never have been born,
Than e'er behold my Eyes without the Priſoner.
Tell them, they can but die by *Grecian* Hands;
And if they die by them, they die with Honour,

And they who die with Honour, die with Plea-
sure.
But ſhould they owe their Deaths to my Re-
venge, [*Shout.*
Or Thou, O Heaven! that Shout's the Shout o
Triumph!
Read in my Eyes the reſt, and fly to inform
them. [*Exit* Scyth.
1 *Prieſt.* The Gods apparently reject this Sa-
crifice.
Queen. How durſt thou think ſo? (it.
1 *Prieſt.* The Prodigies ſo lately ſeen, confirm
Scarce had the Night upon her Carr aſcending,
Thrown her black Influence round the mourn-
ful Hemiſphere,
When a mad Whirlwind's ſubterranean Blaſt
Made the Dome tremble from its deep Founda-
tion,
And ſhook the dreadful Glories of its Spires.
The yawning Vault diſclos'd its gloomy Entrails
And labouring from its inmoſt Caverns groan'd
And then a Troop of Ghoſts bloody and baleful
And wonderfully pale, ſprung glaring up.
Then vaniſhing, ſo ruefully they ſhriek'd,
That all the ghaſtful Hollow of the Dome,
Multiplying Horrour, diſmally reſounded.
Upon the ſudden, of their own accord,
Theſe maſſy Gates with jarring Sound flew open
Grating harſh Thunder on their brazen Hinges
And laſt of all a thundring Voice was heard,
Hear you *Barbarians*, hear you accurſed Race!
Th' offended Gods depart from you: and then
Proſtrate and trembling on the ground we heard
Th

Th' impetuous ruſhing Sound of their Departure.

Queen. If this be true, [*Aſide.*

The fearful Viſion of the Night's confirm'd;
And 'tis too plain the Gods reject this Victim,
And loath theſe barbarous Rites: But ſay 'tis true,
Shall this inſulting Man return to *Greece*;
And there in Revels with his amorous Dames,
Proudly proclaim the Affront he has offer'd me?
He dies firſt, if the partial Gods refuſe him,
He falls a Victim to Revenge and me,
And my fair Fame, which his Eſcape would injure;
And then theſe barbarous Rites for ever ceaſe.
Old Man, 'tis thy Employment in this Temple,
[*To the Prieſt.*
To offer human Gore to our great Goddeſs,
And not to interpret the Deſigns of Fate.
Comes this from holy indigeſted Luxury?
Or art thou with the *Greeks* confederate grown?
Why ſhould the Gods reveal themſelves to thee,
Who haſt a groveling and an abject Soul;
Yet hide themſelves from me, to whom they have given
A Spirit, worthy of their great Vicegerent?

Enter Scythian *again.*

Ha! Art thou then return'd! What do the *Grecians?* (treat.

Scyth. The *Grecians* make a ſurly ſlow Re-

Queen. And where's the Victim?

Scyth. Look where the *Scythians* guard him tow'rds the Altar. (Ways!

Queen. You are juſt, ye Pow'rs, in all your Now let the Rites begin. [*The*

[*The flat Scene draws, and discovers the Altar;* Iphigenia *on the one side, and* Euphrosine *on the other, in mourning Postures. The Victim veil'd is introduc'd by flat Trumpets, a Train of Priests and Priestesses and Guards. The Victim is led to, and plac'd at the Altar; after that, a dreadful Symphony, and then the following Ode.*]

Ode for the Sacrifice. Three Priests, Chorus of Priests and Priestesses.

I.

1 Pr. HAIL, *Great* Diana, *hear and see,*
Chor. *We sacrifice to thee.*
2 Pr. *Hail, Moon, that with thy silver Light,*
Govern'st the Empire of the Night,
Look down and see,
Chor. *We sacrifice to thee.*
3 Pr. *And thou the dreadfull'st of the three,*
Hail infernal Hecate!
Ascend and see!
Chor. *We sacrifice to thee.*

II.

Thee, Great Diana, *Thee,*
Goddess renown'd for Chastity,
Thee first of all we invoke,
To see us strike the fatal Stroke
On him, who with a Heart profane
Thy very Altars sought to stain.
Thy Presence open'd the dark Womb,
And gave him Entrance to the Light;
Thy Presence too must open the sad Tomb,
And send him to Eternal Night.

III

III.

Chor. *Thee, Goddeſs, thee we all invoke*
To ſee us ſtrike the fatal Stroke.
2 Pr. *Thou Moon, that with thy Silver Light*
Govern'ſt the Empire of the Night;
Thee, Goddeſs, thee we next invoke,
To ſee the fatal Stroke.
As Horrour thou art pleas'd to ſee,
Horrour loves to gaze on thee.
Each Fiend, and ev'ry ghaſtly Spright
That ſo abhors thy Brother's Ray,
Yet oft forſakes eternal Night
To revel in thy paler Day.
Chor. *Thee, Goddeſs, thee we next invoke,*
Look down and ſee the fatal Stroke.

IV.

2 Chor. *She ſees, ſhe ſees, a gloomy Red*
Has half her glowing Face o'erſpread.
But oh behold, o'er half her Light
Some Charm diffuſes gloomy Night;
It muſt be ſome Theſſalian *Charm,*
Sound, ſound your Trumpets, give th' Alarm;
Let the Clangors reach the Sky,
Till her native Brightneſs comes,
Beat your Timbrels, beat your Drums,
And let the Victim die.

V.

3 Pr. *But hold, till laſtly thee,*
Infernal Hecate,
Queen of Furies, we invoke;
Aſcend and ſee the fatal Stroke.
Aſcend from everlaſting Night,
Blaſting Nature with the ſight.

VI.

She comes, ſhe cleaves the trembling Ground,
And ſpreading Horrour all around,
Doubly dyes the miſty Air;
Her dark and grieſly Features fright
The coal-black Steeds that drag the Night,
And Nature's Centinels they ſcare.
Hark how with dreary Shriek the Owl,
And frighted Wolves with dreadful Howl,
Her dire Approach declare.

Chorus. *She's here, her Guard of Furies ſee,*
And Furies now as great are we;
Her Spirit rages in our Souls,
And in our frantick Eyes it rolls.
To the diſmal Deed ſhe's come to excite us,
And nothing but Blood can delight us;
Give us Blood, give us Blood,
Give us a Flood,
Let it flow, let it flow,
Strike, ſtrike the fatal Blow.

[A Shout juſt as the Ode ends.

Queen. Oh Inſolence, audacious, inſupportable!
Look out and ſee who 'tis that dares diſturb
The Execution of this dreadful Ceremony.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Great Queen, provide betimes for your Security,
The *Greeks* returning, bear down all before them,
And the next moment will inveſt the Temple.

Queen. Are all the Gates made faſt?

Meſſ.

Meſſ. They're all with Bars of ſolid Braſs ſecur'd. (thy Duty.

Queen. Then I'll prevent them; Prieſteſs do

Iph. Goddeſs, look down, thy Prieſteſs is thy Victim.

[*Offers to ſtab her ſelf, the Victim throws off his Veil, and wreſts the Knife from her, diſcovering himſelf to be* Pilades; *at the ſame time ſpeaking as follows.*]

Pil. Oh hold, 'tis Sacrilege to ſtrike that Stroke,
Thy Beauties are the darling Care of Heav'n;
Look up, and ſee the Wonder it has wrought
On purpoſe to preſerve them.

Queen. May I believe my Eyes? Amazing

Euph. Miraculous Events! (Sight!

Pil. Thou thought'ſt to die for the dear Man thou lov'ſt,
And I, alas, am come to die for him.

Iph. O all ye Pow'rs, whoſe Wiſdom rules the Univerſe,
Let me adore the Wonders of your Providence!

Queen. Revenge thy injur'd Handmaid, great *Diana!*
Revenge thy injur'd ſelf; we're both betray'd,
By my own faithleſs Subjects we're betray'd.

Pil. No, cruel Queen, thou ſeeſt I'm come
And ſatisfy you both. (to die,

Queen. Where is thy Friend?

Pil. Where! at the Head of his victorious

Queen. Oh curſed Fate! (*Grecians.*
What brought thee here, to ſuffer in his ſtead?

Pil. Agreement with your *Scythians*, and Deſire
To ſave the only Man of all the World,
That's fit to be a Friend, by gaining time
Enough for his Embarkment.
Queen. What haſt thou ſaid? Agreement with my *Scythians!* (to it?
Oh the vile Traitors! Why ſhould they agree
Pil. To ſave themſelves. (from them,
After our *Greeks* had forc'd my God-like Friend
They who ſoon found their Victim irretrievable,
And knew what Torments they muſt undergo,
Unleſs they could make you think they had retriev'd him;
They who with Wonder had beheld the Pow'r
Of Sacred Friendſhip in my Friend and me,
To my Apartment came half dead with Fear,
Where they inform'd me of our *Grecians* Valour,
Your Threats, their Baſeneſs, and my Friend's Eſcape: (ment,
I knowing 'twould gain time for his Embark-
Propos'd that I ſhould repreſent and die for him.
Queen. How cam'ſt thou to the Altar thus unbound? (them.
Pil. 'Twas upon that Condition I agreed with
Death for my Friend I eagerly embrac'd,
But the coarſe Treatment of a Slave
My free-born Soul diſdain'd.
Euph. Was ever any thing ſo great?
Iph. And yet ſo tender and ſo true?
Queen. Thou haſt deceiv'd me, *Grecian*, but ſo nobly,
That Truth's not half ſo beauteous as thy Fraud;

What

What pity 'tis that thou muſt die
For ſuch a God-like Action!

Euph. Die! muſt he die for it? [*To* Iph.

Iph. Forbid it, all ye Pow'rs!
Ye who your ſelves inſpir'd this wondrous Virtue;
By me, at leaſt, he ne'er ſhall die.

Queen. But die thou muſt;
Our ſacred Rites, and great Revenge require it.
Prieſteſs, do thy Office.

Iph. Oh never, never! (trembling,

Queen. Ah, miſerable Creature! think with
What Vengeance thou art drawing on thy Head.
But the time preſſes, I ſhall be prevented,
Take thou the ſacred Steel, and ſtrike the Blow.
[*To another Prieſteſs.*

Scyth. Make way for the Elder of the Cap-
Make way. (tives there,

Queen. For the Elder of the Captives!

[*As the other Prieſteſs is going to ſtrike,* Oreſtes *enters, runs between the Dagger and* Pilades, *and embraces him.*]

Or. He lives, he lives, I have him in my Arms;
This Turn, ye Pow'rs, has made amends for all.

Queen. Confuſion! I am loſt, the *Greeks* are
Strike thro them both. (here,

Iph. Ah, cruel Sight! Ah, Gods, I cannot bear it.
Thus let me intercept the barbarous Blow.

[*As the other Prieſteſs goes to ſtrike,* Iphigenia *interpoſes.*]

Queen. O Death and Vengeance! Her, her Heart transfix.

Prieſt. Whoſe? the chief Prieſteſs?

Queen. Hers; lift thy executing Arm, haſte, ſtrike;
I'm loſt, undone, on every ſide betray'd,
And the next moment we ſhall be prevented.
Or. O hurt not her, by Heav'n and Earth I adjure you,
For I am come alone, and come to die.
Queen. What ſay'ſt thou? 'Tis impoſſible.
Or. 'Tis certain.
Queen. Wert thou not reſcu'd by thy Friends?
Or. I was.
Queen. Haſt thou been retaken then by our *Scythians?* (Victors.
Or. Your *Scythians* are diſpers'd, and we are
Queen. Where are thy *Grecians* then?
Or. Upon the horrid Summit of the Cliff,
By my Command, obſequiouſly they wait.
Queen. How got you entrance?
Or. At the Iron Wicket of the Poſtern, where
Arm'd with a hundred Javelins, Death ſtands Centry,
And none can there unlicens'd paſs'd and live.
Queen. What brought thee to this fatal Place alone?
Or. I come to die.
Queen. Thou com'ſt to die! the Conqueror comes to die! (*Scythians,*
Or. After our *Greeks* had forc'd me from your
And the ſhort Fury of the Fight was paſt;
As ſoon as the Retreat we ſlowly made,
Had giv'n me time for Thought;
My Joy ſoon vaniſh'd all, for ſoon I found
That I had left all that I held moſt precious,
All that was dear to my afflicted Soul,

Ev'n

Ev'n in the Jaws of Fate:
Strait I prevail'd upon my valiant Friends
T' attempt a ſecond Reſcue.
Then to my Friend's Apartment we all flew,
To force his Guards; the Guards indeed we forc'd,
But him we found not: there I grew inform'd
Of his deplorable, tho God-like Purpoſe;
That his inimitable Love for me
Made him to a bloody Doom devoted ſtand,
At theſe inhuman Altars.
Swift as a Storm we hurried to the Temple;
But when I found the Maſſy Gates all barr'd,
The dreadful Rites begun, and my poor Friend
At the Altar, and about to breathe his laſt,
To breathe his laſt for me:
Witneſs ye Pow'rs, that Thought I could not bear,
With rigorous Commands I enjoin'd my Friends
To leave me to the adverſe Gods and Fate.
For Gods and Fate cry'd out that I muſt bleed,
Or elſe ſurviving ev'ry minute die.
My Friends unwilling, yet with Tears obey'd;
And here alone the Conqueror's come to die.

Queen. Unheard-of Friendſhip!

Euph. Unexampled Faith!

Iph. O Conſtancy Divine!

Queen. Was ever ſeen ſo great a Sight
Of glorious Woe before!

Euph. to *Iph.* Courage, my Princeſs, for the Gods declare for us,
They are here among us: they are manifeſt;
For theſe are plainly more than human Actions.

Queen. I am o'ercome, I yield, y' Almighty Powers;
To hurt ſuch a Virtue, were to touch your ſelves;
Such Virtue is Divinity.
Here, ſet them free immediately.

Pr. Whom?

Queen. The *Grecians*,

Pr. Both?

Queen. Both.

Pr. Then, where's the Victim for our ſolemn (Rites?

Queen. The Goddeſs has her ſelf declar'd her (Victim.

Pr. Whom?

Queen. Enquire no more, but ſet thy Priſoners (free.

Pr. They are free.

Queen to *Or. Grecian*, I need not be aſham'd to own
That I am charm'd by thy exalted Virtue;
Th' immortal Powers themſelves are fond of leſs.
Twice in one Night has it prevail'd upon me
To give thee Life, to give thee Liberty;
But ſince thou ſhew'ſt thou valueſt not thy own,
I here beſtow thy Friend's upon thee too.

Or. From my Soul I thank you! (quires

Queen. But Cuſtom, which is *Scythian* Law, re-
That they whom my Prerogative ſets free,
Muſt become *Scythians* by eſpouſing *Scythians*,
Or——

Or. But Liberty in that too will be neceſſary.

Queen. As free as is the Wind ſhall be thy Choice:
Thou ſhalt be forc'd in nothing, yet permit me
To give thy Wife a Dowry worthy thee.
Thy Soul's ſurpaſſing Greatneſs I admire!

Which

Which Heaven, that form'd it, ſure deſign'd for
Empire;
Accept of mine, thy wiſer nobler Sway
Will poliſh theſe Barbarians into Men.
Thine are the vaſt extended Plains of *Tauris*;
My ſelf, my Subjects, Men and Women, all
Shall govern'd be by thy unbounded Sway;
The Sovereign Partner of thy Royal Bed
Among a thouſand *Scythian* Beauties chuſe,
And make her happy who's moſt worthy thee.
Iph. Then I am loſt again. [*Aſide.*
Pil. Art thou not mov'd? (words
Or. Amaz'd, confounded, Gods! Are theſe the
Of a Barbarian, of a ſavage *Scythian?*
But, be ſhe what ſhe will,
Such generous Paſſion I ne'er knew till now,
No, not in *Greece*; but Oh its artful Modeſty!
Queen. What no Reply?
My Preſent ſure deſerves at leaſt your Thanks.
Or. Oh! It deſerves much more than I can pay!
Oh! It deſerves my Heart, my very Soul!
And now, ev'n now I ought to be beheld
Paying my Adorations at your Feet,
And off'ring all my ſelf with fervent Vows.
But Oh! have pity on ſo loſt a Creature,
Who has no Heart, no Soul, no Vows to pay,
Who has given all theſe, who has given himſelf
A voluntary Slave, one ſo accurs'd, (away
That tho he mortally deteſts Ingratitude,
Yet wants the Power, nay wants the very Will
To pay th' immenſe Acknowledgment he owes.
Queen. Suppoſe ſome God ſhould free you
from this Paſſion?

Or.

Or. I wiſh not to be free. (ment free,
Queen. Yet put the Caſe you were this Mo-
Might I expect to find you grateful then?
For, *Grecian*, I am loth to think you hate me.
Or. Hate you! O Heav'n! of all your lovely Sex
You I eſteem, and you I moſt admire; (Sex
Should I ſay more, I baſely ſhould deceive you.
To wrong you in that nature, that indeed
Would be the height of black Ingratitude.
For all my ſofter Thoughts another claims;
Who, tho the tendereſt of her gentle Sex,
Yet has a Tyrant's Force upon my Soul.
But were I not prevented by that Paſſion,
Now proſtrate at your Feet you ſhould behold
Prouder to obey your abſolute Commands (me,
Than to controul th' extended Plains of *Tauris*.
Queen. May I believe thee?
Or. Yes, could I have reſolv'd to ſay what's falſe,
You had heard a Falſhood that would more have pleas'd you.
Queen. But ſwear.
Or. Propoſe the Oath. (eſcap'd.
Queen. Swear by the dreadful Altar you have
Or. By this tremendous Altar then I ſwear.
Queen. This Altar then ſhall free thee from a Paſſion
That's ſo unworthy thee: here take the Prieſteſs,
[*To the Miniſters.*
For her the Goddeſs has declar'd her Victim;
Here, take her, bind her, drag her to the Altar,
And in her Boſom plunge the ſacred Steel.
Pr. O Heaven! The Prieſteſs!
Or. Impious Propoſal!

Pil.

Pil. Think not that we will e'er endure that Sight.

Queen. Think not that you'll endure it! Think where you are;
You both are in my power. (own;

Pil. They who dare die are always in their
Our Breasts shall intercept th' accursed Blow.

Queen. Guards, 'tis your Duty to take care of that. (her.

Or. No barbarous Power can force us to survive

Queen. Die then, and prove the Plagues which for the Perjur'd
The direful Goddesses prepare below;
As soon as she expires, thou to be mine
Hast by th' inviolable Altar sworn.

Or. In what a Maze, O Fate, am I entangled!
But think, reflect, by all the Gods I adjure you.
And Oh regard that lovely dying Face,
Meek and resign'd in these extremest Sufferings.
Oh look and stop th' abominable Blow!
Mercy, sweet Mercy will it self
Be murder'd by that Blow.
Look, cast your Eyes around, behold a Sight
Enough to dissolve Flint, see these Barbarians
Whose Eyes have been inur'd to ghastly Murder,
Whose Crimson Arms are dy'd with horrid Gore,
Ev'n they dissolve, they melt, their Eyes shed Tears,
Those cruel Eyes that never wept before.
Look how they're seiz'd with sudden Horror all!
But above all look up, behold your Goddess!
Think that you see her, with a wrathful Frown,
Denouncing Plagues on your devoted Heads!

Think

Think that already her avenging Arms
Are lifted, and prepare the dreadful Judgments
That muſt be pour'd on this accurſed Race;
Revenging, with its utter Extirpation,
Her Prieſteſs murder'd, and her Shrine profan'd.
Pr. Scythians, 'tis true;
Theſe Judgments we muſt fearfully expect,
If we lay impious Hands upon the Prieſteſs.
All Scyth. Unbind the Prieſteſs, ſet her free immediately. (*cians* hear!
Queen. Hear me firſt, *Scythians*, and you *Gre-*
Scythians, what ſlaviſh Doubt has ſeiz'd your Souls? (deſs!
What fear you? To provoke the dreadful God-
This is her Victim; ſhe her ſelf has claim'd her;
Nay, and with ſo much Vehemence has claim'd her,
She left th' Immortal Manſions of bleſt Beings
On purpoſe to demand her, and too long
This Prieſteſs has already liv'd devoted to her.
I till this hour, forgive it awful Goddeſs,
I by a tender Weakneſs mov'd, preſerv'd her;
And Heaven beſt knows how I have been rewarded.
Now for you, *Grecians*, you too ſhall be ſatisfy'd.
Pil. No, never, if ſhe dies.
Queen. Yes, tho ſhe dies; for when you know this Prieſteſs,
You will your ſelves demand and urge her Fate:
At leaſt if you're the Sons of thoſe brave *Grecians*
Who carry'd their heroick Arms to *Aſia*,
And with a thouſand Sail beleaguer'd *Troy*.
With one accord your Fathers urg'd her Fate,

Nay

Nay her own Father to the Altar doom'd her,
Becauſe the ſevere Goddeſs had exacted her.
Pil. May I believe my Senſe? Am I awake!
Or. O all y' Immortal Powers! How am I tortur'd
By the fierce Pangs of wondrous Expectation!
Queen. But Death, by her Mother's Artifice, ſhe eſcap'd,
While a young *Lesbian* Slave in Shape and Size
And Age reſembling hers, in a long Veil
Was at the Altar offer'd in her ſtead.
Or. Support me, Gods! Support me!
Queen. Why doſt thou thus exclaiming interrupt me? (you!
Or. Oh! I have moſt amazing things to tell
But firſt important Queſtions I muſt ask:
I have important things t' enquire of her.
And Queen, aſſure thy ſelf, on what I ſay,
Thy Peace, thy laſting Happineſs depends.
Queen. Speak, but be ſhort then, what are the Gods doing!
Or. Say then, poor, loſt, abandon'd Virgin, ſay,
Didſt thou from bleeding at a *Grecian* Altar,
By thy fond Mother's Artifice, eſcape? (for it;
Iph. I did, and thank the Gods a thouſand times
By that Eſcape I have liv'd to die for thee.
Or. Talk not of Death, alas, but anſwer me:
O thou art ſure the darling Care of Providence,
And it has wrought prodigious things to ſave thee!
How comes it that thy ſtrange Eſcape, in *Greece*
Was never heard or talk'd of?
Iph. Of *Grecians* only my two wretched Parents

Were

Were conſcious to it, and you this Night in-
form'd me
They ſadly both by a dire Fate expir'd.
Or. O Miracle of Providence! O Tranſport!
Iph. My Siſters both were in their Infancy,
My Brother ſcarce had ſeen the ſeventh Summer.
Or. By Heav'n and Earth it can be none but ſhe,
See *Helen*'s Form upon that lovely Front!
[*Aſide.*
Anſwer but one thing more, ſay from what Altar
Didſt thou eſcape, and by what Artifice?
Iph. Alas, 'tis a long Story,
And my weak Spirits, by my Grief oppreſs'd,
Will let me ſay no more;
But in my Cabinet at large 'tis written:
Yet grant me this, my firſt and laſt Requeſt,
To *Greece* tranſport the Writing. (loſt
Or. Talk not of Writings, Writings may be
But tell me in a word what I muſt ſay,
What and to whom? (*Argos.*
Iph. Inform my Friends and Kindred then at
That the forlorn abandon'd *Iphigenia*——
Or. O ſupreme *Jove*, whoſe Providence has
wrought this! (ven
Iph. What makes you lift your Eyes to Hea-
And ſtarting thus exclaim?
Or. Was ever Viſion of the Night ſo ſtrange
So wonderful as this! Say on, ſay on.
Iph. Tell them at *Argos*, that poor *Iphigenia*
Whom fondly they believ'd at *Aulis* ſacrific'd,
Eſcap'd the Altar there; but that the Goddeſs
Upon the Shore of *Tauris* found her Victim.
And wiſh, O wiſh my Brother, my *Oreſtes*,
A much more gentle Fate! *Or.*

Or. Thus, thus, thy Brother, thy *Oreſtes* thanks thee. [*Embraces.*

Iph. My Brother! Oh!

Or. My deareſt Siſter!

Iph. Can it be true? (me?

does my Senſe, grown wild with Grief, delude

Queen. Her Brother! is it poſſible! her Brother! (of *Argos.*

Euph. Her Brother! and the powerful King

Queen. Is't poſſible? O the tranſporting Joy!

petuous Flood of unexpected Rapture!

hether I live or no, I cannot tell.

aſte, *Scythians*, haſte, upon your Knees unbind her. (tuous Slaves,

Pil. Hold off your barbarous hands, preſump-

nd let a Prince be honour'd with that Task.

[*Unbinds her.*

Or. O Queen! O Friend! O Siſter!

as ever Night like this! (ſtore:

Pil. Thus to theſe lovely Limbs I Liberty re-

would but the good Gods and ſhe conſent

hat I for ever might remain a Captive!

Queen to Iph. Canſt thou forgive me all this cruel Uſage,

which Love only could have made me guilty?

nſt thou, thou tendereſt of all Human Kind?

Iph. Can you ſo much as ask it? All my Soul

to tranſporting Tenderneſs reſign'd.

Queen. Thou art all Goodneſs; in this ſtrict Embrace

t all Unkindneſs be forgot for ever. (Heaven

Or. Now, how ſhall we pay equal Thanks to

r this ſo great, ſo wonderful Deliverance?

Chiefly

Chiefly with flaming Zeal our Thanks to thee,
To thee our Thanks we pay, Divine *Apollo!*
And thy unerring Oracle adore.
Next, let me pay my Debt to thee, my *Pilades*,
And with the beſt of Siſters let me bleſs
The kindeſt, trueſt, and the beſt of Friends:
She cannot now be mine, and ne'er ſhall be another's;
Take her my Friend, thou art my very ſelf,
The other dearer half of thy *Oreſtes*.
Take her, and with her take ten thouſand Joys
All the high Raptures thy fierce Paſſion promiſes
Thou anſwer'ſt not!

Pil. Oh, I want Breath to ſpeak, I die with Extaſy! (are rais'd
And my tumultuous Thoughts above all Words
Here let me with dumb Eloquence expreſs 'em,
Here pour out the abundance of my Soul.
[*Kiſſing her Hand*

Or. And next to you, Great Queen, I pay my Acknowledgments,
And now with Joy accept this Realm of *Tauris*
That at your Feet you may behold a Slave
With two Imperial Sceptres.
And now prepare to leave this barbarous Clime
Here but by Deputy henceforward reign,
The Gods ſuch Worth deſign'd to govern *Greece*
To ſhine the Glory of the braveſt Nation,
And give Example to a Race of Heroines,
Who have Force to follow ſo ſublime a Pattern
Your Goddeſs is the Partner of your Voyage,
Whoſe Image Great *Apollo*'s *Delphick* Oracle
Has with reiterated Voice demanded.

Queen

Queen. The Prodigies of this ſtupendous Night,
And Viſion of the laſt, confirm that Oracle.
With me the Goddeſs ſhall to *Greece* remove,
And theſe inhuman Rites ſhall ceaſe for ever.
Or. The Gods are good, and Lovers of Mankind;
And that Religion that allows of Cruelty
Is not divine, but impious and abominable.
Laſtly our Thanks once more we pay to thee,
Son of Immortal *Jove*, Divine *Apollo*,
Who haſt made good thy bounteous Oracles:
We are preſerv'd, and mighty Love preſerves us.
Now, from this wondrous Night let Mortals learn,
When in Obedience to the Gods they tread
The doubtful Paths of Deſtiny, to affront
The dreadfulleſt Dangers with a dauntleſs Spirit.
Let them not ev'n in worſt Extremes deſpair;
For while they keep to Virtue's narrow Paths,
With Guards invincible they march ſurrounded.
The Gods who ſurely guide them on the way,
From them no more than from themſelves can ſtray,
For Virtue 's of Divinity a Ray.

EPILOGUE, by Col. *Codrington.*

OUR Bard ſhall end to-night as he began,
Prologue, Play, Epilogue ſhall ſpeak the Man,
Shew a more Tragick Poet if you can.
With Pride he owns that he would gain your Hearts,
But he will uſe no little Whoriſh Arts.

With Pride he owns, that 'tis his glorious Aim
To court and to poſſeſs the Tragick Dame.
How can he court, or how can he poſſeſs,
Who ſhames the Goddeſs by a foreign Dreſs?
That decks her like a trivial merry Muſe,
Or a rank Strumpet, ſtrolling from the Stews.
Yet thus diſguis'd ſhe oft has here been ſhown,
To all her genuine Votaries unknown,
Yet ſtill you thought the motly Garb her own.
Oft have you ſeen her with the Comick Muſe,
Walk hand-in-hand, Grimace and Poſture uſe,
Debaſe her Majeſty, and Terror loſe.
What needs ſuch Art your kind Applauſe to win?
What need ſuch Farce to drive away your Spleen?
Who thus are pleas'd, have Farce enough within.
Our Bard reſolves to ſteer a diff'rent Courſe,
And travel upwards to the Grecian *Source;*
Where he at firſt ſaw the chaſte aweful Maid,
And with obſerving Eyes her Charms ſurvey'd.
Thoſe Charms he would with a bold Hand expreſs,
Nor make them fainter by an Engliſh *Dreſs.*
To pleaſe the Great, the Gen'rous, and the Fair,
Shall ever be his Pride, and be his Care.
Next he would ſtand the knowing Critick's Teſt,
To Fortune unconcern'd he leaves the reſt:
For well he knows the Ignorant and the Baſe
Scatter in waſte their Cenſure and their Praiſe.

Liberty Asserted:

A

TRAGEDY,

As it is Acted at the

NEW THEATRE

IN

Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields.

TO

Anthony Henley *Esq*;

SIR,

THIS *Play of* Liberty Asserted, *is by the Right of Nature Yours, not only as You are a zealous Lover of your Country, and a generous Assertor of* Liberty, *but as it owes its Birth and its very Being to You. For it was You, Sir, who gave the happy Hint upon which this Poem was form'd; from You, as from a Source of noble Sentiments, it descended to me, and 'tis from me that with a just Ambition it ascends to You.*

If I had had the Happineſs to be nearer to You during the time that I was writing this Tragedy; if, as I at firſt receiv'd the Hint from You, I could have receiv'd your Inſtructions about the Deſign and the Working of the Scenes, the Faults in this Poem had then been fewer, and the Preſent more worthy You. But I know that the Nobleneſs of your Engliſh *Principles will oblige you to excuſe its Faults, on conſideration of the juſt Intention with the which it was writ; and that was no leſs than to do good to your Country; to open the Eyes of deluded Men, to inſpire them with the Love of Liberty, and unite and animate them againſt the Common Foe of* Europe. *But yet, if at laſt I did not flatter my ſelf that this Play had many more Beauties than Faults, you ſhould be the very laſt Perſon to whom I would chuſe to addreſs it. If you appear to be of the ſame Opinion, I have gain'd the chief Ends which I propoſe to my ſelf in Writing, and that is to do a little Good, to diſtinguiſh my ſelf by what I write, and by thoſe to whom I addreſs my ſelf. I ſhall look upon your Approbation as a glorious Earneſt of Fame, for Truth will be ſure at laſt to prevail; and that*

which

which we call Taſte in Writing, is nothing but a fine Diſcernment of Truth. But as Truth muſt be always one, and always the ſame to all who have Eyes to diſcern it; he who pleaſes one of a true Taſte at firſt, is ſure of pleaſing all the World at laſt. But I, who have ſometimes had the Honour to hear you talk of Criticiſm, have been a long time throughly convinc'd that from an Intimacy with the Antients, and a juſt Knowledge of the Moderns, you have form'd that fine and admirable Taſte, which is ſo rarely found among us. But I ought to conſider that while I commend it, I may perhaps diſpleaſe it, and ought in diſcretion to ſay no more. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble

and moſt Obedient Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. *Betterton.*

THIS of deep Tragedies is ſure the Age,
When Mars *each day diſplays with ſwelling Rage*
His bloody Scenes upon the World's great Stage.
Ye Britons, *from your* Thames's *Silver Flood*
Turn, turn your Eyes to Streams diſtain'd with Blood;
And to diſcover Scenes of mortal Woe,
Survey the Rhine, *the* Danube, *and the* Po.
No fancy'd Tragedies are acting there,
There the diſtracted Native rends his Hair,
And ſhrieks and wrings his Hand in true Deſpair.
While no vexatious Griefs to you are known,
But here you meet t' attend our pleaſing Moan,
And gently ſigh with Sorrow not your own.
By grateful Turns, with Fear and Pity ſeiz'd,
And when moſt terrify'd, are then moſt pleas'd;
But Tragick Scenes may come where this Delight
Shall yield to Horrour and to mortal Fright:

When

When impious Mars *ſhall with a dreadful Roar*
Deſcend to viſit pale Britannia's *Shore.*
Already Treaſon whiſpers, Come away;
And clamorous Diſcord cries, Make no delay.
That Hour would ſhew a Tragedy indeed,
Whoſe ſad Spectators would not weep, but bleed.
Which to prevent all Patriots ſhould contend,
Theſe Scenes were wrought to ſerve ſo juſt an End;
To ſhew our inbred Foes, e'er 'tis too late,
That they and theirs muſt ſhare the common Fate.
For France *its Blood exhauſts, its Wealth expends*
To obtain its own, and not our Plotters Ends.
They who their Country for themſelves enthrall,
Will ſee themſelves and Children with it fall.
Would they reflect on this while yet they may,
Themſelves and Children they would ne'er betray,
As in the following Scenes we ſhew to-day.
For what remains———
To pleaſe and to inſtruct we've done our beſt;
Then boldly let us make this juſt Requeſt,
With ſilent Care to the firſt Act attend,
Then you with Pleaſure may perhaps unbend.

Drama-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Frontenac, Governor of *New France.*	Mr. *Bowman.*
Miramont, his Kinſman.	Mr. *Betterton.*
Beaufort, General of the *Engliſh* that come to the Aſſiſtance of the *Iroquois* againſt the *French.*	Mr. *Powell.*
Ulamar, General of the five Nations of the *Iroquois.*	Mr. *Booth.*
Zephario, Head of the *Angians*, one of the five Nations of the *Iroquois.*	Mr. *Freeman.*
Arimat, an *Angian.*	
Two Ambaſſadors.	
Officers, Guards, Meſſengers.	

WOMEN.

Sakia, Mother to *Ulamar.*	Mrs. *Barry.*
Irene, Daughter to *Zephario.*	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Okima, Confident to *Sakia.*	Mrs. *Porter.*

Liberty Aſſerted.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, Angie *in* Canada.

Sakia *and* Okima.

Sak. SPEAK on,
Thy Looks ſeem big with ſomething that's important.
Okim. Then briefly thus:
Beaufort, that jointly with your valiant Son,
Led forth his *Engliſh*, and our *Iroquois*,
To ſtop th' Incurſions of the *French* and *Hurons*,
Is juſt from our Confederate Troops arriv'd.
Sak. Alas! how fares my *Ulamar?*
Okim. Before the Sun, which now declines, is ſet,
You may expect to hear it from himſelf,
For *Beaufort* left him juſt prepar'd to follow.

Sak.

Sak. Now the great Mind be praiſed!
My Son has loſt then, and the *French* are Victors.
Okim. No, my *Sakia*,
The Ruler of the World is not ſo partial,
Nor are the Guardian Spirits ſo remiſs,
Which hover with their Golden Wings o'er *Canada*:
Your lovely Son, th' auſpicious *Ulamar*,
No leſs the Darling is of Heav'n than ours.
A thouſand *French* and *Hurons* pale and breathleſs,
Extended on yon Plain, proclaim him Victor;
And in the bloody Buſ'neſs of the Day,
No ſingle Arm dealt Fate ſo much as *Ulamar*'s.
Sak. Ah! wretched me! thou haſt rouz'd all (my Griefs.
Okim. How, my *Sakia?*
Is your Son's Triumph then become your Grief?
His Death had been your Joy then!
Sak. Ah no! thou know'ſt I dote upon my *Ulamar*;
And when the Graces of his Mind and Perſon,
With Reaſon's Eye ſeverely I ſurvey,
Reaſon ſeverely judging, yet aſſures me
That I have cauſe for all the Mother's Fondneſs:
Yet know, my *Okima*,
His Death and Victory I fear'd alike.
Okim. You utter Myſteries beyond my reach.
Sak. Thou knoweſt my Son, that with the generous *Beaufort*
Now leads the bloody *Iroquois* to Battel,
No *Iroquois* by Birth, no Native is of *Angie*.
Okim. I know you both indeed by Birth are *Hurons*.

Sak.

Sak. *Hurons* we once were call'd, and once were thought
To be descended from no vulgar Stock,
But now, alas! are sunk to wretched Slaves.
Okim. To Slaves, *Sakia!*
Your Son at least has other Sentiments.
Sak. Howe'er alas, my Son may be deceiv'd,
I am a Slave, a miserable Slave;
Who far remov'd from my sweet native Soil,
Far from the dearer Partner of my Heart,
Have for twelve tedious Years been now confin'd
To drag the galling Yoke of loathsome Life,
In this accurled Place:
A Burden which I never could support,
But that I had some glimpse of Hope remaining;
That cruel Fortune might at length relent,
And might at length restore me with my *Ulamar*,
To the dear Partner of my faithful Heart.
Those Hopes have lately been reviv'd and animated
By the Prophetick Visions of the Night,
And Expectation of this fatal Action;
But this Relation has o'erthrown them all:
My Son's mistaken Valour has undone us,
And thou, O *Miramont*, art lost for ever!
Okim. Forget your *Hurons*, and become an *Angian*.
Sak. O may the whole accursed Race by Fate
Be rooted ev'n from Human Memory!
Perish their very Names too with their Persons,
Excepting thine, for thou art wondrous good.

Okim.

Okim. *Sakia*, you forget;
To curse your Benefactors thus, is impious.
Sak. To curse our mortal Enemies is just.
Okim. The *Angians* are your Friends and your Defenders.
Sak. My Country's mortal Enemies are mine.
Okim. *Iroquian Angie* is your Country now.
Sak. My Prison never can be call'd my Country.
Okim. The *Angians* gave you liberty at first;
The hour that made you Captives, saw you free.
Sak. Why am I then with my unhappy Son
Detain'd e'er since in this detested Clime,
Enjoying nothing but the Name of Liberty,
Which hourly brings the thing to my Remembrance,
And makes the Yoke of Slav'ry wring me more?
Know that I am not deluded by a Word,
And ev'n this Shadow of the *Angians* Favour
Is due to the Request of generous *Beaufort*;
For he the fatal Expedition led,
To which I owe this long Captivity,
To which I owe a twelve Years mortal Woe,
Confin'd by barbarous *Iroquois* to *Angie*;
Which may just Heav'n by sharpest Plagues revenge!
Okim. You curse the Victors, Heav'n has curs'd the Vanquish'd.
Sak. Now they are Conquerors, I'll hate them more. (we owe;
Okim. Think that our Conquest to your Son
Then curse us if you can.
Sak. Therefore the barbarous *Iroquois* I curse.

Okim.

Okim. Upon your Son's account you ought to bless us,
Think on our Bounties heap'd upon his Head.
Sak. Think on the Trophies by his Valour won,
With which tenfold your Bounty he repays.
Okim. 'Tis to our Favour that he owes his Glory,
Which, tho he scarce has reach'd his twentieth Year,
Surpasses that of all our antient Warriors.
Sak. 'Tis by his Glory you exist, but he
To Fortune and himself his Glory owes,
And the Instructions of the generous *Beaufort*.
Okim. Leading our Forces, he acquir'd his Fame.
Sak. Yes, against the *Hurons*;
Our Obligations there indeed are great,
For causing him to turn his fatal Sword
Upon the bleeding Bowels of his Country,
And its Confederate Friends the warlike *French*,
Who for strong Reasons ought to be most dear to him.
Okim. Poorly your partial Mind affects the *French*,
While he detests the false perfidious Race,
And threatens to extirpate all those gay,
But rank and filthy Weeds from *Canada*;
Which lately crept usurping thro the Corn,
T' oppress the genuine and the noble Seed.
Sak. Thou know'st him not, he's ignorant of himself,
And both are blind alike; but one day Fate
Will dissipate th' impenetrable Cloud
That now obscures his Sight, and then too late
His fond and fatal Error he'll detest.

Okim.

Okim. But why!
For he who does his Duty, firſt muſt know it.
Sak. But this he knows at preſent, that
French
Are ſtrictly to his Countrymen ally'd.
Okim. He owns no Country but *Iroquian Ang*
Who to the *French* muſt prove eternal Foes.
Sak. Time will inſtruct him better.
Okim. Yes, for our *Angie* will become to-mo
His Country by a ſtricter dearer Tie.
Sak. What meaneſt thou?
Okim. A Tie that will for ever fix him ours
Sak. Explain thy ſelf.
Okim. To-morrow's Sun will ſee that Beau
For whom the loveliеſt of our *Indian* Swains
Have ſigh'd and ſigh'd in vain.
Sak. Thou mean'ſt the blooming Daught
Head of the *Iroquian* Tribes.
Okim. Who can be meant but bleſt *Ire*
Divided *Canada* conſents to adore,
And they who come from diſtant Climes a
mire?
The Adoration of two Worlds! The *Engliſh*,
To whom uncommon Beauty is familiar,
Aſtoniſh'd gaze at her amazing Form,
As at a Wonder never ſeen before.
Sak. Yes, the brave *Beaufort* too admires *Iren*
And to her lays an equal Claim with *Ulamar*;
And for that reaſon thou art wrong inform'd,
For *Angie* dares not diſoblige the *Engliſh*.
Okim. But when the rival Friends went ou
to Battel,
Thus ſaid the wiſe *Zephario*;

*

Ye matchless Friends, thou *Beaufort* and thou *Ulamar*,
Ye great and fair Supports of Liberty
And *Canada*, against a faithless Race,
Who have perfidiously surpriz'd our *Angians*,
And in full Peace with Sword and Fire attack'd them;
Lead forth our Arms against the perjur'd Foe,
And know that he, who for the common Cause
Against that Foe performs the noblest Deeds,
At his return shall call *Irene* his.
The Father said, the charming Daughter blush'd,
And to the just Decree the Friends consented.
Sak. My *Ulamar* is not return'd from fight,
How can that Diff'rence be determin'd then?
Okim. By the Relation of impartial *Beaufort*,
By which he owns that your unequal'd Son,
By his wise Conduct and his brave Example,
Sav'd both his *English* and our *Iroquois*.
Sak. That was the Modesty of generous *Beaufort*;
But when he own'd this, was *Irene* present?
Okim. Yes, and in spight of all her shy Demureness,
Joy lighten'd on a sudden from her Eyes,
Which struggling she suppress'd, and blushing frown'd:
Or I'm mistaken, or she loves your *Ulamar*.
Sak. Confusion!
Okim. Come, she is worthy of the first of Men.
Sak. 'Tis true, so fair a Creature I ne'er saw.
Ev'n I, whom pow'rful Reasons force to hate her,
Ev'n I with Pleasure gaze upon her Face,

And viewing, grow inſenſibly her Friend.
But may ſhe periſh e'er ſhe weds my *Ulamar*;
Nay, may they periſh both.

Okim. To both you're cruel. (he's loſt;

Sak. No, for if once their Hands are join'd,
To me and to the beſt of Fathers loſt,
Who lov'd him as the Darling of his Soul;
And to reſtore him to whoſe tender Arms,
I have endur'd to live thus long a Slave.

Okim. But ſee, the noble *Beaufort* comes to attend you.

SCENE II. Sakia, Okima, Beaufort.

Sak. You're welcome, worthy *Beaufort.*

Okim. They who bring Victory are always welcome. (more welcome.

Sak. Had he been vanquiſh'd, he had been
Is *Ulamar* arriv'd?

Beauf. Each Minute he's expected.

Sak. Well, you have conquer'd then.

Beauf. Yes; impartial Heav'n has heard our juſt Appeal,
And has ſupported Innocence and Faith
Againſt Injuſtice, Treaſon, Violence,
Againſt Oppreſſion, Perjury and Fraud,
And all the Crimes of the perfidious *French.*

Sak. They needs muſt conquer for whom Heav'n declares,
In ſpight of all the Valour of their Foes.

Beauf. Madam, their Valour much you overrate, (juſt
They know themſelves, and to themſelves are
While they are falſe to all the World beſide.

They

They feel themselves too guilty to be brave:
'Tis a shrewd sign their Valour they mistrust,
Who still on Treason or on Odds depend.
But against Odds and Treasons both we conquer'd,
Such Force deriv'd we from the just Disdain
That Honour, Innocence, and heavenly Truth,
Should yield to Falshood, and to Hell-born Crimes;
That Thought alone sustain'd our sinking Troops,
That Thought inflam'd them in extreme Distress,
When one of them cry'd suddenly aloud,
Lifting his wounded weary'd Arms to Heav'n,
Thou Maker of the World, to whom we bow,
If it be Thou, and not blind Chance that governs,
To Thee we appeal, here manifest thy Justice.
Okim. Now by that Pow'r, thou hast set my Soul on fire:
What follow'd?
Beauf. Not the last Trumpet, that must rouze the Dead,
To them more sudden Vigour shall convey,
Than did to ours that animating Voice:
All thought that Heav'n declar'd it self aloud,
Strange Sights were seen, and wondrous Sounds were heard,
'Tis said a Flame descended upon *Ulamar*,
And round his Temples spread its lambent Glory;
But this is sure, his Deeds were more than human.
And Conquest lightning in his Eyes, and thundring in his Arm,
Rouz'd all our Vigour in our fainting Troops,
And struck a fatal Damp upon the Foe.

Sak. *Beaufort*, thou art too partial to thy Friend.

Beauf. I am not partial, I am barely just.

Sak. He who is so magnanimously just,
Must have done greater Wonders of his own:
Do Justice to thy self then.

Beauf. What I perform'd I did not in the dark, (Spectators,
But Earth and conscious Heav'n were both
I therefore need not speak.

Sak. Remember the Reward:
Think on *Irene*.

Beauf. She's always in my Thoughts.

Sak. And do you love her? (her,

Beauf. Have I my Sight? To see her, is to love

Sak. And can you poorly quit her to another?

Beauf. No, nor would I basely win her.

Sak. Yet you exalt your Rival to the Skies.

Beauf. That Rival is your Son, and is my Friend,
And still is partial when he mentions me.

Sak. Think of what Love requires.

Beauf. There is a Duty due to Friendship too;
A thousand Lovers worship fair *Irene*,
But who but I has such a Friend as *Ulamar*?

Sak. The greatest Friendship you can shew my Son,
Is to deprive him of this fatal Beauty.
I had rather see him in the Arms of Death,
Than of *Zepharia*'s Daughter.

Beauf. But he had rather die than not possess her.

Sak.

Sak. Then let him die; no, let him live, ye (Pow'rs!
But let him live without her.
You love *Irene*, tell me, would you win her?
Beauf. I wou'd, by Heav'n, but would not lose my *Ulamar*.
Sak. Then let us jointly urge him to desist.
Beauf. On what pretence?
Sak. On that of Gratitude;
The strongest in the World to a brave Spirit:
Can he be said to bear a grateful Mind,
Who strives against his Benefactor's Bliss?
Remind him of his Obligations.
Beauf. What Obligations?
Sak. He well remembers them, tho you forget,
Too generous *Beaufort!*
Who snatch'd the Dagger from his Infant Breast,
In that accurst Hour that made us Captives?
When only we of all the Slaves were sav'd.
Who forc'd the *Iroquois* to give us Liberty,
At least a shew of Liberty?
Who since instructed him in glorious Arms?
Instructed him in *European* Arts?
To whose dear Friendship is his Glory owing,
His noble Acts, and his accomplish'd Greatness?
Tell him aloud he owes all this to *Beaufort*.
Beauf. Why should I tell him this?
Sak. To urge him,
By the remembrance of these mighty Benefits,
To quit his fond Pretensions to *Irene*,
And not impeach his Happiness, to whom,
Whate'er he has, whate'er he is, he owes.
Beauf. He owes his Greatness to himself alone,
And carries an Instructor in his Breast,

Beyond what all the World can e'er supply;
For *Ulamar* seems sent express from Heav'n,
To civilize this rugged *Indian* Clime.
But grant to me alone he ow'd his Greatness,
How base, how barb'rous would it be to upbraid him?
Besides all this, how vain? for know, your Son's
No vulgar Passion is: that Force acquires
By just degrees, and kindles into Flame;
His the first moment blasted him like Lightning
That falls from Heav'n, when *Jove* with his own Fire,
That Tree that's sacred to himself consumes.

Sak. I but too well remember it.

Beauf. Immediately he had recourse to me,
Who saw, and therefore lov'd *Irene* first;
Then Sorrow streaming from his humid Eyes,
That sparkled with Desire, My Friend, says he,
I come to take my leave, for I must die,
Since only Death can make me just to *Beaufort*;
For only his cold Hand can quench the Flame
That is injurious to my Friend, to whom
The best of Mothers and my self I owe:
And then I love, said he with faltring Tongue,
And with a Heart about to break with Grief,
I love *Irene*, and for *Beaufort* die.

Sak. And how receiv'd you this?

Beauf. With some Surprize, but yet with firm Resolve,
In height of Friendship not to be surpass'd,
But rather chuse to hazard her, than lose
So faithful and so brave a Friend as *Ulamar*.

Sak.

Sak. O noble Friendſhip! Unexampl'd Rival-
ſhip! (*fort*,
Were all thy Countrymen like thee, brave *Beau-*
The Sun himſelf in all his ſhining Round,
Since firſt his Progreſs from the Eaſt began,
Would ne'er have ſeen a greater nobler People.
But ſtill my Soul from this diſaſtrous Love
Forebodes much Miſchief.

SCENE III. Sak. Okim. Beauf. *Meſſengers, Shouts.*

Beauf. What Shouts of Joy are theſe?
Meſſ. Juſt now victorious *Ulamar*'s arriv'd,
And with theſe Shouts the joyful *Angians* wel-
come him.
Beauf. Kind Heav'n be prais'd!
Meſſ. Within an hour the *Angians* meet in
Council, (Houſe.
Mean while your Friend attends you at your
Sak. O Heav'ns! my Son refuſes then to ſee
me. (Peace,
Meſſ. The *French* by Ambaſſadors now proffer
Concerning which he would confer with you
Before the Council meets.
Beauf. Tell him I come.

SCENE IV. Sak. Okim. Beaufort.

Beauf. This proffer'd Peace ſhall be refus'd
with Scorn,
If I have any Credit with the *Angians*.
They proffer Peace!
Their frontleſs *European* Inſolence!
When Heav'n againſt their Perjuries declares,

And halting Vengeance, like a Blood-hound, ſlow, (Cry,
But ſtanch, o'ertakes them with his deep-mouth'd
Confounds their Treaſure, and their Troops conſumes;
Firſt they ſing Songs of Triumph for their Loſſes,
And then, forſooth, they give the World a Peace.
Oh! 'tis a bleſſed Peace that binds our Hands,
And leaves theirs looſe, whom neither plighted Faith,
Nor Vows, nor ſolemn'ſt Oaths could e'er reſtrain;
Strong Bonds, if Bonds perfidious Men could tie!
Sak. Beaufort, to you I now a Suppliant come,
T' a thouſand Obligations add one more,
Which if you grant me not, the reſt are vain.
Beauf. But name it, and 'tis yours.
Sak. Provide that I may with my Son confer
Before the Council meet; who will, I know, decide this famous Rivalſhip. (Care.
Beauf. That, Madam, ſhall be my immediate

SCENE V. Sakia, Okima.

Sak. Ah *Okima!* I ſink, I die with Grief,
On this important Now depends my All;
For ſhould my *Ulamar* obſtruct this Peace,
And obſtinately ſhould eſpouſe *Irene*,
Then name a Wretch that's ſo accurs'd as I.
Okim. Come, you provoke th' indulgent Powers to leave you,
And loſe your Son's Advantage and your own;
For both you'll in this happy Marriage find.

Sak.

Sak. Once more thou know'st him not, nor he himself,
For hitherto within this wretched Breast
From all the World I've kept th' important Mystery:
But now my Spirit groans beneath its Load,
And I would ease my over-burden'd Soul.
Okim. Discharge it then upon this faithful Breast.
Sak. But first by that eternal Spirit swear,
Swear by that awful, that all-seeing Mind,
That conscious is alone to the dread Secret,
To let no Time, nor Art, nor Force
Extort it from thy Mind. (swear.
Okim. By that eternal conscious Pow'r I
Sak. Know then, my Son who thinks himself a *Huron*,
And whom too thou believ'st of *Indian* Birth,
No *Huron* is, nor of *Canadian* Kind;
Know he descended of a Christian Sire,
Young, valiant, beautiful, of noble Race.
Okim. A Christian! you amaze me! of what Nation? (thee.
Sak. Consult my Passions, and let those inform
Okim. What say'st thou? Then by Nation he is *French*.
Sak. *French* is his Nation, *Miramont* his Name.
Okim. Why is this Secret from your Son conceal'd?
Sak. Let Time and Fate reveal it to him.
Okim. Why not his Mother?
Sak. I dare not.
Okim. What should deter you?
Sak. Know that my Guardian Spirit in her Dreams Has

Has more than once with fearful Threats forbid
Beſides, the important Secret ſhould I tell, (me,
Before my Son has ſeen and known his Father,
So deadly is his Hatred to the *French*,
The which, together with his Years grew up,
It might a criminal Averſion cauſe
To him who gave him Being; and beſides,
All hopes of Peace it ſurely would deſtroy:
For that upon his Sentiment depends.
But he who *Angie* to the World prefers,
Will do his utmoſt to obſtruct a Peace,
That needs muſt tear him from this curſed Clime.
He'll know that Peace will ſoon divulge his Birth,
And knows the *Angians* never will endure
To have a *Frenchman* lead their Troops to Bat-
Beſides, ſhould *Ulamar* this Secret hear (tel,
Before he ſees and knows his noble Father,
It might produce an impious Thought of me.

Okim. This is but one of thoſe fantaſtick Fears
To which long Melancholy makes you ſubject;
For why ſhould it produce that impious Thought?

Sak. In ſecret *Miramont* and I were match'd,
And thrice three years in Bonds clandeſtine liv'd;
In ſecret too I brought forth *Ulamar*;
And for three years in private was he nurſt,
And five I bred him with me as my Slave,
By *Miramont* preſented to my Father,
And then your *Angians* made us real Captives.
When firſt my Husband's Hand and mine were join'd,
No Soul was conſcious to my plighted Troth,
But Heav'n, and *Miramont*, and the poor Prieſt
That kindly tied th' indiſſoluble Bond.

Should

Should *Miramont*, avert it Heav'n! be gone
To that ſtrange Land where Souls departed dwell,
What Thoughts might ſuch a Tale produce in *Ulamar?* (your Marriage.

Okim. The Prieſt who join'd you might atteſt

Sak. Long ſince, alas! that faithful Friend is dead. ſtery?

Okim. But why that tedious nine years My-

Sak. Know that my *Miramont*, of noble Race,
Was yet a younger Brother of his Houſe,
And therefore he depended on his King:
Now with that King thoſe haughty Prieſts have Pow'r,
Who ſtile themſelves Companions of their God;
And they, unleſs I would embrace their Faith,
Forbad all Nuptial League 'twixt me and *Miramont*,
Upon the Penance of his King's Diſpleaſure.

Okim. When you were taken, where was *Miramont?*

Sak. He then was in a diſtant Fort beſieg'd,
Which for his Monarch bravely he maintain'd.

Okim. Have you ne'er ſince had Tidings of him?

Sak. Ah! there thou prob'ſt me to the very (Heart;
I ſince have never, never heard of him.

Okim. Perhaps by Fortune of that War he fell.

Sak. Should I believe thee, my ſad Heart would break, (thee:
And I, dear *Miramont*, once more ſhould join
But the great Mind is merciful and good,
And may have Comfort yet for poor *Sakia*.
That I from *Miramont* have never heard,
Proceeds from the vaſt Tract of Land between us,

Or

Or want of Commerce 'twixt the *French* and you,
Or from th' unusual Names your Nation gave us,
When first they brought us mournful Slaves to
For I whom th' *Angians* now *Sakia* call, (*Angie.*
Nikaia was thro all th' *Huronian* Land,
And *Ulamar* young *Miramont* was there.

Okim. But should he live, you three can never
For as this Secret to the World divulg'd, (meet
Ruins your Son with these five warlike Nations;
So 'twill disgrace your Husband with the *French*,
Their Priests offended would incense their King.

Sak. My *Okima*, know things are alter'd much:
For by long Conferences here with *Beaufort*,
My Son and I both strongly are inclin'd
T' embrace the Christian Faith. (time

Okim. Ye Pow'rs! who ever in so short a
Display'd such various Wonders?
Yet *Miramont* by strong Presumption's dead,
And 'tis your Safety to promote this Match.

Sak. What! with my Husband's mortal Ene-
mies? (us all.

Okim. The Dead have none, Death reconciles

Sak. But know that once
My *Miramont*, when in a dangerous State,
Upon the Bed of Languishment he lay,
Caus'd me to swear by all that I rever'd,
Even by the sacred Bond that join'd our Hands,
By Love, the sacred Tie that join'd our Souls,
And by the bright eternal Source of Love;
That when my *Ulamar* arriv'd to Manhood,
I ne'er would wed him to an *Indian* Maid;
But would transport him to those happy Climes,
That th' Ocean from our *Canada* divides.

Besides,

Besides, in the dreadful Visions of the Night,
now for three successive Nights have seen
Miramont threatning with a dreadful Frown
Irene, and the Love-sick *Ulamar*.
These Dreams are to my Son of dire Presage,
And here remind me, e'er it be too late,
To run and tear him from impending Fate.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Sakia, Beaufort.

Sak. WHEN meets the Council?
Beauf. Already they're assembled,
And now dispose of mine and your Son's Fate,
The beautiful *Irene*;
And in an hour here we expect *Zephario*,
Who must impart their final Resolution to us.
Sak. Have they debated yet of Peace and War?
Beauf. That the *Angian* Council have referr'd (to me,
And to your Son, and to the wise *Zephario*.
Sak. When will my Son vouchsafe to hear his Mother?
Beauf. See, where he comes to attend you.

SCENE II. Sakia, Ulamar.

Ulam. My Mother!
Sak. My Son!
Oh may the Bounty of th' eternal Mind
Show'r

Show'r down his choicest Blessings on my *Vla-*
mar! (Blessing
Vlam. Oh may he but prolong the presen
That I may long behold the best of Mothers.
Sak. And yet you could desert this Mother
Vlamar,
And could resist her absolute Commands,
And all her soft Entreaties could despise;
And I behold thee here in spite of both,
All dismal with the precious Blood of *Hurons*
And their Allies, Heav'n knows, alas, whose
Blood! (Pray'rs
Why would'st thou thus, against my softest
Do an unnatural Deed, that thus should pierce
The tender Bowels of the Wretch that bore thee?
Vlam. And how could I avoid it? how resist
Th' Almighty Voice of God, and the great Call
Of Nature urging me to repel Force
By Force, and to defend my self and you?
Sak. O name not me! for me thou hast un-
done. (Call?
Vlam. And how could I resist my Country's
That awful Call, that in extreme Distress
Aloud implor'd my Aid? (it, *Vlamar,*
Sak. Thy Country! Ah! thou fought'st against
And hast embru'd thy Hands in its dear Blood.
Vlam. My Hands are nobly painted with the
Blood
Of *Hurons* and of *French,* its mortal Foes.
Sak. And canst thou then so utterly forget,
That thou wert born upon th' *Huronian* Lake?
Vlam. No, but I know that I am an *Angian*
now,

My

y Hand, my Heart, my Soul are *Angians* all.
Sak. And has a twelve Years Bondage so e-
strang'd thee,
hat thou esteem'st thy Countrymen thy Foes?
Weakness to be pity'd or despis'd!
Vlam. For ever blest be that eternal Pow'r
hat gave me a human comprehensive Soul,
hat can look down upon all narrow Principles:
r every brave Man's Country is the Universe,
s Countrymen Mankind, but chiefly those
ho wish the Happiness of all the rest, (tures:
nd who are Friends to all their Fellow-Crea-
nd such are all the brave *Iroquian* Tribes,
ch are th'unconquer'd *English*, free themselves,
nd loving all who actually are free,
nd all who sadly sigh for Liberty;
t hating Tyrants and their Slaves alike,
nd equally contemning both as fall'n
low the Dignity of human Nature.
Sak. Tyrants are odious, Slaves are to be pity'd,
r own sad Fate has told us so. (Tyrants,
Vlam. To me all Slaves are odious as their
mean all Slaves who are the Tools of Tyrants:
hey are true Slaves, who have the Souls of
Slaves, (Hands
nd worse than Beasts make use of their own
o clinch the Chains which first their Masters
tied: (rons,
ch tame and wretched things are all your *Hu-*
o Countrymen for me, who here disown them:
ch are those Pests of human Race the *French*,
amn'd to eternal Slavery themselves,
nd therefore would like Devils damn Mankind.

Sak.

Sak. The *Hurons* thou disown'st, disown the
still;
But know amongst them are thy dear Relations
Whom God and Nature charges thee to cherish
How canst thou tell that in the late-fought Fie
Thou didst not meet thy Father in thy Foe?
Yes, how canst thou be sure thou didst not lift
Thy impious Head against his sacred Life,
And stabbing me in him in whom I live,
Act in one Blow a double Parricide! (Dictate
Ulam. Whene'er I cease to hearken to th
Of the World's Ruler, and his Servant Nature,
I shall deserve to be a thing accurs'd;
In the late Fight, that I might spare my Kindre
I shunn'd your *Hurons*, and attack'd the *Frenc*
And urging thro their Troops my glorious wa
I made a Slaughter of their bravest Chiefs,
Which they will long with bitter Woe remembe
Sak. Ha! have a care! thou sayst Mankind
thy Kindred, (tion
Among the *French* too thou might'st find Rel
Ulam. 'Tis true, we were created Brothers a
And all descend from one eternal Sire:
But whom the Father for his Sons disowns,
I own not for my Brethren; no, the Brave
And Just are only Brethren worthy me,
And such I shall respect where'er I find them.
Sak. And canst thou fondly think there are
such
Among the Squadrons of the warlike *French*
Ulam. I know there are. (Swo
When first in the late Fight with my go
I carry'd Death among the faithless *French*;
O

One of their foremost Leaders I observ'd,
Who mow'd our *Iroquois* like ripen'd Corn,
Extending them in Ranks along the Plain;
With him went all his Soldiers Hearts and Eyes,
And long live *Miramont*, aloud they cry'd.

Sak. Ha! *Miramont!* Ah Gods! [*Apart*] speak that again! (cry'd.

Vlam. Yes, long live *Miramont*, aloud they

Sak. Speak on, [*Apart*] tho something dire is on thy Tongue. (self so brave,

Vlam. In short, that *Frenchman* shew'd him-
That he appear'd a Conquest worthy me.

Sak. By Heav'n the very dismal thing I fear'd. [*Apart.*

Vlam. With Indignation stung, I on him flew,
And in my first Attack was so successful,
That from his wounded Arm his Weapon dropt.

Sak. What will become of the forlorn *Sakia?* [*Apart.*

Vlam. Then with Revenge inflam'd, I on him rush'd,
And my good Sword presenting to his Heart—

Sak. O Heav'n and Earth! O Nature, canst thou bear it? [*Apart.*

Vlam. Die, die, said I, perfidious Villain die!

Sak. O *Miramont*, thou Darling of my Soul,
Would I had never heard of thee again!
O wretched Father! and O cursed Son! [*Apart.*

Vlam. Madam, you tremble, and a deadly Pale
O'erspreads your Face; what strange Disorder's this? (spilt.

Sak. I'm always on the wrack when Blood is

Ulam. Then now be calm, for here no Blood
was ſpilt. (Heav'n!
Sak. How's that? indeed! is't poſſible? juſt
Ulam. Madam, 'tis certain.
For looking ſternly in the *Frenchman*'s Face,
While Fate ſtood threatning on my lifted Arm,
Thro his undaunted Eyes I ſaw his Soul,
So great, ſo awful, and ſo truly noble,
That I rever'd the Sight, and check'd my Hand,
And gave him Liberty, the Salt of Life,
And ſent him to his own: and now you ſee,
I can acknowledge Virtue in a Foe,
And can reſpect it, and reward it too.
Sak. Ha! what a Turn of wondrous Fate is here!
And how ſhall I conceal my impetuous Joy?
Miramont lives, my Soul's Deſire is near me,
[*Apart*
And Happineſs begins to dawn from Heav'n;
He lives, and Love and I ſhall meet again.
Oh! unexpected raviſhing Return
To Bliſs, too ſwift and mighty to be borne!
'Twas but laſt moment that I felt Deſpair,
The very worſt of Ills; and now I hope,
Ay now I entertain the charming Hope
Of holding him of whom my Soul is fond,
Of holding him in theſe deſiring Arms;
And I ſhall ſee, O I ſhall die with Joy!
Yes, I ſhall ſee my Love, my Life again.
O let me ſee him, Gods, and let me die!
Ulam. Madam, your Looks diſcover great Diſ-
order.
She hears me not, nor ſees me; now her Eyes
Seem deeply fix'd upon ſome abſent Object,
And

And now they wildly roll. (Starts?
What mean theſe Muſings, and theſe ſudden
And theſe Convulſions that thus ſhake her Soul?
Heav'n long preſerve my Mother! Madam
hear me,
Somebody comes, retire before they approach,
And be not ſeen in this extreme Diſorder.
[*Leads her out, and returns.*

SCENE III. Ulamar, Beaufort.

Beauf. My *Ulamar!*
Ulam. My Friend!
Ha! thou look'ſt ſad; whenever thou art griev'd,
Alas, I find, 'tis I my ſelf that ſuffer;
What Thought diſturbs my Friend? (Friend;
Beauf. Thy ſympathizing Grief diſturbs thy
But when I think of loſing thee, Oh then!
Ulam. That Loſs would quickly be repair'd,
for thou,
Who mad'ſt me what I am, can'ſt make another;
And form him fit for Friendſhip and for Thee.
Beauf. 'Twas Heav'n alone could make thee
what thou art,
A Jewel of ineſtimable Price:
I added to thy Luſtre, not thy Worth;
And the ſmall Pains I took to make thee ſhine,
Makes thee more precious in my joyful Eyes.
But when I think of loſing thee——
Ulam. I will not think of loſing thee,
I cannot bear the Thought.
Beauf. Whoſe muſt *Irene* be?
Ulam. Heav'n only knows,
But will alas in one half Hour declare.

Beauf. Whose is her Heart, for thou hast oft enquir'd?
Vlam. But never yet could find.
Beauf. To me she still has too respectful been,
And much too cold and too indifferent.
Vlam. And too uneasy and reserv'd to me.
Beauf. Perhaps some happier Man, among the Croud
Of her Adorers, while we sigh in vain,
Possesses all her Soul; 'tis hard to think,
That she whose Beauty captivates all Hearts,
Should be, like Virtue, with her self content,
And never know Desire.
Try her once more at this important Juncture,
For I have search'd into her Heart in vain;
'Tis true, my Soul is of her Beauty fond,
As ev'n of Glory, with whose noble Fire
It twenty Years successfully has burn'd;
Yet I who see my fortieth Sun renew'd,
Will entertain no Passion that revolts
From Reason's sovereign and eternal Law.
'Tis true I would, for who would not be blest?
But will not by her Misery be blest.
Vlam. Nor I, by Heav'n!
Beauf. But now let me conjure thee, *Vlamar*,
Ev'n by that charming Hope that makes us languish,
By holy Friendship's venerable Bond,
That now confines us in this strict Embrace,
By the Remembrance of those happy Hours
Which we have past, exciting one another
To elevated Thoughts and glorious Deeds;
For whomsoever Fate reserves *Irene*,
Oh let him not be blest by halves,
Let him not lose his Friend!
May never any Coldness come till Death,
Between our Loves and us! *Vlam.*

Ulam. Not Death himſelf,
Unleſs he quite extinguiſhes my Mind,
Shall make me cold to *Beaufort.* (pear.
Beauf. But our Fate comes, and I muſt diſap-

SCENE IV. Ulamar, Irene.

Iren. Was not that *Beaufort?* Why does he
What makes him look ſo ſad? (avoid us?
Ulam. By Heav'n ſhe ſeems concern'd for him.
[*Apart.*
Thrice happy *Beaufort!*
Whoſe Sorrow, ev'n in Abſence, has the Force
To move your Soul, while I before your Eyes
Unpity'd can deſpair.
Iren. Ah you miſtake me, *Ulamar!*
Oh that I had the Pow'r, as I have the Will,
To bring ſoft Peace to ev'ry troubled Breaſt!
Ulam. And 'tis that Virtue that undoes me more,
'Tis not that Angel's Face, nor Angel's Form,
That Form ſurpaſſing all your lovely Sex;
'Tis not that winning Pomp of outward Graces
Which upon you, as on their Queen attend;
But 'tis your Mind that captivates my Soul,
Your Mind in Youth's firſt Bloom with ev'ry Grace,
And ev'ry Virtue fraught, as if that Heav'n
And Nature's ſelf took pleaſure to inſtruct you.
Before I thee beheld, my reſtleſs Soul
To ſomething high, to ſomething great aſpir'd;
But what I ne'er could tell, till ſeeing thee,
And knowing thee, inform'd and fix'd my raviſh'd Soul, (Search
And ſhew'd it what with blind and reſtleſs

Before it sought in vain ; yes, shew'd it Virtue:
Virtue it self, that by great Heav'ns Command,
Assumes that lovely Form t' attract Mankind,
And draw them to it self.
But while you captivate the gazing World,
You still remain serene, as if that Heav'n
Design'd you not to love but be ador'd,
Appearing not to know how very warm,
How sharply pointed are those fatal Eyes;
Smiling you kill, and know not that you strike,
And we with Pleasure die.

Iren. Oh fond mistaken *Ulamar!* Oh never more deceiv'd!
Know, all the Extremities of Love I feel.

Ulam. You love?

Iren. I am all Love, I burn, I die with Love.

Ulam. 'Tis sure for some immortal Being then,
For mortal Man could ne'er conceal his Joy.

Iren. Alas he knows it not, no more than *Ulamar.*

Ulam. Let him be told it e'er it be too late;
Is it for *Beaufort?* I'll resign to *Beaufort:*
For tho I love thee more than Life it self,
Tho 'tis impossible to live without thee;
To shew thee how much I prefer thy Happiness
Before my own, I will, to make thee happy,
I will leave thee the loveliest thing in Nature,
For Death the most detestable.

Iren. *Beaufort*, assure thy self, has all my Esteem,
But 'tis another that has all my Heart.

Ulam. O Man, whose Happiness ev'n Gods might envy!
My Friend and I, for I for him dare answer,
Will

Will no advantage take of what the Council,
And wise *Zepharia*, shall anon determine;
But both, Oh Gods, to him resign our Claim!
Iren. [*Aside.*] O matchless Love! O Proof of Godlike Virtue!
While he speaks this, behold with what Convulsions
His struggling Passion shakes his generous Frame,
With whose Excess he trembles and he dies.
Ulam. But Oh! if ever thou could'st be to blame,
Thou would'st be so in this: For why, Oh why
Hast thou so long conceal'd the fatal Secret?
Iren. Because I never could till now declare it,
Without exposing too much shameful Weakness;
Therefore my raging Passion I confin'd,
Which burning inward, prey'd upon my Life;
But from the Man I lov'd I hid it most.
In this, alas, I sympathize with you;
'Tis not my Lover's Form ensnares my Heart,
Tho his our *Angian* Virgins all adore.
But when I saw a Youth in his first Bloom
Lead our brave *Iroquois* with more Success
Than our most antient and experienc'd Warriors,
Perform such Wonders for his Country's Safety,
And for the Liberties of Human Kind;
To which he sacrifices his Repose,
And e'en his Life, and hazards the Enjoyment
Of what he loves much dearer e'en than Life—
Ulam. Oh Gods! O Transport! whither is she going?
Iren. When I beheld all this, you may be sure,
Th' Almighty Mind has giv'n to me a Soul,
That could not see a Lover with these Virtues,

These Godlike Virtues, and remain insensible:
The Joy that lightens from thy humid Eyes,
Informs me that thou understand'st me, *Ulamar*,
And I design'd thou should'st; but then be sure
Thy Godlike Virtue which inflam'd my Heart,
Has in my Breast produc'd the noble Pride
Of imitating so much Excellence.
As thou hast sacrific'd Repose and Life,
And hazarded th' Enjoyment ev'n of me,
Whom thou lov'st more than Life, for thy dear (Country;
I, tho a Woman, nobly will attempt
To emulate thy singular Example.
And tho I love, nay doat, to Madness doat,
Tho my Heart feels what never Tongue can utter,
Yet if my Country once decrees me *Beaufort*'s,
For *Beaufort* I'll retrieve my Heart,
And never see thee more. (my Friend!

Ulam. Oh too accomplish'd *Beaufort!* Oh
What have I lost by thy transcendent Virtue?

SCENE V. Zephario, Irene, Ulamar, Beaufort.

Ulam. What has Fate determin'd?

Beauf. See its Interpreter, enquire of him.

Ulam. Beauf. Hail to *Zephario*!

Zeph. Ye matchless Friends, thou *Beaufort*,
and thou *Ulamar*,
Are ye determin'd fully to consent
To what the *Angians* here by me pronounce?

Ulam. Beauf. We are. (Thanks

Zeph. In full Assembly then they vote you
For all the Wonders ye this Day perform'd,
In the Defence of Liberty and *Canada*;
To thee particularly Thanks they pay,

Brave

rave Youth, who by the Boldneſs of thy Conduct,
Boldneſs in deſperate Extremes is Wiſdom)
allying our routed Troops reſtor'd the Day,
nd nobly rais'd us from Deſpair to Conqueſt:
or which the Conſcience of the noble Deed,
nd everlaſting Fame, reward the Doer.
ut ſince in the firſt Onſet of the *French*,
hat fierce Attack that carry'd all before it;
eaufort, by wondrous Friendſhip mov'd, preſerv'd
hee, *Vlamar*, by our own flying Troops,
s by a Torrent, overborne, o'erwhelm'd,
rampled by Friends, ſurrounded by the Foe,
nd ſtood the Barrier betwixt thee and Fate,
hat threatned thee from Friends and Foes alike;
he Council wiſely have decreed, that he
Who ſav'd th' Heroick Youth, to whom we owe
ur Conqueſt, did with him preſerve the State;
nd therefore have decreed him for Reward
A Trifle in it ſelf, but dear to him,
My Daughter.

Beauf. Madam, do you conſent?

Iren. I do.

Beauf. My *Vlamar*, doſt thou?

Vlam. Oh take her while I've Voice to ſay ſhe's thine!

Beauf. Oh ſtrange Conſent!
Deſpair is in her Eyes, and Death in his.
Madam, your Tongue conſents, your Soul denies.

Iren. 'Tis true, my Soul, brave *Beaufort*, is (another's;
But

But soon, depend upon it, shall be thine,
And shall as true and faithful prove to thee,
As thou hast been to Liberty and *Angie.*
True, were my Affections mine, and I my own,
Then, *Ulamar*, I had been only thine,
But I was born for *Angie*, not my self;
And *Angie*, *Beaufort*, has decreed me thine.
Thou, *Ulamar*, possess some happier Maid,
Who may deserve to live, to die with thee;
And bless the happy Pair, all bounteous Heav'n,
When I shall be no more.

Beauf. apart. Was ever such a Sight, and such a Hearing?
The Accents die upon her charming Tongue,
And leave her lovely overflowing Eyes
To pour out the abundance of her Soul.
I, who could die for *Ulamar* or her,
Shall I make both unhappy, nay, my self too?
For I must doubly share in all their Woes.
No, rouze thy self, my Soul, and in one Act
Deliver three: I now am of an Age
In which the Passions Reason's Voice obey,
And Reason tells me, Heav'n and Nature form'd
Irene for her lovely *Ulamar*;
And therefore made them equal in their Loves,
Their Beauty, and their Years: Rouze, rouze, my Soul! (Maid,
'Tis done, my Friend; and thou too charming
And wise *Zephario* hear, I thank the *Angians*,
I thank them for the inestimable Gift
With which they have rewarded my poor Zeal;
And I accept it, to bestow it here.

Vlam. Ha! Gods! what mean'ſt thou? Mock
me not, my Friend! (ſhe's thine;
Beauf. No, take her, by th' Eternal Mind
nd know that when I firſt beſtow'd my Heart,
y very Soul upon thee I beſtow'd,
Gift that was leſs dear to me.
Iren. Is't poſſible! and is not this a Dream?
n there in Man be ſuch a Godlike Mind?
Zeph. And is your final Reſolution this?
Beauf. 'Tis fix'd as Nature's Laws, that ne'er
can change.
Zeph. Do you accept *Irene* for your Wife?
Vlam. Do I accept her? (freed
ith greater Rapture than the Wretch that's
om Death's convulſive Pangs embraces Heav'n:
t Oh the Man, who loves to that degree,
nd can reſign her! he alone deſerves her.
Zeph. The Deed is Noble, for 'tis Wiſe and
Juſt;
he *Engliſh* always were a gallant Nation,
nd Foes to Force, and Friends to Liberty.
hey who without the Mind poſſeſs the Body,
oſſeſs by Force, and *raviſh, not enjoy:*
e who can abſolutely rule himſelf,
nd can leave others free, is truly Noble.
oung Man prepare, this Night ſhall join your
Vlam. This very Night! (Hands.
y the Immortal Pow'rs, I'm ſcarce my ſelf;
ear, Hope, and Sorrow, and tranſporting Joy,
nd Wonder at this unexpected Bliſs,
ave all by turns ſo much diſturb'd my Soul:
his very Night, my Father!
Zeph. This Night, my Son: For an impor-
tant Cauſe, *Fron-*

Frontenac, Viceroy of this *Indian France*,
Disowns the Treason of the late Attempt,
And promises severely to chastize it:
Mean while a Murmur runs among our *Angiars*
Which from their Prisoners they derive, they say
That the late damn'd Surprize was first design'd
By a *French* Officer who loves *Irene*;
For every Band was charg'd to seize on her:
Thou art a valiant and successful Warriour,
And can'st defend the Darling of my Age,
Far better than her Father's feeble Arms.

Ulam. Defend her! Yes, what *Beaufort* has
resign'd
To me, I only will to Heav'n resign.
Oh *Beaufort*, best of Men, and best of Friends!
Shall I refuse to die for such a Friend?
Shall ever I forget the boundless Debt
I owe to thee? Oh what shall I repay!
Thou hast my Soul already.

Zeph. to *Ulam.* Come instantly, we'll join
your Hands, and then
See what these Messengers of Peace design,
And then———

Ulam. And Immortality will then be mine.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Sakia, Ulamar.

Sak. WHY hast thou staid so long, ungrateful *Ulamar*?
I sent thee word, that thy late dreadful Tale

lad rais'd ſuch various Furies in my Soul,
s left me impotent of Thought or Speech,
nd ſnatch'd me ſo entirely from my ſelf,
hat the important Buſineſs was unmention'd,
or which that Conference was firſt deſign'd.
hou haſt often ſaid, my Son, that thou deſireſt
o know thy Father. (ceal'd.
Vlam. Yet you unkindly kept him ſtill con-
Sak. Believe it, Son, there was a wondrous
Cauſe:
ut wherefore would'ſt thou know him?
Vlam. That if he leads the *Harons* out to
might in Battel ſhun him. (fight,
Sak. Is that the only Cauſe of thy Deſire?
now that in Battel ſhould'ſt thou meet thy
Father,
reat Nature whiſp'ring with her Voice Divine,
ould make thee ſtop thy eager murd'ring
Hand,
ſpight of all thy ſacred Thirſt of Blood;
r elſe ſome Genius, with no mortal Tone,
ould thunder in thy Ears, Forbear, 'tis he.
nd would'ſt thou only know him to avoid him?
s that the only Cauſe of thy Deſire?
hou ſhould'ſt deſire to know him, to embrace
him,
nd to revere the Fountain of thy Life;
rom which the Graces of thy manly Form,
nd all thy boaſted Excellencies flow.
Vlam. Then name him. (pends.
Sak. The naming him on thee, my Son, de-
et thus far thou ſhalt know thy noble Father;
he beſt and brayeſt of Mankind is he:

And

And oh, he loves thee, Son, he loves thee m
Than his own lovely Eyes, he lives for thee;
And me he loves with such an Air and Mien,
As if some God came down to adore his Cr
ture.
Oh none can love but he! Oh none can sho
Such Majesty with so much Sweetness join'd,
Such Tenderness with Fury reconcil'd,
So firm a Constancy with so much Flame,
Such Rapture with inimitable Grace;
And then a Wisdom, and a Tongue might cha
The Ears of list'ning Angels: Know, my So
Thou wilt be fond, be proud of such a Fathe
Ulam. Madam, his Name! (pend
Sak. Once more, the naming him on thee
Before thou hear'st his Name, thou must concl
This proffer'd Peace; and must renounce
Ulam. Whom? (ever—
Sak. The Daughter of *Zephario.*
Ulam. Irene?
Sak. What; dost thou start?
Yes, disobedient Boy, thou must renounce h
Ulam. My Wife?
Sak. Thy Wife? Impossible!
Ulam. This hour our Hands were join'd, t
very hour
With solemn Invocation I implor'd
Th' Eternal Mind, and every Power to witne
That nought but Death should part my Lo
and me.
Sak. To thee thy Father then for ever's lost
Ulam. Wherefore?
Sak. He bears to every *Angian* mortal Hate.
Ula

Vlam. Let him but look on her, that Hate will ceaſe.

Sak. He oft indulging his fond tender Thoughts, (thee,
e oft would pleaſe himſelf with Thoughts of
nd of thy Fortune, and thy future Deeds,
nd of the Wife deſign'd for thee; a Wife
f quite a different Stamp than thou haſt choſe.

Vlam. One who has greater Beauty than *Irene?*

Sak. No, to confeſs a Truth, that cannot be.

Vlam. Of greater Intereſt then perhaps than ſhe?

Sak. Of greater Intereſt, ſay'ſt thou?
h no! his generous Soul diſdains the Thought:
he Wife that he deſign'd for thee, was one
hom Education ſhould with Nature join,
o form her an Aſſociate worthy thee!
ne fit t' aſſiſt thee in the Ways of Virtue,
nd help to raiſe thy Soul to glorious Acts.

Vlam. What he deſign'd then, Providence has done,
nd join'd me to the very lovely She,
hom had my Father known, he would have (choſe.

Sak. Ha!

Vlam. And has not *Beaufort* told you what *Irene*
id at that Conference, that made her mine?

Sak. He told me that, but kept the Match conceal'd.

Vlam. Was ever any thing ſo great, ſo noble?

Sak. I muſt confeſs, it was no common Act.

Vl. Was ever ſo much Greatneſs ſeen before?
y Father will be pleas'd, will be tranſported,

To

To be ally'd to ſuch tranſcendent Virtue.
Ev'n *Europeans*, amorous of themſelves,
And their own ways, exalt it to the Skies:
And generous *Beaufort* freely has declar'd
He never heard of any thing ſo great
Among their Godlike *Romans*.

Sak. Is't poſſible? (charm'

Ulam. My Father, when he ſees her, will
My Father loudly will approve my Choice.

Sak. O all ye Immortal Pow'rs, I am co
vinc'd; (mov
Remove one Hindrance, which thou canſt
And thy poor Mother may be happy ſtill.

Ulam. Name it. (Intere

Sak. This Marriage ties thee to a hate
Repugnant to thy Father's: But the *French*
Now proffer Peace, that Peace is in thy pow
Conclude it, and your Intereſts will be one.

Ulam. But that on me depends not.

Sak. That on thee,
On thee alone, aſſure thy ſelf, depends;
The *Angians* have inſtated thee and *Beaufort*,
And thy new Father, with unbounded Pow'r
To make firm Peace, or to continue War:
And two of you decide th' important Buſineſs
Zepharia ſtrongly is inclin'd to thee;
And the *Engliſh* Intereſt is ſo clearly known,
As may make *Beaufort* eaſily ſuſpected.

Ulam. But, Madam.

Sak. Hear me yet, my Son, awhile;
If with the *French* and *Hurons* thou conclud'
A ſolid Peace, ſurvey the vaſt Advantages
Which will from thence accrue to thee and thi

For let th' Exchange of Captives be one Clause,
And then that Peace restores thee to thy Father.

Vlam. How are you sure he lives?

Sak. He lives, he lives, the darling Care of Heav'n!
This I'm assur'd by one, who in the Fight
Both saw and felt, and wonder'd at his Valour:
And thee, he says, he saw so very near,
That by th' Assistance of thy Guardian Spirit,
Thou narrowly, Oh! narrowly didst miss
The Murder of thy Father.

Vlam. Oh Heav'n! I'm seiz'd with Horrour when I hear it.

Sak. Prevent it for the future,
Dread what may happen, and conclude a Peace;
And as that Peace restores thee to thy Father,
So it secures thy fair, thy lov'd *Irene*;
For she may else, while thou mak'st distant War,
Be torn from thee, as I was from thy Father.

Vlam. Ah, that would make a Wretch of me indeed.

Sak. All my own Interest, I pass in silence,
And all my Griefs; for I'm too well convinc'd,
That thou can'st look insensibly on both.

Vlam. Madam, you wrong me.

Sak. No, thou hat'st thy Mother.

Vlam. Hate you! (bear witness

Sak. And yet bear witness Heav'n and Earth,
My cruel'st Foes, with what a tender Care,
With what an ardent Love I've cherish'd thee:
Oh *Vlamar*, my Life is not so dear to me,
For I have liv'd for thee alone: just Heav'n!
For twenty Years I've plac'd my sole Felicity,

Nay, all my Wishes, all my Hopes of Happiness,
On two dear Objects, on a Son and Husband:
From thy dear Father I have long been torne,
And kept a mournful Widow and a Slave
In insupportable Captivity,
Disconsolate, forlorn, and desolate,
Among my barbarous and insulting Foes;
And have been forc'd to bear their bloody Taunts,
And all the Malice of their murdering Eyes.
Yet thou, for whom I have endur'd all this,
For whom I groan away my wretched Hours,
Thou hast refus'd to dry thy Mother's Eyes,
But prov'st a cruel and a bitter Child to me,
Untouch'd by all my Grief, unmov'd by all my Love.

Vlam. Once more you wrong me, Madam;
I always have profess'd exact Obedience to you
Beyond the Custom of our *Indian* Sons;
For such Obedience my best Friend has taught me.

Sak. Yes!
Witness the Battel fought this bloody Morn,
And the clandestine Match this Evening made.

Vlam. I thought you had been satisfy'd in both.

Sak. Why dost thou not obey me now, In-grate!
When thy Obedience is most necessary?
Thou know'st the sinking Pressure under which
I for twelve Years have bow'd my wretched Head,
Have pass'd my tedious Days in Tears and Wails,
My Nights in fearful Dreams and broken Slumbers:

Thou

Thou ſeeſt my faded Cheek, my languid Eye,
And hear'ſt me breathe the rueful Voice of Sorrow:
Thou know'ſt this Peace would end my killing Care,
And drive all Sadneſs from my Eyes for ever.
For the bare Thought of ſeeing thy dear Father,
Makes Joy like Lightning dart along my Soul,
And raiſes ev'ry Senſe to native Vigour.
Oh yet thy Mother might be bleſs'd to envy!
But her lov'd Son will have her wretched ſtill.
Thou know'ſt this Peace is only in thy pow'r;
Yet knowing this, haſt thou vouchſaf'd to give
One word of Comfort to revive my Soul?
Yes, cruel, haſt thou once vouchſaf'd t' aſſure me,
That thou determin'ſt to conclude this Treaty?
Haſt thou not ſtood inſenſible and dumb?

Ulam. But firſt 'tis requiſite to hear the *French*;
And then in what I can, you ſhall be obey'd.

Sak. In what thou canſt? in what thou wilt, thou mean'ſt:
Yes, yes, my Son, thou ſhalt be ſoon diſcharg'd
Of all the Duty which thou ow'ſt to me;
But yet a while and thou wilt have no Mother,
And then too late thou may'ſt vouchſafe a Sigh
For all the Miſery I've undergone,
For all the Woe I yet muſt undergo,
In that ſtrange Region of departed Souls,
Where I muſt languiſh out my woful Hours
In expectation of my deareſt Husband,
And of my cruel, but my much-lov'd Son.

Ulam. Canſt thou hear this, my Soul, and not be mov'd?

Sak. I never in this World ſhall ſee thee more,
And here thou never wilt thy Father know.
Then to th' Eternal Mind, and his Protection,
I leave thee, O my Son: Bleſs, bleſs him, Heav'n;
I have borne Wretchedneſs enough for both;
I leave him to thy Care. Adieu, my Son!
A long Adieu in this Embrace receive. (you

Ulam. Madam, by all that's Sacred I adjure
Not to commit a raſh and curſed Deed;
Wait the Reſult at leaſt of this Debate.

Sak. And doſt thou give me Hope then?

Ulam. I do. (I'll wait;

Sak. Well then! ſince thou wilt have it ſo,
But know, on that Reſult depends my Fate.

SCENE II. Ulamar.

Ulam. She's gone! Perhaps for ever: How
For ever! (Thought?
And canſt thou name it? Canſt thou bear the
The kindeſt, tender'ſt, and the beſt of Mothers?
She who has liv'd for thee, for thee has borne—
Oh what has ſhe not borne?—— (die?
Yet her canſt thou deſert? Canſt thou ſee her
By thy Unkindneſs die? O barbarous Son,
Ungrateful *Ulamar!* But then the *Angians!*
Canſt thou abandon them? Betray their Cauſe?
The Cauſe of Human Kind? Of Godlike Li-
berty? (Traitors,
What, canſt thou give up that to theſe ſly
Inſidious Slaves, who inſolently think

To

To fool theſe Nations, and obtain by Truce
What their baſe Fears reſtrain them from purſuing
By honourable War? Eternal Mind,
Maſter of Life, great Mover of all Spirits,
O guide my Will by thy unerring Light!
And by that Light illuſtrate my dark Reaſon:
Do thou inſpire me with expedient Ways,
That I may neither give up thy great Cauſe,
Nor yet betray my poor afflicted Mother.
But ſee, the *French* appear! [*Flat Scene draws.*

SCENE III. Zephario, Ulamar, Beaufort, *and two Embaſſadors.*

Zeph. Well, *Frenchmen*, here you come to treat of Peace;
But firſt this obvious Queſtion muſt be ask'd,
How comes it we have War? (broke,

Ulam. Becauſe the Truce they treacherouſly
Tho by themſelves propos'd, and firſt begun.

Beauf. As they will this; for Peace is of no (uſe
To them, but to be broke.
Five ſolemn Leagues in *European* Climes,
Ev'n in our own Remembrance have they broke,
Tho by themſelves thoſe Treaties were begun;
And which with damn'd Perfidiouſneſs they ſwore, (Hearts,
Ev'n, by that Pow'r that ſaw their faithleſs
To keep eternally inviolate.

Ulam. It ſeems then, when they find themſelves too weak
To hurt their Foes by honourable War,
They oblige us then to ſwear not to hurt them.

Beauf. Nay more, they make us sweat to give them Time
And Opportunity to urge our Fate;
That as false Friends, they may gain that by Treaty,
Which they could not by Enmity nor Force.

1 *Emb.* The breaking Truce was a rash private Act,
Which *Frontenac* our Governour disowns.

2 *Emb.* And which he since severely has chastis'd.

1 *Emb.* Know that the mighty Monarch whom (we serve,
Has sent strict Orders to Count *Frontenac*,
To make a solid and a lasting Peace
With all the warlike five *Iroquian* Tribes;
A Peace so firm, that 'tis his Royal Will,
That you, and all his Subjects should be one.

Ulam. That is, that we should be alike his Slaves.

2 *Emb.* Oh you mistake his bountiful Design;
He sees and pities the Barbarity,
In which so brave a Nation now lies plung'd,
And he would civilize your rugged Ways:
Therefore his faithful Subjects he commands,
To have one Heart, one Soul, one Dwelling with you.

Ulam. But that Proposal we reject with Scorn.

1 *Emb.* Consider we shall teach you our own Manners, (mires,
Those pleasing Manners, which the World ad-
And which the wisest Nations have embrac'd.

Beauf. The wisest Nations! Yes, the Fools of all:

Oh

Oh *Europe*, *Europe!* How hast thou been dull
To thy undoing? How thy heedless Magistrates
Have suffer'd poor unthinking Sots to unlearn
Their native Customs, and their native Tongues,
To speak your Jargon, and assume your Ways!

1 *Emb.* Which argues in us a superior Genius.

Beauf. I must confess it makes our Fools believe so;
Inclines their groveling Souls to their worst Foes,
And makes them obvious to your shameful Arts;
Makes them admire you, makes them imitate you,
Tho awkwardly our Asses ape your Dogs.

Ulam. What have you taught the Nations after all?
What have you taught them but inglorious Arts,
To emasculate their Minds? But cursed Luxury,
Which makes them needy, venal, base, perfidious,
Black Traitors to their Country, Friends to you?

Beauf. For you win Provinces, as Hell gains Souls;
'Tis by corrupting them, you make them yours:
They might defy your Malice, were they faithful; (Passions,
But first you enslave them to their own base
And afterwards to yours.

SCENE IV. Zephario, Ulamar, Beaufort, *two Embassadors*, *Slave.*

Ul. Ha! my Mother's Slave! What wouldst thou? (*Apart to him.*

Sl. Your Mother——

Ul. Well——

Sl. Stands with her threatning Dagger in her (Hand.
Ul. Oh Horrour! Horrour!
My Fancy cannot bear the murd'ring Thought:
Tell her, her harſh Command ſhall be obey'd.

SCENE V. Zephario, Ulamar, Beaufort, *two Embaſſadors.*

Ul. Now, Gentlemen, we to our Buſineſs (come;
Such a Community as you propoſe
We utterly reject, becauſe that Union
Would firſt corrupt our *Angians*, then enſlave them;
The only Treaty to which we deſcend——
Beauf. How *Ulamar*?
1 *Emb.* Oh *Engliſhman*, your ſeparate Intereſt (here
Is but too obvious.
Ul. Hold, *Frenchman:*
My Friend, no more; anon thou ſhalt be ſatisfy'd.
Beauf. In the mean while——
Ul. No more, by holy Friendſhip I adjure thee,
Thou ſhalt be ſatisfy'd; but to our Buſineſs:
The Treaty to which we deſcend, is this;
A Treaty of Commerce between us and you,
And a Ceſſation of Hoſtilities between our ſelves (and you,
And your Confederates
The *Hurons*, and Exchange of all the Captives:
To this you agree?
Zeph. I do, for this is *Angie*'s Intereſt.
Ul. And you?
2 *Emb.* And we. (ſwear;
Ul. And this to obſerve moſt ſolemnly you
By all that's awful in yon glittering Sky,
And all that's binding in the World below.

2 *Emb.*

2 *Emb.* We ſwear: And you?
Zeph. We ſwear.
1 *Emb.* So then 'tis done; the *Engliſh* are diſ-(lodg'd?
Beauf. They need not fright thee;
A League from hence they lie intrench'd to-night,
And towards *New-York* to-morrow take their (way.
2 *Emb.* And all your *Angians* have laid down their Arms?
Vl. E'er we began to treat, the *Engliſh* (march'd,
And ours diſpers'd according to our Words.
1 *Emb.* The Remnant of the Night let's waſte in Joy then.
Vl. The publick Deputies in yon Apartment Attend to entertain you.
1 *Emb.* We wait on you.
Vl. We follow you.

SCENE VI. Ulamar *and* Beaufort.

Vl. What turn'ſt thou from thy Friend, O *Beaufort, Beaufort!*
Beauf. What haſt thou done, fond Youth?
Vl. O look not with that mournful Coldneſs on me,
Thou art my Benefactor, Father, Friend;
'Tis by thy generous Friendſhip I have liv'd;
Alas I cannot bear the freezing Gloom
That's on thy Brow, it chills me to the Heart.
Beauf. Reflect on what thou haſt done.
Vl. Oh ſpeak not, *Beaufort*, in that cruel Tone!
Where is my Friend, my warm, my tender Friend?
For in thy alter'd Mien I ſee him not,
Nor hear him in thy Voice. *Beauf.*

Beauf. Thou haſt betray'd him, loſt him.
Vl. Not for the World, I would not loſe
Beaufort:
Whate'er I did, thy Friend was forc'd to do.
Beauf. Forc'd!
Vl. Yes, forc'd, and with the only dread
That could compel my Soul,
My Mother's Life depended on the Deed.
Beauf. Yes, yes, I gueſs'd the Cauſe;
Ah, this is what has captivated *Europe*,
Where their domeſtick Intereſt moſt prefer
Before the Weal and Honour of their Country,
Tho private Good on publick Weal depends;
And he who for his Houſe betrays his Country,
Betrays his Family, betrays his Children,
All his Poſterity to ſhameful Ruin,
And makes them poor, precarious, abject, baſe,
Inſtead of happy, rich, or great, or brave:
And this, fond Youth, thou wilt too ſurely find
Vl. Oh ſpare me, *Beaufort*, ſpare me.
Beauf. Yes, I have done, this is Revenge e
For one who loves thee.
Vl. Oh that bleſs'd Sound! How it revives
my Soul!
Beauf. This for a Friend is Chaſtiſement e
Or if thy Fault asks more, thy new Allies
Too ſurely will inflict it; for their Friends,
Their Friends are they, who feel their barba-
rous Hands,
Moſt grievous and moſt bloody.
Vl. Nay, now thou chid'ſt again.
Beauf. Oh! No, my Friend, my Happineſs,
my Glory,

'Tis

'is now that I would chiefly shew I love thee;
or since with so much Tenderness we have
nd Fate at last obliges us to part, (liv'd,
nd that for ever, let us part in Love.
Vl. What, must we part?
Beauf. Part, *Ulmar*? Why that's the very
hy new Allies design'd: (thing
'is by dividing old and faithful Friends,
hat they oft ruin both; 'tis their old Cheat.
Vl. But sure thou didst not say for ever!
Beauf. Too probably for ever.
Vl. Curst unforeseen Calamity! But when?
Beauf. This Moment.
Vl. This Moment! 'Tis impossible.
Beauf. This Moment to my Troops I take
my way,
doubt the *French*, and dare no longer stay:
Adieu, my Friend.
Vl. For ever, *Beaufort*! Let us part in hope.
Beauf. *England* severely will revenge this
Peace,
And leave the *Angians* to their new Allies,
And to their Mercy, which is dreadful Cruelty;
And I as *England*'s faithful Son am bound
To enter into all her Sentiments.
Vl. But yet thou wilt not hate me?
Beauf. Oh never, never, 'tis not in my pow'r;
My valu'd Friend, adieu!
Vl. This Parting's Death to me.
Beauf. What is't to me then?
This Evening I resign'd *Irene* to thee;
Did that declare a vulgar Friendship? say.
Vl. Oh no! A matchless unexampled one.

Beauf.

Beauf. And yet thou hast depriv'd me of t
self too:
Irene now is thine, and thou art hers;
Shee soon will comfort thee for *Beaufort*'s A
sence;
But only Death will drive away my Grief,
For I shall never never see thee more.
Vl. Why then thou wilt not sure be gone t
night;
For I have still ten thousand things to say.
Beauf. I must be gone, ev'n now I must b
gone;
I doubt the *French*, and dare no longer stay,
For my brave Troops may all e'er Morn be lost
Vl. But 'tis a gloomy and tempestuous Night
And thou hast a long League to march alone,
And yet thou say'st, there may be Danger near
Beauf. Oh I have lost all that I held most dear
Th' entirely Wretched need no Danger fear.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Ulamar.

Vl. BEaufort, thy Loss sits heavy on my Soul!
For I shall never see the like again;
In whom the Flame of *English* Spirit shone,
A Greatness that adorns those generous Nations,
That never basely yet resign'd their Liberty!
A Magnanimity unknown to Slaves!

Oh

h how unlike our new Confederates he!
t yet this Night I will have Truce with Grief;
his Night I consecrate to Love and Joy:
aste then, my Fairest, my Espous'd, O haste;
nd cheer thy languishing impatient *Ulamar*.

SCENE II. Sakia, Irene, Ulamar.

Sak. 'Tis late, and we will leave thee to thy Bride.

Ul. Well Madam! Now I hope you are satisfy'd!

Sak. Not thou thy self art more.

Ul. You own then I have reason to be satisfy'd.

Sak. Oh thou art blest above the Race of Men,
Possessing all that's Good, and all that's Fair.

Ul. You have heard *Irene* talk, which till this day
Your strange Aversion never would permit you:
What think you of her Mind?

Sak. Oh 'tis the very Mind of all her Sex,
That's fit to animate that lovely Person,
An Angel fit to inform that glorious Sphere;
Prepare thy self to-morrow for new Transports,
For then thou shalt behold the best of Fathers,
And I the best of Lovers in a Husband.

Ul. He'll not refuse to see *Irene* sure,
Tho born an *Angian*.

Sak. O no, my Son, he will not only see,
But will be ravish'd with the matchless Sight;
For thou hast chose exactly to his Wish,
And thy Choice answers to the fair Idea,
The lovely Image, and the perfect Mind

Which his rich Fancy form'd for thee:
Once more, ten thousand Blessings on you both!

SCENE III. *Ulamar, Irene.*

Ul. Come to my Arms, thou charming Wit
of Souls!
The happy Night, the auspicious Hour is come
That I so long have wish'd, so long despair'd
to see;
Make but this Bliss perpetual, O ye Pow'rs!
I ask no more, for I am blest as you.
What's this? By all the Immortal Pow'rs, in
Tears! (blest
And art thou griev'd, that thy poor Lover's
Is this thy Constancy? Is this thy Flame?
Ir. My *Ulamar!* Since I declar'd my Love
When Decency almost forbad the Sound,
Now Heav'n has made it Duty, I must own
My Passion is my darling Pride of Soul;
And never can *Irene* more be pleas'd
Than when her lovely *Ulamar* is blest:
But ah, a Sadness sits upon my Soul,
A fatal Load, that weighs it down from Bliss,
To which it would aspire, a black Presage
That whispers to me, I must lose thee, *Ulamar.*
Ul. The Gods forbid, that I should lose *Irene!*
Why should my Love give way to such a
Thought?
Ir. Oh *Ulamar!* My Happiness! My Life!
The blissful Days and Hours that I expect,
Now join'd in happy Nuptial League with thee,
Are surely what offend th' Immortal Pow'rs;
Such Bliss is far above a mortal State,

For

or we ſhould live and be as Gods, my Love,
nd that the wrathful Pow'rs above deny.
Vl. This is mere melancholy Fancy all.
Ir. Ah me! What dreadful Groan was that, as if
thouſand Wretches in one Breath expir'd:
he Demons of the Air ſure catch my Grief,
onfirming my Preſage.
Vl. 'Tis Fancy all, or next to Fancy, Wind,
hat raging makes the bending Foreſt roar.
o, Deareſt, if th' Immortal Pow'rs are angry,
'is not with thee, for thou art ſpotleſs all,
n whom not Earth nor Heav'n a Fault can ſee;
o, 'tis with me, who ſee all Heav'n before me,
nd yet delay to taſte of Immortality.
or Oh! I talk, I loiter out the Night,
oo, too ineſtimable to be loſt
n words: If we muſt talk, to bed, my Fair,
Where I ſhall whiſper ſomething to thy Soul
That is a Secret for the Gods and thee.
O thoſe bewitching Bluſhes! How they dart
Celeſtial Fire thro all my trembling Frame.
If there is cauſe to fear th' Immortal Pow'rs
Should ſnatch thee from me, let us live to-night,
This bliſsful Night whole Ages let us live.
Ir. Bleſs me, ye Pow'rs! What diſmal Skream (is that?
Heard you not ſomething?
Vl. Plainly I heard, and wonder what it means.
Ir. Hark! hark! Another Shriek.
Vl. And now they groan.
Ir. Now Shouts of Joy ſucceed,
And now a Noiſe of Murder and of Fire.

SCENE IV. Ulamar, Irene, Arimat *wounded*

Ul. Ha! What art thou, thus mangled, a
Can'ſt thou be *Arimat?* (thus pale
Ar. The poor Remains of *Arimat.*
Ul. Alas! Thou art dying.
Ar. Yes, there were two things
That I had left to do in this frail World;
To ſave thee, *Ulamar*, and then to die.
Ul. Surprize has ſo confounded all my Pow'r
That I want Force to ask thee who has do
Ar. Who but our new Allies? (th
Ul. The *French?*
Ar. The faithleſs *French.*
Ul. Impoſſible! Thou rav'ſt, poor dying A
rimat. (*Fren*
Ar. I would to Heav'n I did: The perjur
Rallying their routed Troops, came back b
ſtealth,
And for twelve Hours inſidiouſly ſat down
Under the Brow of yonder Northern Mount,
And there ſat brooding o'er their black Deſign
Ul. How know'ſt thou this?
Ar. Aloud they boaſt it thro our flamin
Streets, (Plac
And how with eaſe by Night they gain'd
Truſting to ſolemn Oaths ſo lately ſworn;
Bury'd in Sleep, and quite diſſolv'd in Luxury
Ul. Confuſion! *Angie* on the Brink of Ruin
And I ſtand loitering here! To Arms, to Arms
Ar. Hold, *Ulamar*, I came not for that purpoſe
'Tis now too late to fight; for all our *Angians*,
Except a few, are fled, or ſlain, or taken.
U

Ul. And why had I no ſooner Notice?
Ar. Alas! all this has in few Minutes paſt,
For we were moſt without Defence ſurpriz'd,
Depending on this Night's ſo ſolemn Treaty.
Fly while thou canſt, brave *Ulamar*, Oh fly!
A dauntleſs Handful ſtill of our brave Warriors,
With matchleſs Valour keep the Dogs at bay;
Yet they but fight, to give thee time to fly:
Their Zeal to ſave their wretched ſinking Country,
Againſt vaſt Numbers for a while ſuſtains them,
That they may ſave in thee the Prop of Liberty,
The great Support of all th' *Iroquian* Tribes,
The only Hope of *Angie*———
My fainting Limbs no longer will ſupport me;
Receive me Earth, the Refuſe now of Nature.
[*Falls.*
Fly, *Ulamar*, e'er yet it be too late,
Or thou and *Angie* are, like me, no more. [*Dies.*
Ir. He dies!
Be gone, my Love, without delay be gone.
Ul. And where alas wilt thou go?
Ir. To Life or Death I'll follow thee.
Ul. To Life thou canſt not, 'tis impoſſible;
For I muſt ſcale the Paliſades t' eſcape.
The *French* poſſeſs the Gates; no Flight for me,
No, I muſt die; but will not tamely fall,
Nor unreveng'd: to Arms, to Arms.

SCENE V. Ulamar, Irene, Zephario *wounded.*

Zeph. O Horrour! Horrour! 'tis too late, my Son.

Ir. My Father bleeding! Stream my Eyes like Fountains. (more

Zeph. Angie has been, and we are now no
Die, *Ulamar*, and thou *Irene* die:
If thou would'ſt die, as thou haſt liv'd, with Honour,
Die quickly, while thy wretched Countrymen,
The few Remains of *Angians*, ſcarce defend
The Entrance to this Place——I can no more
[*Dies*

Ir. He dies, he dies, and Heav'n looks calmly on. (retire

Ul. Hark! hark! they come, retire, my Love
Now for the Welcome that ſuch Gueſts deſerve

SCENE V. Ulam. Ire. Front. Mir. *Officers and Soldiers. Fight.*

Front. Ha! Who art thou ſo young, yet do ſuch Wonders?
Thou art truly brave, by Heav'n.

Mir. So brave, that 'tis a moſt opprobrious Shame
That he ſhould poorly be oppreſs'd by Odds:
My Lord, give Orders that your Men retire,
I am alone ſufficient. [*Advancing*

Front. Hold Kinſman; *Miramont*, I charge

Ul. Ha! *Miramont!* (thee hold

Mir. Yes, what haſt thou to ſay to *Miramont*

Ul. Come on, and twice in one revolving Sun
Receive thy Life from me.

Mir. Ha! my Preſerver!
Theſe are the only Arms I'll uſe with thee;
[*Embraces*
Reſign

Resign thy Sword and thy Defence to me:
This is Count *Frontenac*, our Captain-General,
Ally'd to me in Blood, ally'd in Soul,
Dearer than all Relations as my Friend;
And I have made him swear my brave Deliverer
Should be both safe and free.

Vl. This Morning by thy Looks I thought thee honest,
And in thy Words a generous Mind appears;
How comes it that thou vilely couldst descend
To share the Guilt of this perfidious Act?

Mir. I share it not,
For I return'd not to attack the *Angians*,
But to deliver thee:
Know I detested this perfidious Deed;
But what can one against a Multitude,
Or the Commands of arbitrary Sway?
Our General too detests it in his Heart.

Vl. And yet performs it! What a Riddle's this?

Front. I dare not disobey superior Pow'r.

Vl. In all *New France* no Pow'r excels thy own.

Front. From *Europe* the severe Command arriv'd.

Vl. But why this odious Treason?

Front. Thrice have I Orders from the Court receiv'd,
To spare no Force, nor Art, nor Cost, nor Fraud,
To seize upon the General of the *Angians*.

Vl. Ha! Wherefore?

Front. 'Tis he's the furious Thunderbolt of War,
That makes th' unconquer'd *Iroquois* so dreadful,
To us more mortal than a general Plague;

Consumes our Colonies, destroys our Men,
Slaughters our faithful Friends and our Allies;
Nay, vows t' extirpate all the *Gallick* Race,
Their very Memories, and their Names from (*Canada*,
Vl. Dost thou know him?
Front. His Deeds have made him too much known to *France*,
But for his Face, I never yet beheld it;
Yet by the *Angians* obstinate Defence
Before this Place, I thought to have found him here;
Thou mayst discover where he lies conceal'd,
For the other Slaves are obstinately dumb.
Vl. What wouldst thou with him?
Front. When I have got him in my pow'r, he dies,
For so my Orders from the Court require,
And I have sworn he shall not live an hour.
Vl. Then rashly hast thou sworn, and thou art perjur'd.
Front. Presumptuous Boy!
Vl. Yes, thou art perjur'd,
For thou hast sworn to thy Relation there,
The General of the *Angians* should be free.
Front. Yet more presumptuous!
Wouldst thou, who art not old enough to serve,
Wouldst thou pretend to lead an Army?
Vl. Yes;
They whom the Gods inspire are ne'er too young,
And they have set up me, to save my Country,
And drive out Tyrants from this *Indian* World.
Front. I see thou hast a Soul above thy Years,
And that exalted Soul must scorn a Lye;

Thou

Thou art the General then? ſince thou haſt ſaid it, (Fate.
Here take him, Guards, and lead him to his
Mir. Confuſion! hold there! What do you mean, my Lord?
Front. I mean to take his Life.
Mir. But that you muſt not.
Front. How! muſt not?
Mir. No; ſhall not, dare not.
Front. And who dares hinder me? I here am abſolute. (dare not break it.
Mir. You have given your ſolemn Oath, and
Front. I had given the King my ſolemn Word before: Is't not the King's Command? (
Mir. No, 'tis unjuſt, the King can do no Wrong:
He who commands Injuſtice, is no King;
Nor are we bound t' obey.
Front. Always a Malecontent!
Mir. Am I alone?
Are there not thouſands here in *Canada?*
O would you hearken to great Nature's Call!
Front. Away! I hear thee not,
But for this *Angian*, inſtantly he dies.
Take him away there. (periſh;
Mir. The Dog who firſt lays hold of him ſhall
As long as I have Life, I will defend him.
Front. Hold there!
That Life is forfeited, if I would take it;
But fondly thou preſum'ſt upon my Love.
Ungrateful *Miramont!* Art thou my Friend,
Who ſeek'ſt my Infamy, who ſeek'ſt my Ruin?
Mir. I ſeek your Honour.

Front. My Honour! mind your own.

Mir. I will, I do: (mine?
Whose Honour here is more concern'd than
Depending on your Faith, I gave my Honour
To see this noble Youth both safe and free;
And 'twas the Trust that he repos'd in that,
Made him deliver up his Sword to me:
I have giv'n my Honour, and I will maintain it;
And yours, tho you neglect it.

Front. Ha! have a care!

Mir. I will have no care; here take my Life:
'Tis that I know you thirst for, and 'tis yours.

Front. I am but too tender of it. (ger!

Mir. To Tenderness thy Soul's an utter Stran-
He tender of my Life, who takes my Honour!

Front. Upon thy Life no more: Come, yet
I am thy Friend.

Mir. You never were.

Front. O thou wilt rouze the Lion till he
tears thee. (wretched Breast,

Mir. Here let him tear me! What's this
Without the unsully'd Jewel, of the which
You basely would deprive it? (Guards,

Front. Ha! Am I then defy'd? Here seize him
Kill him if he resists: Hold, God he bleeds!

Mir. Yes, 'tis the Blood so oft I've shed for
you. (my Rage:

Front. It is indeed; that Thought cools all
What wouldst thou have at last? My utter Ruin?
Come, thou shalt have thy Wish:
But wilt thou then believe I am thy Friend?

Mir. How can you think that he desires your
Ruin,

Who

Who has so oft shed his best Blood to serve you?
No, I will die before I will see that;
Nay he shall die too:
But come, my Lord, consider e'er you act;
Behold this noble Youth with all your Eyes,
Reflect upon his Worth, survey his Person.
Front. I have consider'd all.
Mir. Is not his Courage more than common?
Front. Heroick.
Mir. His Magnanimity?
Front. Godlike.
Mir. His Person?
Front. The Pleasure of my Eyes;
And were he not my Country's mortal Foe,
How I could doat on such uncommon Worth!
Mir. Come, come, my Lord, your Country's Foes are they,
Who trample under foot its native Rights,
Not they who fight against Tyrannick Sway.
But all this while this Fair One we neglect:
Yet she is fair——
Front. A Miracle of Beauty.
Mir. And seems to have a Soul above her Sex:
Look how her mournful Eyes move melting Pity!
In which the Greatness of her Mind appears,
That struggles to repress her mighty Woe;
So soft, so young, so tender; yet so firm!
By her, this wretched Youth should be a Lover.
Is she thy Mistress, or thy Wife?
Vl. Oh thou hast found a way to break my Heart;
This stubborn Heart which Fate could not subdue!

For when I think of what she undergoes,
In my tumultuous Breast it sinks and dies.
Mir. Is she thy Mistress, or thy Wife? Nay, speak.
Vl. Oh cruel Fate? Was ever Woe like mine?
Alas! She's both my Mistress and my Wife.
Mir. We are no Strangers to the Pow'r of Love,
Nor to the Grief that hapless Love attends;
We know how cruel 'tis, to be thus torn
From all that's precious to our bleeding Hearts;
And shall we inflict those piercing Woes on others?
My Lord, my Lord, by powerful Love I charge you,
Whose Captive you have been, and yet remain,
Or is the Object of your Flame forgot?
Front. O never, never shall she be forgot!
Mir. Then by great Love, whose Captive you remain,
I here conjure you, spare this captive Pair;
By the remembrance of that lovely Object,
By all the Bliss you enjoy'd with her so long,
By all your bitter Woe for her sad Loss,
And by those Sighs you now profoundly draw
From your sad Heart, th' exhaustless Source of Woe.
Front. O *Miramont* forbear, my Friend forbear;
Thou hast rous'd the Vulture slumbring in my Breast
That gnaws my Heart asunder.
Mir. If Separation's hard to you, my Lord,
Who long possest the Darling of your Heart,
And who from Life's Meridian now decline;
What must it be to him, whose youthful Blood

Feels

Feels all the Stings of violent Desire?
To him, my Lord, to whom Possession's new;
He and his Wife, in their first charming Bloom,
Can never have enjoy'd each other long.
How long hast thou been marry'd?
Vl. Ye Gods, ye Gods, let me not think of it!
Mir. Nay answer me, I ask it but to serve thee.
Vl. Thou seest that I am ready for my Fate;
But let me die, as I have liv'd, a Man,
For thou wilt make a Woman of me.
This very fatal Ev'ning joyn'd our Hands.
Mir. This Night! this very Night! O Earth and Heav'n,
Is't possible? No ne'er was Woe like thine!
Thy Wife is then a Virgin, yet untouch'd,
And that thou lov'st her more than Life it self,
Thy ardent, and thy melting Eyes declare:
Thou for this Night perhaps hast languish'd long,
Or long hast been upon the painful Wreck,
Been tost alternately, from eager Hope
To mortal Fear, from Fear to Hope again;
And we surpriz'd thee in the last Impatience;
Eager for Bliss, and panting to the Goal:
And must Death cut off all thy charming Hope,
Ev'n in th' enchanting Height of Expectation?
This is unheard of, this is monstrous Cruelty.
Come, you must melt, my Lord, you shall, you do,
We shall not else be look'd upon as Men;
As Men! the very Lion and the Tyger
Would be less barbarous, would be less inhuman,
And here's a Sight that in their savage Breasts
Might raise a tender Sense of human Woe.
Front. This is indeed deplorable.

Mir.

Mir. My Lord, my Lord, you utterly forget,
That we our selves have Wives and Children too,
That languish, if they live, in hard Captivity,
Tho where we know not; yet the Pow'rs above
Behold them, and prepare with dreadful Plagues
To visit our Crimes upon their Innocence;
And all th' Injustice, and the crying Cruelty
Which we inflict on this unhappy Pair,
On those poor Innocents will be reveng'd.

Front. I'll hear no more;
For thou wilt melt me to my Ruin, *Miramont*;
And these by my Destruction thou wouldst save:
Thou know'st the King's Commands are most se-(vere.

Mir. And most unjust.
But arbitrary Kings are always Slaves
To Interest: their implicit grand Command
To all their Subjects, is to advance that,
To which all Orders are suppos'd to tend:
But 'tis the apparent Interest of the King,
To spare this valiant Youth; which when you shew—

Front. But how can I shew that?

Mir. Why would the King destroy him?

Front. Once more I tell thee,
Because he is his mortal Foe declar'd,
And is besides the universal Soul (tions
That warms, and moves, and animates these Na-
T'oppose his vast Designs; whom when they lose,
The very Spirit that supports them's gone.

Mir. If he declares for us, they lose him more
Than if he dies, because we gain him then.

Front. But he's too lofty, and too fierce for (that,
He'll ne'er declare for us.

Mir. [*apart.*] I would not have him; but I must gain time, Which

Which if I compaſs, I may yet preſerve him.
[*To Front.*] Not inſtantly; his Soul's too great
But give him Time, my Lord. (for that;
Front. The *Engliſh* may return, the *Angians* rally,
And then he may be wreſted from our Hands;
How ſhould I anſwer that?
Mir. Before the Morning they can ne'er return;
Give him till Point of Day, and let this Fair-one
Try her perſuaſive Pow'r.
Front. Captain!
Offi. My Lord! (be yours;
Front. The Charge of theſe two Priſoners muſt
But keep your Guard for half an hour at diſtance,
That their Diſcourſe may not be overheard:
If in that time he will declare for us,
Let him be left here with his beauteous Bride;
But place a Guard without, that may protect
If he refuſes, bring him ſtrait to me, (them.
And her convey to th' other Female Captives.
Now, *Angian*, Life or Death are in thy Choice;
If thou wilt ſwear t' embrace our Intereſts,
A glorious Inſtrument thou may'ſt become
To make theſe Nations ſubject to our Sway,
And then thou ſhalt be happy, ſhalt be great,
And under us rule all th' *Iroquian* Tribes:
If thou refuſeſt, thou ſhalt ſurely die.

SCENE VI. Ulamar, Irene.

Ul. Ah poor *Irene!*
Ir. Wretched *Ulamar!*
Ul. We but juſt are met——
Ir. And we muſt part. Wouldſt thou not tell me ſo?

Ul.

Vl. We must; for ever part.
Ir. Who could have thought it?
Vl. Who could have believ'd it?
Ir. That wish'd-for Happiness should be so nea
Vl: And be so soon, and so entirely lost.
Ir. Ah cruel Change!
Vl. O mortal Woe! one Kiss, and then farewe
Ir. The Gods have giv'n to others to fare well
O miserably must *Irene* fare!
Art thou in haste to leave thy Bride for ever?
Vl. My Life! can I avoid it? I must leave thee
Thou seest the Spousals cruel Fate prepares fo
us, (vides us
These are the Wedding-Joys that Heav'n pro
Farewel! A longer Stay will quite unman me;
Eternally Farewel——O cursed Parting!
[*Kisses her*
O charming Earnest of immortal Bliss,
Which I must ne'er enjoy!
Ir. The Gods, the Gods reward this faithless
Race. (dulity
Vl. Me rather curse, yes, curse my damn'd Cre-
O Fool, Fool, Fool, to be thus grosly chous'd
By these vile tricking Slaves! O I am lost!
But justly, there's the Torment, justly lost;
I poorly ran the hazard of my Country
To save my House, and on my House the first,
The greatest, and most dismal Vengeance falls.
Ir. But lost *Irene*'s most of all undone:
Consider what I am, and what I was
In the beginning of this fatal Night;
Was I not happy?
Vl. Thou wast, indeed.

Ir.

Ir. How am I fall'n!
Vl. Oh thou art plung'd in an Abyss of Woe!
Ir. If I appear to upbraid thee, *Vlamar*,
hink there's a wondrous Reason for't: Who
his dreadful Revolution in my Fate? (caus'd
Vl. Who but a Dog, who but a Dog?
h I could tear my self!
Ir. Thine is the Fault, but whose must be the
ut whose must be the Horror? (Pain?
Vl. Oh that it might be mine! might all be
mine!
Ir. Thy Enemies will soon deliver thee,
nd Death will be thy Friend; his icy Hand
ill soon convey thee to that blissful Land,
here thou shalt swim in everlasting Joy,
here thou wilt soon forget thy lov'd *Irene*.
Vl. Oh never! never!
Ir. The transitory Pains of Death with thee
ill soon be o'er, but I shall feel them long;
f thy sad Death how long may I be dying!
or I have neither Enemy, nor Friend
hat will deliver me; but must be left
lone! Oh all alone, I shall be left
ithout my Country, and my dear Relations,
ithout my faithful Friends, nay without Thee,
ho wert Relations, Country, all to me.
O that thou wert! O that thou wouldst be all!
Vl. Thou miserablest of the Race of Women,
hat wouldst thou!
Ir. Thou seest in what Condition I am left,
n what perfidious, in what barbarous hands;
ay, what am I t'expect when thou art gone,
rom such a cruel, such a faithless Race?

Vl.

Vl. Oh damn them——damn them! O Re
venge, Revenge!
I'd give the World that thou wert in my pow'r,
Ir. Say *Ulamar*, for thou hast known me long
Say, did I e'er appear thus mov'd before?
Vl. No, never, never; Fate is on thy Brow,
And thy Soul's teeming with some wondrou
Birth;
Let it be ne'er so dreadful, bring it out,
The worst of Fate I have already felt.
Ir. If e'er thou lov'dst me with a noble Pa
'Tis time to shew it now. (sion
Vl. Whither art thou going?
Ir. Once more tell me,
Who brought this Load of Woe upon my Head
Vl. Oh Damnation! Oh!
Ir. From whom should my Deliverance then
proceed? (then
Vl. Lightning this moment blast me! must
Betray my Country, or abandon thee?
Ir. Say, tho a poor distressful, widow'd Virgin
Yet am I not thy Wife?
Vl. My dearest Wife!
Dearer than is the Blood that warms my Heart,
But ruin'd *Angie* is my Country still.
Ir. Wilt thou do nothing for me, *Ulamar*?
Is not my Honour thine?
Vl. It is, and mine is thine,
And therefore I'll preserve it true to thee,
To Heav'n and Nature, and to ruin'd *Angie*.
Ir. And I would have thee constant to them
For if thou prov'st a Traitor to the rest, (all;
Thou wilt be so to me.

Vl.

Vl. Ha!
s there another way to thy Deliverance?
'll ſhed the Blood that's deareſt to my Heart
' obtain it.
Ir. The Blood that's deareſt to thy Heart!
Vl. By the great Mind I will.
Ir. Is not that Blood *Irene*'s? (propos'd?
Vl. Thy Blood! O Horrour! What haſt thou
Ir. Yes thou muſt ſhed it, *Vlamar*, and die.
Vl. Am I a Devil? (Torments,
Ir. What, canſt thou ſtay to expire in fearful
Inſulted o'er by theſe inhuman Slaves?
Thou haſt a Ponyard, tho thy Sword is gone.
Vl. I have, and thus I uſe it.
[*Draws the Dagger, offers to ſtab himſelf.*
Ir. Hold, by Almighty Love I charge thee
hold;
O look upon me with an Eye of Mercy,
And plunge it here; let me not ſee thee die:
Have mercy, *Vlamar*, and kill me firſt.
Vl. What, give thee Death! Upon this ſacred
Night! (Gods
Is that a Bridegroom's Gift? The Gods, the
Deliver thee, while thus I free my ſelf.
[*Offers to ſtab himſelf.*
Ir. Thou ſhalt not die, inhuman as thou art;
How could you have the cruel Heart t' attempt
To leave me here to this perfidious Race? (it?
My Father, Country, Friends, all, all are gone;
And canſt thou leave me too, my Life? Canſt
thou? (thee.
Canſt thou? Thou ſhalt not. I will die before
[*Snatches the Dagger from him, and offers to kill her ſelf.*]

Vl.

Ul. O hold!
That dismal Blow I must not, dare not see.
Ir. Think what the *French* when thou art
gone—Come Death,
And free my Breast from this distracting Thought.

SCENE VII. Ulamar, Irene, *Officer and Guards.*

Offi. Ha Slaves!
Is this the use you make of proffer'd Mercy?
Haste! Tear them asunder.
Him to Count *Frontenac* in Bonds conduct,
And her convey to th' other Female Captives:
Bring them away there.
Ul. Ah poor *Irene!* May the Gods protect
Take in this dying Look my last Farewel;
Death's cruel'st Pang is parting thus from thee.
Ir. Oh Gods! What dreadful Fate's reserv'd
for me!

ACT V. SCENE I.

Ulamar, Frontenac, Miramont.

Front. COME, be not guilty of thy own
Destruction!
Believe it, I would gladly be thy Friend;
Besides that I respect thy wondrous Virtue,
There's something so engaging in thy Person,
That I'm inclin'd with Tenderness to love thee:
But

But think th' irrevocable Moments fly;
The time approaches when thou muſt reſolve.
Vl. What, to betray my Truſt! To be a Villain!
Front. Miſtake me not, fond Youth!
Aſſiſt us to ſubdue theſe warlike Nations;
And under us thou ſhalt command them all.
Vl. What Right have I to rule theſe warlike Nations? (Nature:
Front. The juſteſt in the World, the Right of
Thou ſingly haſt more Virtue than them all;
And therefore art by Nature form'd to rule them.
Vl. With bare Deſert a generous Mind is ſatisfy'd;
If I have Virtue, give me leave to keep it:
Complying with thy Offer would deſtroy it,
And I ſhould then have more and blacker Crimes
Than all the warlike *Iroquois* together.
But thou miſtak'ſt thy Man, I have a Soul
That ſcorns a Tyrant, and a Slave alike!
And thou wouldſt have me both:
But ſince thy Offer kindly is deſign'd,
In Gratitude I doubly will return it.
Front. Return it, ſayſt thou? How?.
Vl. Set me but free, and I'll in kind return it.
Front. In kind!
Vl. Yes, rouze thy ſelf, and ſhake off this vile Yoke, (groan'ſt:
Under the which thou bow'ſt thy Neck and
I'll make thee King of all *Canadian France*,
And the brave *Engliſh*, and the warlike *Iroquois*,
Shall both ſupport thy Claim.

Front. I'll hear no more; ſay, wilt thou live or die? (refuſe it:

Mir. Nay, hear him out; 'tis barbarous to
Methinks that I could hear him talk for ever.

Front. Yet be advis'd and live. (fond;

Vl. Not on thy Terms, I'm not of Life ſo
Weigh both our Offers, and judge which is juſter:
Tyrant and Slave at once thou'dſt have me turn,
And weaken and debaſe my free-born Mind,
That's independent now of all but Heav'n,
And a Superior in a Man diſdains:
The greateſt, beſt of Men are but my Equals;
The Guilty, like thy Maſter, my Inferiors.

Front. Thou haſt a noble Soul, by Heav'n.

Mir. A Godlike one.

Vl. Oh how unlike is what I ask of thee?
I would eſtabliſh thee a lawful King,
And o'er a happy People ſhalt thou reign;
Would break thy ignoble Bonds, and give thee means
T' aſſert thy Liberty, t' aſſert thy Virtue:
For lurking in thy Breaſt I ſee the Seeds
Of ev'ry noble Virtue; but by Cuſtom
And vain Opinion choak'd, and blind Obedience
To the unjuſt Ambition of thy Maſter.
As thou art Man, thou art generous and brave,
True Magnanimity adorns thy Mind;
And thou art as dearly awful to my Soul,
As if thou wert my Father. (perjur'd,
But as thou art *French*, thou art baſe, perfidious,
And ſacrificeſt to thy Tyrant's Will
Thy very Honour, and thy very Virtue.

Mir. Mind that, my Lord.

Vl.

Vl. Thou wouldst have me betray my Trust, my Country,
The solemn'st and most sacred of all Trusts.
I would have thee deliver those thou rul'st,
And free them from the Bonds that wring their Hearts, (roar.
And from the cruel Scourge that makes them
Should I comply with thee, and should undo
These generous Nations, who are happy now
In Innocence and Freedom, but would then
Be plung'd in Vice and endless Misery;
How when I afterwards met woeful Sights,
Deplorable Misfortunes, melting Objects;
How would my Heart within my Bosom die,
To think that I had done this?
But thou who hitherto, mistaken Man,
Hast prostituted to thy Monarch's Pride
The noblest Talents of thy Mind and Person,
Thy Wisdom, and thy Courage hast employ'd
To cast all other Nations into Chains,
And clinch and rivet those that bind thy own,
Who hast been industrious to entail Destruction
Upon the Race of Men, to all Posterity,
Ev'n thy Posterity, thy wretched Children,
If thou hast Children——

Front. What cruel Griefs has that Remembrance rouz'd? (shalt come

Vl. How will thy Soul rejoice, when thou
To turn those Talents to their noblest Use,
To bring the Nations round to happy Freedom,
And make Atonement to our *Indian* World,
For all the Woes thy curst Ambition caus'd!
What inexpressive Joy will seize thy Breast,

When thou ſhalt every where meet happy Objects,
And think to thee that Happineſs they owe!
To hear the Shouts, the general Acclamations,
Th'unnumber'd Bleſſings pour'd upon thy Head.
O wouldſt thou rouze thy ſelf, and break thy Chain,
How would thy Virtue and thy Glory ſhine!
And to what height thy Happineſs would ſoar!
Then impious War ſhould here for ever ceaſe,
Which never came among theſe happy Groves,
Till thy falſe Race firſt landed on our Shore.
For 'tis for Liberty we war, not Empire;
While at the Blood we ſpill we hourly ſigh,
And curſe the Falſhood of deteſted Slaves,
That rudely force us to deſtroy our Kind.
How ſhameful 'tis, that Men whom Heav'n has form'd,
Of this vaſt Univerſe the Fellow-Citizens,
Should thus wage civil and unnatural War!
All Creatures that have Life, but Men, agree:
The fierceſt and moſt ſavage of the Beaſts,
That makes the Foreſt tremble at his Roar,
Loves his own Figure in another Beaſt,
And with him like a Brother lives in peace.
Ev'n Fiends themſelves with Fiends are not at variance;
But barbarous Man makes impious War on Man,
And leagues with Fiends againſt his Fellow-Creatures.

Mir. O God-like Youth! Aſſiſt me all ye Pow'rs [*Aparte*

Who love Mankind, and who delight in Mercy,
Aſſiſt my juſt Deſign.

Vl. But if the Justice of the noble Cause,
The Freedom of the *Indian* World won't move thee,
If giving lasting Happiness and Peace
To all the Race of Men, won't rouze thy Blood;
If thy own Fame and Greatness won't prevail,
And if a Crown acquir'd so brave a way,
Have no Temptations for thy groveling Mind,
Hast thou a Son t' inherit Bliss or Woe?
For some will for their Children more perform,
Than for themselves, and all the World besides.
Mir. A happy Thought, ay, urge that Motive home.
Vl. Nay, answer me!
Front. Alas! thou hurt'st me, probe that Wound no more.
Vl. Nay, if thou hast, consider while 'tis time,
On this important Now depends his Fate,
And by thy present Choice he grows a King,
Becomes a happy and a glorious King,
Or lives and dies a miserable Slave;
Come, I can plainly see thou hast a Son.
Mir. Yes, yes, brave Youth, we have Children, nay and Wives,
But shamefully have been afraid to own them,
For fear our mighty Monarch should grow angry,
And that vile Fear has lost them: if they live,
They languish in a rude Captivity;
And to retrieve them, and to keep them ours,
We have no hope, but by thy generous Offer.
Come rouze, my Lord, how long shall we have Patience?
Have Patience! have Stupidity, I would say!
For Patience is a Virtue, this a Vileness,

A very want of Spirits in our Blood:
Come, how much longer ſhall we crouch and fawn, (ſcourg'd?
Yes fawn like Dogs, the more, the more we're
But Dogs when beaten only fawn on Men,
Who were to them ſuperior Creatures form'd:
No Dog will fawn upon a Dog who tears him.
Yes, 'tis a ſign we have ſacrific'd our Virtue,
Nay, and our very Reaſon with our Virtue,
When we can thus reſolve to offer up
Our Children to the Rage of lawleſs Sway.
What is he? that he proudly thus commands us,
Not only to commit the baſeſt Crimes,
To grow the Scourge of God, and be the Plagues
Of human Race, while the *French* Name is grown
A Horrour to each Corner of the Earth:
But that like Devils we our ſelves ſhould feel
Doubly the Torments we inflict on others;
Should on our Children endleſs Woes entail,
And grow the Curſe ev'n of our own Poſterity.
For what? That he o'er *Europe* may inſult:
Yes, by the Woes of us and ours inſult.
What is't to us who reigns, if we are wretched?
And can we well be more? Is this our Comfort,
That with our ſelves we make Mankind too wretched?
A Comfort fit for Devils, not for Men.

Ul. Ay, now thou art my Friend indeed.

Mir. Pray where's his Pow'r that awes us into this? (him?
What Force has he, but what we fondly give
For what he wrongly calls his Pow'r is ours;

And

And ſhall we uſe our Pow'r againſt our ſelves?
Would any but a Wretch depriv'd of Reaſon,
Employ his Limbs to wound himſelf and Children,
Becauſe another has the monſtrous Cruelty
To tell him 'tis his Pleaſure?
Front. I've heard too much.

SCENE II. Ulamar, Frontenac, Miramont, *Soldier.*

Sol. My Lord, to Arms, to Arms!
Front. What ſayſt thou? (Gate,
Sol. As we advanc'd towards yonder Southern
Upon the Mountain fronting it, we ſpy'd,
A Light aſcending to the Vault of Heav'n,
Which ſtrait expanding in a general Blaze,
O'erflow'd the Mountain with a Flood of Flame;
And then deſcending with impetuous Courſe,
Down to the Vale the fiery Torrent roll'd,
And now both Hill and Vale appear on fire:
'Tis thought the routed *Angians* who eſcap'd,
Are now returning with their *Engliſh* Friends,
And by theſe numerous Lights direct their nightly March. (priz'd:
Front. Ha! We too in our turn ſhall be ſur-
And which way move they?
Sol. Directly towards the Southern Gate they advance. (up;
Front. Give Orders that my Forces be drawn
My ſelf will lead them to the Southern Gate,
And warmly we'll receive this deſperate Foe:
Take care another Band of Fuzileers

Be planted at the Entrance to this Place;
They ſhall receive my Pleaſure as I paſs.

SCENE III. Ulamar, Frontenac, Miramont.

Front. Hold! let me ſee! This *Angian* Captive yet
Is in my pow'r; how long he may remain ſo,
Heav'n only knows! If he eſcapes I am loſt,
My Orders from the Court are ſo ſevere.
On this Alarm my Duty calls me hence, [*To* Ul.
Ten Minutes yet thou haſt left thee to declare;
If before they expire thou wilt be ours,
Thou mayſt be happy, elſe thou know'ſt thy Doom.

SCENE IV. Ulamar, Miramont.

Mir. The time allow'd thee to reſolve is ſhort;
Then I intreat thee make thy deareſt uſe of it.
Ul. I was about it:
Thou ſayſt thou art my Friend.
Mir. I ſay I am thy Friend: Let Flatterers ſay,
Brave Youth, for I have ſhewn I am thy Friend;
Live but an Hour, and thou wilt find me ſuch,
Find I have boldly ventur'd all to ſave thee;
Done more for thee, than ever I would do
Ev'n for my neareſt and moſt dear Relations:
Thou to my Soul art dearer than them all,
Related to me by a nobler way;
My Kindred they in Blood, but thou in Virtue.
Ul. Then let me take my leave of my *Irene*.
Mir. Thou know'ſt not what thou ask'ſt, thy time is ſhort;

And

And ſhouldſt thou ſee her, thy few precious Moments
Would be in empty Lamentations loſt.
Vl. Then bind thy ſelf by ſolemn Vows to guard her
From all unworthy Uſage when I'm gone.
Mir. Come, I'll do more for thee;
For thou ſhalt live, and be thy ſelf her Guardian:
What, canſt thou poorly die, and thy brave Friends
So near, who come to free thee from theſe Bonds,
To free us all from our inſulting Tyrant?
Canſt thou deſert the great Support of Liberty,
And tamely die?
Vl. Tamely!
Mir. Ay, tamely!
Vl. Oh give me but a Sword, and thou ſhalt (ſee
How tamely I will fall.
Mir. How wouldſt thou uſe it?
Vl. I'll thro thy numerous Sentries force my way, (Friends.
And mounting o'er the Ramparts, join my
Mir. Impoſſible! Thou wouldſt betray thy ſelf (Friends.
And me to Fate, and wouldſt prevent thy
Vl. What can I do beſides?
Mir. Declare.
Vl. What, for the *French!*
Againſt whoſe Crimes ſo juſtly thou inveigh'ſt?
Mir. Do you think I ask you to declare for ever?
Thy Sentiments diſſemble but an Hour.

Vl.

Vl. Is Death so dreadful?
Mir. Consider but the happy Consequence.
Vl. The Consequence is Guilt, Remorse and Shame.
You punish with an ignominious Death,
They who desert your false and guilty Cause,
And would have me a Fugitive from Truth,
A Fugitive from Virtue?
Mir. But for an Hour.
Vl. But Virtue oft deserted for an Hour,
Resents it deeply, and upon the Wing
Is gone past all Return.
Mir. Three Minutes yet are left thee to de
Vl. Then welcome Death the fourth, for tha
brings Liberty.
Mir. Think that the Happiness of ev'n a World
Depends upon thy Life.
Vl. Know that World's Happiness depends on
Who will not have it sav'd so base a way.
Mir. If thou art so hard-hearted to thy self,
Do something yet for me, who have done for thee
More than thou know'st, or wouldst with ease
believe.
Vl. Thou art so generous, I could die for thee,
Be satisfy'd with that.
Mir. Nay, but thou shalt not thus continue
Descend to be intreated for thy self.
Vl. 'Tis they are obstinate, who are in the
I never was more right.
Mir. 'Tis past; how vain 'tis to contend with
Fate.

SCENE

SCENE V. Ulamar, Miramont, *Officer and Guards.*

Offi. Where is this *Angian?*
Ul. Here. (sent me
Offi. Count *Frontenac*, our Governour, has
T' enquire of thee for whom thou wilt declare.
Ul. For Liberty.
Offi. Then Death shall set thee free:
Here bind him.
Mir. Stay yet a moment.
Offi. I dare not stay,
Our General will be here immediately,
And when he comes, expects to find him dead.
Ul. Farewel my absent Dear, protect her Heav'n,
And make this gentle to her tender Heart;
'Tis a severe Divorce, but we must bear it.
Mir. How my Heart bleeds for him!
Offi. Come, away with him.
Ul. Wilt thou be good, and think of lost *Irene?*
Mir. Had I an only Daughter, fair as Virtue,
She should be less my Care.
Ul. Farewel my generous Friend.
Mir. Let me embrace thee, dearer than my Life,
Dear as my Fame; this Separation wounds me,
And makes me bleed, as if thou wert a part of me.
Dear hapless Youth, eternally farewel!

SCENE V. Ulamar, Miramont, Sakia, *Officer and Guards.*

Sak. He lives, and th' eternal Pow'rs are just:
He lives, stand off, and let a wretched Mother
Embrace

Embrace the Joy and Comfort of her Life.
Oh *Ulamar*, thou Darling of my Soul!——

Offi. What means this Woman with her clamorous Fondness?

Present! dispatch him presently.

Sak. Hurt him, and thou shalt be ten years a (dying
Where's *Miramont?*

Mir. Ha! (bey

Offi. Shoot him, ye Slaves; how dare ye diso-

Mir. Hold! On thy Life forbear! She shall be heard first.

Offi. With this I shall acquaint the Governor. Do you remain, and guard your Prisoner well.

SCENE VI. Ulamar, Miramont, Sakia, *and Guards.*

Mir. Who asks for *Miramont?*

Sak. Sakia.

Mir. Sakia!

Sak. Yes; so the *Angians* call me; but I had Another Name upon th' *Huronian* Lake.

Mir. Till now I never saw thee.

Sak. I tell thee 'tis for *Miramont* I ask.

Mir. Men call me *Miramont.*

Sak. Thee? I know thee not. How long hast thou been here in *Canada?*

Mir. The Sun has five times roll'd about the Year, Since first I landed on your *Indian* Shore.

Sak. I want another Captain of thy Name.

Mir. In *Canada* there is no other *Miramont.*

Sak. Thou art mistaken, I have often seen him, And know him well.

Mr.

Mir. Twelve years ago you may have seen another;
But then his elder Brother childless dy'd,
And he return'd to *France.*
Sak. Ye have utterly abandon'd us, ye Heav'ns!
And what became of him?
Mir. In *France* seven years with Honours crown'd he liv'd,
And then he left it for a better World.
Sak. Dead! Is he dead? O the most lost of Women!
Mir. Hear me.
Sak. Answer me:
Who was that *Miramont* that fought this Morn
With my poor dying Son?
Mir. 'Twas I: But hear me Madam.
Sak. Horrour and Distraction seize me!
Henceforth I'll be as deaf to all the World,
As Heav'n has been to me.
Mir. Hear me but a word.
Sak. At length shew Mercy, ye afflicting Pow'rs,
And send more Weight to crush the Wretch you made.
Mir. Strange Prepossession! (bear!
Sak. This weight of Woe I cannot, will not
I faint, I die, support thy wretched Mother,
And leave her not in this extreme Neeessity.
Ah Woe! Thou art thy self in dire Necessity,
Hopeless, forlorn, of all the World forsaken:
But who has brought thee to this dismal End?
O Wretch, the most accurst of Heav'n! Thus, thus
I dash against the Ground the fatal Cause. [*Falls.*
And art thou gone, for ever gone my *Miramont?*

Then

Then all the World is gone with wretched me;
Here let me end my miſerable Life:
My miſerable Life's already ended,
And I am in the number of thoſe things
That were, and are no more. I come, my *Mira-*
Methinks I ſee thy awful Ghoſt appear, (*mont*;
And beckon me away to that ſtrange Land,
From whence there's no Return. Yes now I ſee thee,
Juſt with that mournful Look, that fatal Frown,
With which thou now for three ſucceſſive Nights
Haſt broke my dreadful Slumbers, t' upbraid me
For my unkind Delay: But I it ſeems,
Flatter'd and cheated by falſe Hope,
Miſtook the mortal Summons.

SCENE VII. Front. Ul. Mir. Sak. *Officer and Guards.*

Sak. Ha! Gods! He comes, with the ſame Frown he comes:
Do you call this Fancy! O I ſhall be mad;
I ſhall be mad with Joy, with Fear, with Wonder!
O thou who haſt the Charms to make Death lovely, (Look,
What wouldſt thou, with that pale aſtoniſh'd
Such as the Dying wear, or Dead who ariſe?
Com'ſt thou to call thy miſerable Wife?
She comes, in Life and Death thy own *Nikaia.*
[*Draws a Dagger.*

Front. Nikaia! (calls!

Sak. Ha! More Aſtoniſhment! He ſpeaks, he
Do you hear? Do you ſee? Or is this Madneſs all?

Front.

Front. Oh my astonish'd Soul! It is *Nikaia.*
Sak. Again in an afflicted Tone he calls,
come.
Front. O hold! [*Lays hold on the Dagger.*
Sak. Ah Gods! He lives, I die! Ah *Miramont!* (longing Arms;
Front. Thou shalt die here then in these
ear to my Heart, as the Life-Blood that warms it:
el how with sprightly Beats it calls thee back
o Life and Love again!
Sak. It is, it is my *Miramont!*
h'tis too much, ye Powers, I cannot bear it,
ie, the mighty Joy devours my Life;
y Love, my Life, my *Miramont!*
Front. And dost thou live? And art thou in my Arms?
here hast thou past so many cruel Years?
let these Tears of flowing Joy acquaint thee,
ow bitterly I've mourn'd thy fatal Loss!
hat hast thou suffer'd in this rude Captivity?
thou hast suffer'd what no Tongue can tell!
ow hast thou mourn'd for thy afflicted Mate!
r sure thy Grief was equal to thy Love,
nd never any Flame could equal thine.
Sak. No, we will never, never part again!
las! I had forgot our *Miramont*——
Front. Ha! What of that dear Creature? How I tremble!
hy Looks inform me, that my dearest Hope,
he Joy and Comfort of my Life is lost.
Sak. He lives, but on the very Brink of Fate:
las! They murder him!

Front.

Front. They! Who?
Sak. The barbarous Governor.
Front. The Governor! My Life! What G
Sak. The Governor of this *New France.*
Front. Who hath deluded thee?
The Governor of *France* is in thy Arms.
Sak. The Governor of *France* is *Frontenac*
And art not thou my *Miramont?*
Front. I always was, I always will be thine
And formerly I was thy *Miramont,*
But by my Brother's Death am *Frontenac;*
Thus are our Names by Custom chang'd
France.
Sak. O Horrour! Horrour!
O Wretch, what dreadful Guilt hast thou
scap'd?
Behold thy Son, whom thou'rt about to mu
Front. Ha! Where?
Sak. There, there, behold him.
Front. Ha! thy Wonder and thy Joy distra
He who stands there is General of the *Angians*
Sak. As sure as he is General of the *Angians*
He is thy Son and mine, 'tis thy own *Miramon*
Front. O I am lost and swallow'd up in Wonde
Ye Gods, ye Gods!
These are Events surpassing all Example;
These are th' amazing Miracles of Fate!
Ha!
Perish all Tyrants, and their black Commands!
[*Embraces U*
Vl. Ah, in that Godlike Voice I hear my F
ther.
Front. Oh *Miramont!* My Son, my Son, fo

Ul. You gave me Life, and you may take it back.

Front. That Life I gave thee, to defend I'll die;
Dear to my Heart, and lovely to my Eyes!
Come to my Arms once more, indulge thy Father's Fondness,
My Wife and Son recover'd in an Hour;
And such a Son! O I am blest
Above my fondest Hope.
I am a God, if nothing intervenes
To interrupt this more than mortal Joy:
And thou, brave *Miramont*, my generous Friend,
Thou to whose rare and unexampled Virtue
I owe the Joy and Darling of my Life;
Embrace the Worth thou hast sav'd, 'twas thy own Blood, [Mir. *embraces* Ul.
Which to preserve, thou nobly didst contend.

Sak. Why wouldst thou drive me to Despair, by saying [Front. *talks apart with his Son.*
My *Miramont* was in another World?

Mir. You would not hear me out:
We esteem this a World distinct from ours.
[*Apart.*] I must be gone, th' appointed Minute's come.

SCENE VIII. Frontenac, Ulamar, Sakia, *Guards.*

Front. Lose thee, I'll lose my self first.

Ul. Your King will have it so, and I must die.

Front. Where are the *English?*

Ul. Ay, that's my Father's Voice, great Nature's Voice:

The Voice of Heav'n is that. What Shout is that? [*Shout.*

Front. No matter. Now the *Angians* are my Friends;
Rally thy flying Squadrons with the Morn.

Vl. Before the Sun has finish'd three Careers
The warlike *English*, and th' united *Iroquois*,
Shall hail thee King of all *Canadian France*.

Front. What, sacrifice my Son to lawless Sway! (*French*

Vl. For fifty rolling Years the wretched
Have to their Tyrants sacrific'd their Sons;
But to rash thoughtless Men the Horrour's less,
Because th' Effect insensibly comes on:
They have been the most abandon'd of all Slaves. (more

Front. But I'm a Slave, my aspiring Boy, no

Vl. Oh the blest Sound!

Front. O I am rouz'd from my Lethargick Dream; (Repose
And when we have been refresh'd with short
We will to Arms, to glorious Arms, my Boy,
And Godlike Liberty shall be the Word.

Vl. O that some Angel with his golden Trump
Would make that Voice thro the wide World resound; (to Liberty!
That the Celestial Sound might rouze Mankind
But ah, these Transports are too fierce to last;
And th' angry Gods remand me to my Griefs.
Where's my *Irene?*

SCENE

SCENE IX. Frontenac, Ulamar, Sakia, Irene.

Ir. She comes, ſhe flies to that enchanting Voice!
Ul. O let me preſs thee to my very Heart;
From which ev'n Fate had not the pow'r to tear thee
Sir, I us'd no Entreaty for my Life;
But for my Love thus low I humbly bow, [*Kneels.*
That you'd conſent to make it happy here.
Front. Take her, ſhe's thine; but cheriſh her like Life;
She merits all thy Love; and more I prize her,
For the rich Dowry of her matchleſs Virtue,
Than if extended Empire were her Lot.
Sak. O the moſt bliſsful Hour of all my Life!
My long Calamities be quite forgot,
And let me give up all my Soul to Joy!
Ul. Where haſt thou paſt this doleful diſmal Hour,
In dreadful Expectation of what Fate
Was terribly about to execute?
Ir. Among a Croud of miſerable Slaves;
Where hearing of thy Death, in wild Deſpair
I made a dire Attempt upon my Life,
When gracious Heav'n by Miracle preſerv'd me.
Ul. To preſerve thee, what God would not appear? (Man.
Ir. No, 'twas no God, but 'twas a Godlike

SCENE X. Frontenac, Ulamar, Sakia, Irene, Miramont, Beaufort.

Ul. 'Twas he, by Heav'n, it could be none but he! [*Shout.*

Beaufort, thou beſt of Men, thou beſt of Friends,
Come to my Arms, come to my Heart, my Friend;
This is the wondrous Man, to whom I owe [*To* Front.
My Life, my Liberty, my Fortune, Fame;
And 'tis to him that you my Mother owe.
Front. Too warmly then I never can receive him. [*Embrace.*
Vl. Art thou return'd? Art thou within our Walls?
Where haſt thou left thy *Engliſh*?
Beauf. The *Engliſh* and your rally'd *Angians* (now
Are moſt within the Town.
Vl. More Miracles! Aſtoniſhing Event!
Front. Now by my Soul, they're truly welcome all;
And this exactly to my Wiſh has happen'd;
But without fighting how could this be done?
Beauf. While on the South we made a falſe Attack,
Brave *Miramont* upon th' appointed Signal
Gave us admittance at the Northern Gate.
Front. The appointed Signal! you amaze me, Sir.
Beauf. Two hours are ſcarce elaps'd, ſince this brave Man
To me diſpatch'd a Meſſenger expreſs,
Inviting me to come and ſave my *Vlamar*,
And for my Entrance gave a certain Signal:
I on the warmeſt Wings of Friendſhip flew,
Yet had arriv'd too late with all my Speed,
Had not kind Heav'n in Mercy interpos'd

By

By this so wonderful Discovery,
With which brave *Miramont* has entertain'd me.
Front. What say our Soldiers, *Miramont?*
Mir. They with the *English* and the *Angians* mix,
And Peace and Joy in all their Looks appear:
Impatiently they wait for your Assent,
To cry, Hail *Frontenac*, and Liberty,
Front. That shall not long be wanting.
Ul. But now unanimously Thanks we pay
To thee, brave *Miramont*, and thee, my *Beaufort*,
O truly great! O truly worthy Son
Of *Great Britannia*, thro the World renown'd
For propping falling Liberty,
Supporting sinking Nations!
There is more Excellence, more Godlike Greatness (mities,
In rescuing one poor Wretch from dire Cala-
Than in subverting and destroying Empires,
And making Millions wretched.
Beauf. To Heav'n unanimously Praise return,
And thankful for this wonderful Deliverance,
Resolve that Heav'n alone shall o'er you rule,
And cast not off your Maker's Sway for Man's:
Be govern'd still by Reason and by Law,
And let your Monarch still be Heav'n's Vicegerent,
And execute his Master's Will, not his.
Thus govern'd, we are absolutely free,
Heav'n and good Kings give perfect Liberty;
And from this wondrous Night, let all Men learn,

Never to sacrifice the publick Good
Either to foreign, or to home-bred Tyrants,
For the vile Interest of themselves and Families;
For that upon their Families and selves
Brings certain Ruin. May all *France* like you
[*To* Front.
Have their Eyes open'd, and with Horrour see
How to their Tyrant's Will they offer up
Their Children, and their whole Posterity,
The thing which Heav'n and Nature most abhors;
May they see this like you, like you detest it,
Then grow like you, impatient to be free,
With us asserting Godlike Liberty.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

THUS have we ſhewn what we propos'd to ſhow;
All would fall off from Tyrants, did they know,
That with their wretched Country they betray
Themſelves and Children to Tyrannick Sway.
They who plac'd haughty Lewis *on the Throne,*
Would have declar'd againſt him, had they known
That their Soul's Darlings by his dire Commands
In Torments ſhould expire by bloody Hands,
Or live a baniſh'd Race in foreign Lands.
The fierceſt Creatures that the Woods contain,
What they bring forth with pleaſing Love maintain.
That Love the Lion ſoftens, and the Bear,
The World's ſupported by that tender Care,
All Savages but Men their Offspring ſpare:
But Man, grown blind by Luſt, of Pow'r or Pelf,
Will ſell his darling Offspring and himſelf.
To reclaim ſuch, our Author bade me ſay
He wrote this Engliſh, *and no Party-Play:*
He minds not who's of Whig or Tory Clan,
But who for Lewis *is, or who for* Anne?

For the ſame Friends have lawleſs Rage and He,
As Anne *has the ſame Foes with Liberty.*
Oh may ſhe long command theſe happy Iſles!
Where ſhe with Freedom Empire reconciles!
Long o'er your Hearts may yon bright Circle reign,
Oh may you never feel a ruder Chain!
And of no other Tyranny complain!
But Beauty's Reign on Liberty depends,
When the French *Reign begins, the Reign of Beauty ends;*
The French *are Slaves to Man's Deſpotick Sway,*
But with Profaneneſs acted every day,
They force Celeſtial Beauty to obey.

Appius and *Virginia*:

A

TRAGEDY,

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in

Drury-Lane.

To the Right Honourable

Sidney Earl of *Godolphin*,

Lord High Treasurer of *Great Britain*.

My Lord,

THIS *Dramatick Poem, which was written in the Cause of Liberty, flies to Your Lordship for Protec-*
tion, who have been so great a Patron and Protector of Liberty, when she was in the ut-
most Danger.

And here, my Lord, as a Lover of Liber-
ty and of my Country, I should neither think
my self just nor grateful, if I should not
make mention of the wonderful things which
Your Lordship has done for both.

But

But what Writer has Force enough to men
tion thoſe Wonders worthily? Or who has A
enough to manage ſo nice a Subject ſo dex
trouſly, that neither the Enemies of Gre
Britain *may think he ſays too much, nor t*
Friends too little.

To ſatisfy the one, and to ſilence the othe
I ſhall briefly inquire what impartial Hiſto
will ſay of Your Lordſhip, and the juſt Pra
ſes that You will receive from uncorrupted P
ſterity.

When a juſt and impartial Hiſtory ſha
relate the dangerous Condition in which the pr
ſent War at the beginning found theſe Na
tions, and the reſt of Europe, *and afterward*
deſcribe the wonderful Change to a State of Co
queſt and Glory; what vaſt Applauſe will P
ſterity give to thoſe, who, by the Wiſdom o
their Counſels, wrought the Delivery of Eu-
rope?

For as it was neither Chance nor brutal
Force, but Counſel that laid the Foundation o
the French *Greatneſs under Cardinal* Rich-
lieu; *as it was Counſel and not Force that*
carried that Greatneſs on, witneſs their Trea-
ties, by which they have acquir'd more than they

ve by their Victories, and witneſs their ſeiz-
g, in one day, upon a Monarchy of ten times
greater Extent than their own; ſo it was
ither Chance nor brutal Force, but Counſel,
at ſhook and overturn'd the exceſſive Power
f France.

But I appeal to the very Enemies of Great
ritain, to their very Malice, their Invectives,
ir Libels, if your Lordſhip has not had ſo
reat a ſhare in the Wiſdom of thoſe Counſels
hich have wrought the Delivery of Europe,
at you ſeem to have been deſign'd by Provi-
ence, and to have been ſent into the World
n purpoſe to overthrow the vaſt, but perni-
ious Deſigns of the great Cardinal Richlieu.

For whom will Hiſtory deliver down to Poſ-
rity as the Friend and the intimate Correſpon-
ent of the Great Captain, who has done ſuch
Glorious Things for us? With whom has he
oncerted his good and great Deſigns? Who
dily ſupply'd him with the Nerves of War, the
Source of Diſcipline, Spirit and Force? The
Great Duke of Marlborough, and the Illuſ-
trious Earl of Godolphin, will be held by
Poſterity to have been to this Iſland, what the
two friendly Gods were formerly eſteem'd by
the

the Grecians, *who were always accounted pro-pitious, when they appear'd and ſhone together.*

That your Lordſhip and your Friend, who have done ſuch mighty things for us, may long be the Ornament and Defence of your Country, that the Queen may long be ſupported by both, and appear between both, like the Goddeſs of Wiſdom, with Her peaceful Olive on one Hand, and Her dreadful Shield on the other, is, and ſhall be the hearty Wiſh of,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt Humble,

moſt Faithful, and

moſt Obliged Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

PROLOGUE.

OUR *Author's Friends appear concern'd to-day*
For the Succeſs of this rough manly Play;
While Britain *ſeems to all that's ſoft inclin'd,*
What Welcome here can our rude Romans *find?*
Who love without one word of whining Cant,
And rage without the buskin'd Bully's Rant;
Whoſe Fire to Judgment rarely gives offence,
But is maintain'd by Nature and by Senſe.
Rome *warm'd by nervous Scenes, for Empire fought;*
Such Cæſar *ſaw with Joy, with Joy ſuch* Cæſar *wrought.*
And Tragedy, *with bare Appearance writ*
Of Roman *Spirit, and of* Roman *Wit,*
Requires an Audience with them both inſpir'd,
And to the like immortal Actions fir'd.
True, it requires all this, and therefore here
W' indulge our fondeſt Hopes, and baniſh Fear.
Why ſhould not you Rome's *manly Joys purſue,*
When all that Fire that could the World ſubdue,
Yes, all the Roman *Spirit lives in you?*

Be

Be witneſs that eternal Day which quell'd
The vanquiſh'd Gaul *upon the wondring* Scheld ***;
Like Hannibal *the crafty* Vendome *fled,*
While Britain *fought like* Rome, *like* Scipio Marl-
borough *led.*
Vouchſafe, ye Britons, *to ſupport the Muſe,*
Whoſe Flame your deathleſs Acts had power t' infuſe
By your great Deeds our Poet rais'd his Stile;
And as he read of Wynendale *and* Liſle,
His Romans *with a fiercer Rage he drew,*
Improv'd his nobleſt Characters by you:
His Soul t' immortal Heights your Glory fir'd,
And Britiſh *Acts theſe* Roman *Scenes inſpir'd.*

* *Battel of* Audenard.

EPILOGUE.

WELL *Sirs! You have ſeen* Virginia *die!*
Ye Powers,
The mighty difference between her Time and ours.
Virginius, *an old Captain was of* Rome,
Who abſent with his City Bands from home,
Heard a hot Courtier would his Girl engage;
When poſting back to Rome *in mighty Rage,*
This Son of Hector, *like a ſurly Bully,*
Kills his poor Child to diſappoint her Cully.

That

That 'tis far otherwise with us, is plain,
While City-Captain here makes short Campaign,
In Bunhill-Fields *subduing* France *and* Spain.
How oft has Courtier maul'd both Wife and Daughter?
Yet no such bloody Business follow'd after.
There's something in Virginia *stranger still,*
Whom at her own Request her Sire did kill,
For fear she should be pleas'd against her will.
When will a Damsel of our City Strain
Resolve to die e'er ease her Lover's Pain?
But now to finish all in a more serious Vein:
Virginia's *Death did Liberty restore,*
As from Lucretia's *Tomb it rose before:*
When Cæsar *afterwards enslav'd the State,*
Porcia *rous'd* Brutus *to great* Cæsar's *Fate.*
Tho Rome *in Heroes always did abound,*
Still from her Women she lost Freedom found.
So fair Britannia *o'er the World is fam'd*
For Men of dauntless Spirits and untam'd;
But yet when by her Folly or her Fate,
Her Liberty was in a dangerous State;
The Blessing ne'er could be secur'd by Man,
But Heav'n reserv'd th' immortal Fame for Anne.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Appius, Chief of the *Decemvirs*, or ten Tyrants of *Rome*.	Mr. *Booth*.
Claudius, Uncle to *Appius*.	Mr. *Keen*.
Virginius, Father to *Virginia*.	Mr. *Betterton*.
L. Icilius, betroth'd to *Virginia*.	Mr. *Wilks*.
M. Icilius, Brother to *Lucius*.	Mr. *Bickerſtaff*.
Horatius, Two Noble *Romans*.	Mr. *Thurmond*.
Valerius, Two Noble *Romans*.	Mr. *Husbands*.
P. Numitorius, Uncle to *Virginia*.	Mr. *Carey*.
C. Numitorius.	Mr. *Smith*.
Fluvius, Client to *Appius*.	

WOMEN.

Virginia, Daughter to *Virginius*.	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Cornelia, Aunt to *Virginia*.	Mrs. *Knight*.

Lictors, Guards, Attendants.

Appius and *Virginia.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *Rome.*

Enter Lucius Icilius, Marcus *his Brother.*

L. Icil. MY Brother!

M. Icil. My deareſt Brother! Welcome!

L. Icil. Came my laſt Letters ſafe to you?

M. Icil. They did: And I have ſummon'd all our Friends,
And ev'n this Now expect them.

L. Icil. I ſent *Virginia* notice of my Arrival;
She once was wont, upon the ſhorteſt Abſence,
To fly upon the warmeſt Wings of Love
Into the eager Arms of her *Icilius*;
But now deludes my Hope, and ſtarves my Eyes.

M. Icil. They ſay, ſhe takes repoſe, to which
her Eyes (Nights
Have ſtrangers been, for theſe three feveriſh
L. Icil. Virginia languiſhing, and *Rome* ex
piring!
What have the Gods reſolv'd to do with me?
With me; who have no Soul, no Life, no Being
Unleſs for thee, O *Rome!* and thee *Virginia!*

Enter Valerius.

L. Icil. My beſt *Valerius*, welcome to my
Arms!
Patron of Liberty! *Rome*'s genuine Son!
But ſee our Country's other Hope, *Horatius!*
Horatius hail!

Enter Horatius.

Hor. Lucius Icilius!——Hail!
Thy Summons I have eagerly obey'd,
And all the Blood of the *Horatii* rouz'd,
In expectation of th' important things
Which thou haſt made me hope from thee.
L. Icil. Hail to my Uncle *Publius Numitorius*
And thou, O *Caius*, welcome!

Enter Publius Numitorius, Caius *his Son.*

P. Num. Welcome to *Rome!* What News
brings *Lucius* hither?
L. Icil. Can there be ſtranger News, than
that ten Men (*mans*,
Should lord it o'er two hundred thouſand *Ro-*
Each ſingle *Roman* braver than the ten?
P. Num. What News from th' Army near
Fidenæ's Walls?
Hor. How fares the darling Hero of the Le-
gions,

The

The noble Prop of his declining Country;
The Pride of *Rome*, the Glory of the Field;
Th' invincible *Dentatus*?——How bears he
Th' Insults of our ten Tyrants?

L.Icil. How just Enquiry has *Horatius* made?
'Tis of *Dentatus* that I come to speak,
And tell you that *Rome*'s Champion is no more;
But near to old *Fidenæ*'s fatal Walls,
By fifty Assassines, his Head lies low;
Yet his great Soul expir'd not unreveng'd,
But twenty of his Murderers first he slew.

Hor. How! Murder'd!

L. Icil. Yes, basely, and most barbarously murder'd!
Is Murder then a Sound so strange at *Rome*,
When ye behold each day her bravest Sons,
Or basely scourg'd, or barbarously slain?
When he who dares but look a free-born Soul,
Grows strait suspected to th' accurs'd *Decemvirs*,
And chiefly to the Insolence of *Appius*,
The Tyrant of the Nine, as they of *Rome*.
Can ye then wonder, that the brave *Dentatus*,
Who breath'd forth nothing but immortal Fame,
Immortal Liberty, had been for thirty Years
Rome's Champion, and his manly Breast her Bulwark,
Who shrunk not from her, in a hundred Fields,
But with the utmost hazard of his Life
Perform'd a thousand Actions every Year,
That from Destruction sav'd her noblest Offspring,
Sav'd almost half the Lives of our Patricians,
Sav'd *Rome*, recover'd the proud Capitol,

Who was adorn'd with twenty Golden Crowns
Civic and Mural——ſeam'd with fifty Scars
Illuſtrious all, all in his manly Front,
More to be valu'd than a hundred Crowns;
Can ye admire, that this unequal'd Man
Should grow the Terror of the proud *Decemvir*
Or can ye admire that whom they fear they
murder?

All. Murder'd by them?

L. Icil. By whom, but by the Author of all Ill
By proud, preſumptuous, overlooking *Appius*,
Who ſent *Dentatus* Legate to the Camp;
Then to his Colleagues wrote a learned Scroll,
To hire Aſſaſſinates, who might in ſecret
Diſpatch him on that ſacred Meſſage ſent.

Val. The blackeſt Puniſhments of Hell re-
ward him! (*Romans*

L. Icil. Yes, yes, with reaſon ye may rage, y
For who that is but Man, can calmly hear
Of ſo much Villany, of ſo much Cruelty,
Such baſe Perfidiouſneſs, ſo black a Treaſon,
Attended with that Pride, that Arrogance;
Who can once ſee that proud preſumptuou
Look,
But he muſt burn with generous Diſdain?

Val. Oh damn him!

Hor. Furies ſeize him!

L. Icil. To think that one ſo abject, by ou
Baſeneſs, (Powe
Should lord it with high Looks, ſhould have th
Of Life and Death, and murder us for Paſtime!
Should uſe the Power we gave him to mak
Laws,

To

To drive all Law from out his bleeding Country,
Retain the Office given him for a Year,
Beyond that Year, and ſet no Bounds to Tyranny.
Who can reflect without avenging Fury
Upon the high Deſerts with which h' acquir'd
This abſolute Command; when he who looks
So proud, ſo haughty, ſo contemptuous now,
Once baſely flatter'd, and more baſely fawn'd
Upon the very Lees and Dregs of *Rome*;
With a diſſembl'd Mildneſs cloak'd his Rage,
With deep Humility conceal'd his Pride;
With courteous Airs his Inſolence diſguis'd,
Debauching with vile Arts, like a lewd Whore,
Th'Affections of the meaneſt Sons of *Rome?*
And yet this Wretch, who when he ſought his Power,
Cring'd but to-day before the vileſt *Roman*,
The very next, when he had gain'd that Power,
Grew haughty, fierce and inſolent at once;
Nay, with Contempt outrageous, not to be borne,
Not to be thought of without Death and Vengeance;
The Tyrant ſcourg'd, or barbarouſly murder'd,
The very Slaves on whom the former Sun
Had ſeen him baſely fawn.

Val. The Traitor! (Woe;

L. Icil. Yes, this is the great Author of our
Yes, this is he who murder'd great *Dentatus*,
And who this moment meditates the Means
To do as much for him, for you, for me,
For every brave, for each diſtinguiſh'd *Roman*,
While we look tamely on, tamely as Sheep,
That one by one are from each other ſnatch'd,

And hurry'd to the Slaughter. (Death?
Hor. But know the Legions of *Dentatus*
L. Icil. All! all! (*Lucius*;
Val. Now come to the important Queſtion,
How bear the Legions brave *Dentatus*' Death?
L. Icil. Ay, that's the Queſtion which I here
Deputed come to anſwer. (by Fate
The Legions bear their darling Hero's Death,
As Supreme *Jove* then bears with mighty Crimes,
When in his ſpacious Hand he rolls the three-
fork'd Bolt,
Preparing to diſcharge the grumbling Thunder.
Some in hoarſe Murmurs threaten, others ſtand
Moping with ſullen Silence, ſtupid Grief,
Hungry and pale, and pining for Revenge;
Some from their blood-ſhot Eyes dart gloomy
Rage,
And ſome to their Companions cry aloud,
Oh that the bounteous Gods wou'd ſend us Chiefs,
Who had but Spirits worthy to command us!
Hor. Oh noble Sound! (in this!
Val. There's *Rome*, there's Life, there's Liberty
L. Icil. What wonder, the impatient Legions
What wonder if the Nations all take Arms, (cry,
Juſtly diſdaining Empire ſhould be there
Where Liberty's no more?
What do we here againſt our *Sabine* Foes?
What wonder if *Fidenæ*——ſees us fly,
As hoary *Algidum*——of late beheld
Our other Army flying from the *Æqui!*
How ſhould we conquer Nations, Brave and Free,
Who are ſo baſe as to be Slaves to *Appius?*
Why ſhould we conquer, when we fear Succeſs,
Fear

ear Victory; when ſtill the braveſt Man,
nd he who moſt Illuſtrious Acts performs,
Vorks Ruin for himſelf.
Hor. 'Tis juſt and brave!
L. Icil. Lead us againſt the *Sabines*, and we fly;
We'll neither fight againſt our ſelves,
Nor fight for cruel *Appius.*
Lead us to *Rome*, lead us againſt our Tyrant,
And then we will be Men once more,
Once more we will be *Romans.*
Val. O! all ye immortal Gods!
Let us to horſe without delay, and head them.
L. Icil. Spoke like the pureſt Blood of brave
Hor. Valerius ſpeaks for all. (*Poplicola.*
All but P. Num. For all, for all!
Let us to horſe immediately, and head them.
P. Num. Hold! why to horſe, why to *Fidenæ*'s Walls?
Appius is here, even here in *Rome* he lords it:
Removing *Appius*, we remove the Ten;
His ſubtle Arts eſtabliſh'd this Command,
His Fire ferments and animates the Nine,
And his Diſcernment from them wards the Blows
Which elſe e'er this had prov'd the Blows of Fate--
Appius remov'd, the Legions and the Tribes
Will ſoon forſake the wretched Nine, his Tools:
What need we then to old *Fidenæ* run?
Why ſhould we Strangers truſt with that Deſign,
Which we may execute by Friends alone?
Horatius, and *Valerius*, are your Friends
And Clients and Dependants ready arm'd?
Hor. That, our own Safety has long ſince re-
But ſee, *Cornelia*, Siſter to *Virginius*, (quir'd.

A Matron worthy *Rome* in nobler Times,
Equal in every Virtue to the Beſt,
Above them in the Greatneſs of her Mind.

Enter Cornelia.

Corn. My Meſſage my Intruſion muſt excuſe;
Lucius Icilius, 'tis to thee I come:
Lord *Appius* has ſent word, that in two hours
He will be here in Perſon.

L. Icil. Who?

Corn. Lord *Appius*.

L. Icil. Lord *Appius*, will be where?

Corn. Here in my Brother's Houſe.

L. Icil. Here in *Virginius*' Houſe, impoſſible!
He knows its Maſter bears him deadly Hatred;
What ſhou'd he come for?

Corn. What ſhould the Tyrant come for!
When *Tarquin* glutted was with other Crimes,
And ſatiated with Rapines, and with Murder,
Then the young Tyrant to *Collatium* went,
To viſit chaſte *Lucretia*. (in Sulphur.

L. Icil. For which the Dog lies howling now
But let dire *Appius* know then *Brutus* roſe.

Hor. And *Horace*.

Val. And *Valerius*. (his Teeth,

L. Icil. And made the trembling Tyrant gnaſh
And curſe the Hour, in Anguiſh of his Soul,
That e'er he ſaw *Lucretia*.

Corn. Ten Meſſages has haughty *Appius* ſent
On a deteſted purpoſe to *Virginia*,
Us'd every baſer Artifice to gain her,
Promis'd, and vilely threaten'd, flatter'd, ſawn'd.

L. Icil. The Plagues of *Jove*, and his blue
Lightning blaſt him!

Corn.

Corn. But thou might'ſt truſt her, *Lucius*, with the Wretch
Who tempted cold *Diana*, or with him
Who the diſſembl'd Majeſty of *Juno*
Embrac'd with empty Arms.
Thou know'ſt *Virginia*'s Tenderneſs of Soul,
Soft as the Down upon the Wings of *Cupid*;
Yet warm as is the God's own Heart to thee.
Thou know'ſt th' abhorrence which ſhe bears to Vice, (Guilt,
How ſhe ſtarts wildly from the Thought of
Or of Diſhonour; then do thou be Judge
With what Aſtoniſhment, with what Convulſions
Her Soul receiv'd theſe Meſſages from *Appius*;
A Fever dangerous to Life enſu'd. (thou

L. Icil. O give me patience, Heaven, or grow
Enrag'd like me, and hurl th' avenging Thunder.

Corn. *Lucius*, this Villain is below the Thun-
Believe thy ſelf the Delegate of Heaven (der;
T' avenge thy *Rome*, and thy *Virginia* wrong'd.

L. Icil. O! Revenge! Revenge!

Corn. By Duty, and Affection both, ſhe's thine,
By Spouſals not to be diſſolv'd, betroth'd;
And nought but Sacred Rites are wanting now
To make the loveliеſt Maid intirely thine,
That *Rome* or lovely *Italy* can boaſt:
Thoſe Sacred Rites too are juſt now preparing,
And e'er the Sun rolls twice more round the
Thou'lt be compleatly bleſs'd. (Heavens,
Then, *Lucius*, I addreſs my ſelf to thee,
To know what anſwer I muſt ſend to *Appius*.

Hor. Let good *Cornelia* ſend the Tyrant word
She is preparing all things to receive him.

L. Icil.

L. Icil. What means *Horatius!*

Val. O! by all means receive him!

L. Icil. Receive him! How receive him!

Val. Warmly, as Patriots ſhould receive a Tyrant,

Let us receive him, *Lucius*, let us graſp him,
Not by the Hand, but by the faithleſs Heart;
Haſt thou a Dagger, and couldſt ask that Queſtion,
What *Roman* wants one here?

L. Icil. I want not one, by Heaven!

M. Icil. Nor I.

C. Num. Nor I.

P. Num. Nor I.

And tho this Hand by Age enfeebl'd ſhakes,
When lifted at proud *Appius*, 'twill be firm:
Or if it trembles then, 'twill be for fear
Leſt it ſhould miſs his Heart.

Val. Let but the Tyrant come within my reach,
And if my nervous Hand then miſs his Heart,
Like *Scævola*—the Traitor I'll diſown,
And burn it piece-meal from my honeſt Limbs.

M. Icil. There ſpoke the Soul of *Mucius!*

All. The Tyrant dies, he dies! *Appius* dies.

L. Icil. Oh noble Fury! Oh the matchleſs Fire
I hear in every Voice, and ſee in every Eye!
By Heaven, Revenge, Revenge is to be had;
Vengeance and Liberty, Children of *Jove*,
Down from their native Sky come hand in hand,
Our Gods, our Guardian Gods, are here amongſt us.
Then as our Hearts are join'd, join all our Hands,
And let us kneel, and ſolemnly let's ſwear,
Swear by the Gods of *Rome*, thoſe very Gods

That

That are amongſt us now, amongſt us here,
Inſpiring us with more than mortal Minds.
All. Let's ſwear. [*Kneel.*
L. Icil. By *Romulus*, the Founder of our Empire,
Now great *Quirinus*——our propitious God.
All. We ſwear. (ſmall a Riſe
L. Icil. By *Mars*, whoſe Influence from ſo
Rais'd *Rome* to this Magnificence——
All. We ſwear. (ſav'd the State,
L. Icil. By Supreme *Jove*, the Stayer—who
At *Romulus*'s Call, and has decreed
To make his *Romans* his Vicegerents here,
To rule this Under-World.
All. We Swear. (thoſe of Hell,
L. Icil. By all the Powers of Earth, and
By the Infernal King, the Fates, and Furies,
And by our great Forefathers mighty Shades,
By *Brutus*, by *Horatius*, by *Poplicola*,
Whoſe awful Ghoſts we here invoke to riſe,
And with their mighty Spirits fill our Minds;
We ſwear, as here our Hands are join'd in one,
So ſhall our Daggers meet in *Appius*' Heart,
As ſoon as here we have him in the Toyles.
All. So ſhall our Daggers meet in *Appius*' Heart,
As ſoon as here we have him in the Toyles. [*Riſe.*
P. Num. The Tyrant will this guilty Viſit
Unguarded, or attended by a few; (make
However'er, againſt the worſt we muſt provide:
Let each Man here alarm thoſe faithful Friends,
Whom he can with the Fate of *Rome* intruſt,
And introduce them to this place in Perſon;

And

And here, within an Hour, all meet again;
Icilius, only you muſt here remain
To comfort ſad *Virginia*, and conceal
Your Preſence from the Tyrant, who depends
Upon *Virginius* her Father's Abſence,
And on his Ignorance of thy Return.
L. Icil. 'Tis done.
Now, Night, attended by *Megæra*, riſe,
And thy deep Silence, and thy diſmal Shades
Redouble, while to th' infernal King
We offer up this dreadful Sacrifice.
Thou *Rome*, from thy Lethargick Slumber rouſe,
And as the Mother of the Gods with Pride
And Joy her deathleſs Progeny ſurveys,
Behold thy Godlike Sons aſſembled here,
And in their matchleſs Spirits, wondring ſee,
Mars, and Great *Jove*, come down, to ſet thee free.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lucius Icilius, Virginia.

Virg. HOW I have ſuffer'd ſince thou left'ſt me, *Lucius*,
Heaven only knows. (ven and Earth,
L. Icil. How thou ſhalt be reveng'd, both Hea-
And Hell ſhall know.
Virg. Left to my ſelf, thou abſent at *Fidena*,
My Father in the Camp on hoary *Algid*;

Each

Each Hour I thought dire *Appius* would have come,
And with th' Apprehenſion ſtill I tremble.
L. Icil. Prophetick were thy Fears, the Tyrant comes.
Virg. Oh Gods! thou kill'ſt me, *Lucius!*
L. Icil. Periſh ten thouſand Tyrants firſt, like
Virg. Didſt thou not ſay, he comes? (*Appius.*
L. Icil. He comes this very moment.
Virg. Juſt Heaven! for what? (Fate,
L. Icil. To die: Know here in Ambuſh lies his
Thou ſhalt ſee twenty Daggers plung'd at once
Into his impious Breaſt, and be reveng'd
For all the baſe Affronts the Tyrant offer'd.
But ſee my Brother *Marcus* comes in haſte,
And in his Looks a high Concern appears,
His Blood flows mantling o'er his wrathful Face,
Th' avenging Genius of majeſtick *Rome*
Shines on his dreadful Brow. The Tyrant comes!

Enter Marcus Icilius.

Is it not ſo, my *Marcus?*
M. Icil. It is; from his accurſed Gates I watch'd
Along the ſacred way he hither ſteals, (him,
Attended by four Lictors, like a Thief
Who comes by Night to unhoard the precious
Of ſome ſubſtantial Uſurer. (Caſh
L. Icil. Are our Friends come, *Horatius* and *Valerius?* (ready,
M. Icil. 'Twill be yet half an hour e'er they're
But *Appius* in few Minutes will be here.
L. Icil. While I endeavour to confirm *Virginia*,
Thou, *Marcus*, near the Door, his Entrance watch,
And let the Bell give notice of his coming.

Virg.

Virg. Say, doſt thou love me, *Lucius*?
L. Icil. Let my Eyes anſwer thee.
Virg. If e'er thou lov'dſt *Virginia*, let me g
E'er cruel *Appius* comes. (rive
L. Icil. Appius will come before our Friends a
And will be gone, unleſs *Virginia* ſtays him.
Virg. My Heart is form'd of ſuch a tender Mold
I ne'er could ſee the vileſt Creature die.
L. Icil. I know thy wondrous Tenderneſs o
Nature,
But call the Greatneſs of thy Underſtanding,
Call all the Force of Virtue to thy Aid; (ſerv'ſt
Think that the Gods, whom thou ſo warml
Have choſen thee the glorious Inſtrument
Of freeing *Rome*, that under *Appius* groans;
Think, think, that by the part which thou ſhal
bear
In ſuch a glorious Action, thou'lt oblige
Rome, and the Gods, who have predeſtin'd *Rom*
To be the mighty Miſtreſs of the Univerſe.
Virg. The Gods of every Virtue are poſſeſs'd,
'Tis the poſſeſſing all which makes them Gods;
Not ſo are Mortals, but from Heaven derive
Thoſe, which at firſt the forming Hand of *Jove*
Fitted their earthly Organs to receive.
Thus Man in Power, and Intrepidity,
And great Revenge, the Image is of Heaven;
Woman in ſoft Compaſſion, and in Mercy:
The nobler Virtues I admire and love,
Which ſhine ſo bright in my *Icilius'* Soul;
But humbly am content to practiſe thoſe
Which fit the Softneſs of my Sex, and Temper.
L. Icil. But yet the Power which form'd the
Nations, made

His *Romans* of a different Strain from all;
To *Roman* Women he gave nobler Souls
Than e'en to Men of other Nations. Women
Have nobly ſerv'd t' advance his great Deſign;
The Boldneſs of *Herſilia*, and her Friends,
Made *Rome* the Miſtreſs of the *Sabine* Soil:
Lucretia's Virtue Liberty reſtor'd;
Clelia defending it was more than Woman,
Nay more than Man of any other Nation:
And thou, *Virginia*, art ordain'd by Heaven
To free us from inſulting *Appius*' Rage,
And re-eſtabliſh Liberty for ever.
But hark! the Tyrant comes; [*Bell rings.*
Now, now, *Virginia*, ſummon all thy Virtue,
Summon *Rome*'s injur'd Genius to thy Aid:
The Gods, who gave thee all this wondrous Beauty,
To enſlave the very Soul of the proud Wretch,
Who thinks it great his Country to enſlave,
Will, if invok'd, infuſe into thy Breaſt
A Spirit worthy of that matchleſs Form;
And then this barb'rous Tyrant thou'lt receive
With all that Indignation and Diſdain
That worthy is of *Rome*, and worthy me.
But if at laſt thy ſinking Spirits fail thee,
Before the Purple Scene of Death begins,
Thrice ſhall the Larum ſtrike thy trembling Ear,
To give thee timely notice to retire. [*Exeunt.*

[*Manet* Virginia *ſola.*]

Virg. Ye Almighty Powers, who human Nature form'd,
Which at your Pleaſure ye can raiſe or change,
Who, of ſo ſoft, ſo merciful a Mold

Have made me, and have made me yet a *Roman*,
O pour into my pure unſpotted Breaſt
A Beam of your great ſelves! that I at once
Your Terrors and your Mercies may aſſume,
May ſhew a ſoft, and yet a *Roman* Soul,
May flaſh ſuch Lightning in this Tyrant's Face,
Such Horror and Amazement in his Soul,
That he may have a Senſe of all his Crimes,
And may repent, and live.

Enter Appius, Fulvius.

App. Fulvius!

Fulv. My Lord! (watchful;

App. Keep you without, and on your Life be
Entring, I two audacious Slaves obſerv'd,
One dar'd to caſt a Look of Scorn upon me,
The other darted Beams of murd'rous Spight;
I like it not: as thou art faithful to me,
Be diligent and watchful.

Ful. My Lord, I will. [*Exit.*

App. Madam!

Virg. Bleſs me! What are you?

App. One who commands in every Place but (this
But here I come, to obey.

Virg. Who are you?

App. Appius.

Virg. Appius, ſay they, is inſolent and fierce;
Thou haſt the Viſage of an humble Slave.

App. You ſee your Power.

Virg. My Power! (groan.

App. Nay, give the Slave you torture leave to

Virg. I torture you! you wrong me,
But to be falſly accus'd is uſual now; (you
Till now I never ſaw you, never thought of
Nay

Nay ſee you not, and think not of you now.
App. Confuſion! Can I bear this!
Then bluſh Ambition at thy reſtleſs Toil
T' acquire unbounded Power, of which a Girl
Has influence to deprive thee. [*Aſide.*
Yet me you force each Day, and all the Day
To behold you; and for the lovely Sight
I pay down all my Bliſs, and all my Power,
That boundleſs Power which coſt me ſo much Time, (Mind!
And ſo much Thought, and my whole Peace of
Into my Preſence every hour you preſs,
Upon my intimate Retirements preſs; (you.
My Guards that keep out Death, can't keep out
Virg. O wondrous Wiſdom, Godlike Power of Mind!
O Man deſerving to command an Empire!
So abſolutely thou command'ſt thy ſelf,
Such Divine Care thou tak'ſt of thoſe thou rul'ſt,
Now when they're tottering on the Brink of Fate.
App. A Face leſs beautiful than that which now
Compels me Empire to forſake for Love,
Has oft from Heaven allur'd the gazing Gods,
And made them ſtoop to be more happy here:
But if thy Charms before were ſo reſiſtleſs
From thy inimitable Form alone,
Now, now be judge of their Almighty Power,
Now thy ſweet Voice has bleſt my raviſh'd Ears,
While from thy Lips flows Eloquence Divine,
Wiſdom accompliſh'd ev'n in earlieſt Bloom,
As if the Gods had finiſh'd thee with Care,
And then inſtructed thee, and ſent thee down
To give Mankind a Taſte of Bliſs eternal:

Witneſs theſe Gods, who know the Heart of *Appius*;
I'd rather have *Virginia* mine, than Empire.
Virg. I am *Icilius*'s, and he is mine,
Both by indiſſoluble Contract bound.
App. That Contract, I by boundleſs Power diſſolve.
Virg. That Contract is inforc'd by your own Laws.
App. For others, not my ſelf, I form'd thoſe Laws.
Virg. The Gods themſelves are bound by their own Laws.
App. The Gods I know not; I am bound by none.
Virg. But I am bound by all.
App. But I, with your Obedience can diſpenſe.
Virg. With Juſtice, *Jove* himſelf can ne'er diſpenſe;
For ceaſing to be juſt, he ceaſeth to be *Jove*.
App. A Face like thine has made him oft unjuſt,
And oft intrench upon the Marriage-Vow.
Virg. Fictions of idle Bards!
App. Once more, I ſay, your Contract I'll diſſolve.
Virg. As ſoon you may divide our faithful Hearts,
And Love's as much above thy Power as Fate.
App. And are you of my Rival then ſo fond?
Virg. Like Life I love him, for in him I live.
App. You muſt forget him.
Virg. For him alone, I all things have forgot.
App. You muſt be mine.
Virg. I ſee thee not, *Icilius* is between us,
And intercepts my Sight.
App. Come, come, you ſhall be mine.

Virg.

Virg. Ay, now thou ſhew'ſt thy ſelf;
Thou art that proud, that ſtormy Tyrant, *Appius*,
All thy Deformity of Mind breaks out
Upon thy cruel Face, and blaſts my Eyes.
App. Furies! Was ever Inſolence like this?
But 'tis with Juſtice we are us'd with Scorn,
When we forgo the Lordſhip Nature gave us,
Baſely ſubmitting where we ought to rule:
No Whining now, no more unmanly Moan,
I will command thee now, doubly command thee,
As I am Man, and as I lord it here;
I'll humble your proud Scorn, and what's deny'd
To my ſoft Prayer, by boundleſs Power I'll take;
To thee, like *Jove* to *Semele*, I'll come,
And will with Lightning and with Thunder
claſp thee. (cauſe
Virg. Vain Man is inſolent, and proud, be-
He's ignorant, or thoughtleſs of his Fate;
Say, wer't thou to expire the following moment,
Thou know'ſt not but thou mayſt,
Would'ſt thou then talk thus?
App. Yes, well haſt thou inſtructed me,
Since Death for ought I know this hour may
come,
The deareſt Joy that Life can give, I'll graſp,
And ſeize upon it now.
Virg. Ha! have a care! thou know'ſt not
where thou art. (controlable.
App. Where I am ſovereign Lord, and un-
Virg. Tyrant, no!
The injur'd Genius of majeſtick *Rome*,
The Gods, and this controul thee.
[*Holds up a Dagger.*

App. No, every where in *Rome*, I, I am absolute. (is absolute,

Virg. Vain, wretched Man, *Jove*, only *Jove*
And thou the very Slave and Tool of Fate.
That *Jove* is absolute, who me inspir'd
To throw my soft and tender Nature off, (der,
And speak in his own Language, speak in Thun-
To tell thee thy dire Crimes have reach'd their
Thy Perjuries, thy violated Vows, (height,
Thy Rapines, thy Oppressions, and thy Murders.
And now the Hour ordain'd for Vengeance comes,
Now sovereign Justice weighs thee in the Bal-
And the astonishing Decree prepares, (lance,
That's coming out against thee: Hark! even
now! (growls,
Hark! how the dreadful Thunder o'er thee
And is about to part with hideous Roar.
Ah wretched Creature, trembling on thy Knees
Implore sweet Mercy of th' offended Powers,
For Heaven and Earth are leagu'd to thy De-
struction. (told thee this?

App. Ha! thou art strangely mov'd! Who
How! *Fulvius* pale and trembling, Oh Damna-
I'll some directions to my Client give, (tion!
And in a moment wait on you.

Enter Fulvius. (World,

Virg. Ye eternal Gods, who govern this great
And rule the Heart of Man! and thou, Great
To whom are sacred Hospitable Rights, (*Jove*,
Turn, turn the Heart of this detested Tyrant,
Let his Repentance for his Crimes atone,
That his Destruction may not blast my Eyes,
Nor pierce my Ears, nor his polluted Gore

Our

Our houſhold hoſpitable Gods profane.
App. Arm'd Men within theſe Walls! in Vizors too!
The publick Doors made faſt by maſſy Bars,
Some of our nobleſt *Romans* ſtrait expected,
With their Dependents, Clients, and their Friends.
Fulv. To be admitted by a ſecret Paſſage,
Which where it lay, the mercenary Slave (tell.
Whoſe Tongue my Gold unty'd, would never
App. Unleſs we 'ſcape by Artifice, we're loſt.
Fulv. Had they not all been bound by ſolemn Oath
To act in concert, we had now been dead.
App. How ſoon are they expected?
Fulv. Within an hour at fartheſt. (happen'd,
App. Be thy Behaviour ſuch as nought had
In every thing conformable to mine.
Divineſt of thy Sex, thou more than Woman!
Goddeſs of Wiſdom, who vouchſaf'ſt a while
To ſojourn here in mortal Shape below,
And by the ſight of thy Celeſtial Charms
T'allure the World to Virtue;
O let me penitent and proſtrate fall,
And grov'ling on the Earth, implore Forgiveneſs
Of thee, whoſe conſtant Soul, the View of Empire,
Nor Fear of Death, nor what is worſe than Death, (Paths.
Cou'd cauſe to ſwerve from Virtue's ſtricteſt
Virg. What do I ſee! Thy Soul is once more alter'd,
For in thy Voice no lofty Accent's found,
No haughty Inſolence is in thy Air,
Nor cruel Pride on thy preſumptuous Brow;

Deplorable the Look, ſo terrible before,
The Gods by me have ſurely touch'd thy Soul.
App. 'Tis as the gracious Powers foretold it all,
Virg. What Pow'rs? (Dark,
App. Laſt Night, in the dread Silence of the
When Sleep reſembles moſt his Brother Death,
This frightful Viſion ſhook my lab'ring Soul;
In a vaſt Foreſt, deſolate, and wild,
By the dim Horrors of the dusky Moon,
Benighted, and alone, I ſadly ſtray'd;
The frowning Heavens in fearful Gloom appear'd,
About my Head a bluſtring Tempeſt roar'd;
And the Earth bellowing, underneath me ſhook,
And like a Sea diſturb'd by Winds, it wav'd;
Then under me with monſtrous Chaſm it yawn'd,
And I ten thouſand thouſand Fathom fell,
Nor ſtopt, till I the burning Center reach'd,
Saw the dire Secrets of th' infernal World,
Beheld the ſevere Judges of pale Ghoſts,
The Furies, and th' inexorable King;
Beheld the molten Gold of flowing *Styx*,
That caſts a diſmal Light, and ſcares the Damn'd
Virg. O Heaven and Earth! 'tis terrible, it
ſhakes me! (ny Eyes
App. Millions of Ghoſts, that ſtar'd with ſto-
And gnaſh'd with Iron Teeth, I there beheld
Toſs'd from the Banks, amidſt the flaming Gold,
And plung'd by red-hot Prongs of ſnaky Furies;
'Twas in that place my Father's awful Ghoſt
Appear'd, and with a hollow Groan, cry'd *Appius!*
Why *Appius*, haſt thou ſacred *Rome* oppreſt?
Why haſt thou ſtrove to tempt from Virtue's

Paths

he tendereſt, faithfull'ſt, and the chaſteſt Maid,
hat breathes th' Etherial Air? for what thou
haſt done,
oon ſhalt thou hither come a guilty Ghoſt,
nd new unheard-of Torments Hell invents
gainſt thy dire Approach: yet one way's left
' avoid this infinite Abyſs of Woe;
y ſwift Repentance, and ſevere Remorſe
btain Forgiveneſs of offended Mercy;
or ſhe is Mercy's ſelf ſent down from Heaven
Vith her ſweet Look, to ſooth the Cares of Mortals. (the Power,

Virg. Oh Horrour! Horrour! how hadſt thou
uch impious words profanely to pronounce,
fter this dreadful Viſion of the Night?

App. I, as an empty Dream, deſpis'd it all.

Virg. What makes you now regard it?

App. The Gods, by thee, convince me, that
'tis true;
hear it in thy Voice, I ſee it in thy Eyes:
Divinity is in thy troubled Face,
And Heav'n is in thy Air,
By thee the gracious Gods have touch'd my Soul.
[*Bell rings.*

Virg. O! all ye Pow'rs! hark! hark! the
Knell of Death,
That dreadful Larum ſummons thee to Hell,
That Hell which thou ſo terribly deſcrib'ſt;
Swear thy Repentance is ſincere, or elſe
Thou dy'ſt the following moment.

App. Sincere as is thy Virtue, or may Death,
May inſtant Death ruſh in upon my Soul,
And ſend me down to ſuffer thoſe dire Torments,
Which

Which now the cruel Hoſt of Hell prepar
for me. (ment fr
Virg. Swear then that *Rome* is from this m
And thou wilt never dare t' approach me more
App. By my dread Father's awful Ghoſt
ſwear,
By all th' unutterable Powers I ſaw
In th' amazing Viſion of the Night.
(the le
Virg. Paſs thro that Door, then turn upo
And by the glimmering of a winking Lamp
Thou'lt ſpy a Poſtern Gate, and here's the Ke
Which ſtill I have kept t' avoid thy Violence,
By this thou mayſt eſcape. [*Bell ring*
Ah Wretch! this moment fly, or thou art loſt
[*Exit* App
For the laſt time the fatal Larum rings;
[*Bell ring*
Pray Heaven he's gone, or elſe I muſt prepare
My Ears to hear his laſt expiring Groans,
My Eyes to ſee him weltring in his Blood,
And all our hoſpitable Rights profan'd.
Enter L. Icilius, M. Icilius, Horatius, Valeriu
Publius. Num. Caius Num.
(wai
L. Icil. Death and Deſtruction will no longe
No longer will arreſt their lifted Arms,
Rome and *Virginia* urge our Daggers home.
Ha! where is the Traitor?
Virg. He's gone.
L. Icil. Confuſion! gone!
Hor. The Gods forbid!
Val. The Fate of *Rome* defend it!

L. Icil.

L. Icil. No, he's not gone, thy Tenderneſs
would ſave him. (ſav'd him;
Virg. 'Tis his own Virtue and Remorſe have
r oh ſo mild, ſo humble, and ſo chang'd,
penitent is he! (ſembler!
L. Icil. He penitent! Oh, damn the vile Diſ-
ppoſe he were, after a thouſand Crimes,
l of the fearful'ſt, of the blackeſt Hue,
ter he has bound, and robb'd, and murder'd
Rome,
all he be quit for half an hour's Remorſe?
e never ſhall, he's in the Toils, we have him,
nd every *Roman* here is perjur'd, damn'd,
ho makes not Vengeance ſure.
or ſhall our Country loſe the great Example;
he noble Deed which we to-night perform,
all blaſt a thouſand Tyrants in the Bud;
mbition ſhall but hear the dreadful Tale,
nd trembling o'er the mortal Sound expire.
ome, my *Virginia* ſays but this to try me.
Virg. He's gone, by Heaven he's gone.
L. Icil. Impoſſible! for Death himſelf ſtood
Centry, (trance.
nd arm'd with twenty Darts, ſecur'd the En-
Virg. But *Appius* by the Poſtern Gate eſcap'd,
All. Ha!
P. Num. Then we are loſt.
L. Icil. All's loſt!
Val. Farewel Revenge.
Hor. Farewel the Hope of Liberty for ever.
L. Icil. O curſed Chance! O fond Credulity!
Virg. I tell thee, never Man was ſo much al-
nd *Rome*'s by this time free. (ter'd,

L. Icil.

L. Icil. *Rome* is for ever loſt, we all are loſt
And thou, alas, the moſt undone of Women;
O, by the Gods I pity thee, but why,
O why haſt thou reduc'd me to weak Pity?
(diſperſ
P. Num. We muſt diſperſe, without dela
Or ſoon the Tyrant with his murdring Guard
Will be upon our Lives: *Icilius* thou,
And thou my Son, muſt haſte to old *Fidenæ*;
To hoary *Algid*, thou, O *Marcus* hie,
T' inform *Virginius* of his Daughter's Danger;
Publiſh thro both the Camps the Tyrant's dea
And then exhort the Troops to furl their Sta
dards,
And poſt away to *Rome*: *Horatius* thou,
And thou *Valerius* keep thy Friends in Arms,
And try to raiſe the murm'ring People here.
I will to *Claudius*, Uncle to dire *Appius*,
Whoſe grave Authority alone has Power
To turn and bend the ſtubborn Tyrant's Will;
He may perhaps perſuade him to deſiſt
From his accurs'd Attempt. Let us be gone.
All. Let us be gone, away.
Virg. What will become of me? *Icilius*, ſta
L. Icil. Not for the World.
Virg. If e'er thou lov'dſt me ſtay, I charg
thee ſtay.
L. Icil. No, to preſerve *Virginia* I muſt fly.
Virg. Have I prefer'd *Icilius* to the World,
And he deſerts me at my extremeſt need?
Ah! Canſt thou leave me to the Rage of *Appius*?
L. Icil. You to the Rage of *Appius*! Madam!
you!

His

is Patroneſs! his Benefactreſs! you
o whom he owes his Life! his very Being!
ho ſav'd him, when the World could not
have ſav'd him,
ho frankly ſacrific'd your Country to him,
ll your Relations, all your Friends at once,
nd your poor Lover above all—Adieu.

Virg. Thou ſhalt not go, unleſs thou tear'ſt
my Limbs from me
' attend upon my Heart. [*Embraces him.*

L. Icil. Reſolve to ſee me murder'd in your
Arms,
ho can defend you from the Tyrant then?
ee, where he comes amidſt his curſed Guards!
[*Lets him go.*

Virg. Help, Murder!
Lucius, thou haſt deceiv'd me, thou unkind one.

L. Icil. Deceiv'd you, to preſerve you, which
nought now
ut a Revolt of all the Legions can:
, for that purpoſe to *Fidenæ* fly,
ut ſoon, depend upon it, will return.

Virg. O ſtay one Moment longer.

L. Icil. No, tho I feel the Pangs the Dying feel,
hen Soul and Body part, I dare not ſtay.
hat ho, within there! See *Cornelia* comes.

Enter Cornelia.

o thy dear Care, *Cornelia*, I commit
y Life, my Soul, do thou conduct her ſafely
o *Numitorius*' Houſe, till my return, (ing.
hich ſhall be with the earlieſt Dawn of Morn-
arewel, my Life, farewel. [*Exit.*

Virg. He's gone, and I ſhall never ſee him more,
Ne'er

Ne'er ſee the ſacred Fountain of my Life,
Virginius, more.
Corn. Before to-morrow Sun's has reach'd
They'll both be here, your Father and your
Fidenæ lies within the Ken of *Rome*,
And *Algidum* but twelve miles diſtant hence.

Virg. The Tyrant will be here to-night,
And who ſhall ſave me from his Fury now?
Deliver me, ye Gods, whom I have ſerv'd
With ſo much Zeal; or if the reſt forſake me,
Come Death and ſave me from the Tyrant's Fury

Corn. Come think of Life, of Happineſs,
Think of the warm and tender Love of *Lucius*
Virg. 'Tis hard indeed to die, and think of
And I muſt try to live this dreadful Night;
I'll with my Uncle *Numitorius* ſtay,
And if my Love returns not with the Day,
To morrow to th' *Aſylum* I'll retire
Of aweful *Veſta*, and augment the Choir
Of the chaſte Maids, who watch th'eternal Fire.

[*Exeunt*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Claudius, Publius Numitorius.

Claud. FORCE! Can he barbarouſly threaten Force?

P. Num. Yes, threaten both by Proxy and in
And one ſo proud, ſo cruel, and ſo fierce,

As

s if that Nature form'd him for her Ruin,
more than like to bring these Threats to prac-
nd we have lost all hope to save *Virginia*, (tice,
nless you kindly shelter her from Fate.
ou only he respects, and you esteems
he living Glory of his noble Race;
nd your Authority has more than once
een known to bend his cruel Soul to Mercy.
hen noble *Claudius*, let me here conjure you,
y the bright Honour of the *Claudian* Race,
Vhich the black Crime that *Appius* now designs
s like to eclipse with fearful Infamy;
y the high Justice of the Cause it self,
Have pity on *Virginia*'s lost Estate.
) did you but survey this mournful Maid,
The Sight of her would surely pierce a Soul,
Much harder to be mov'd than that of *Claudius*.
(much,

Claud. *Virginia*'s Danger surely moves me
But Oh this curs'd Tyrant's moves me more;
For Oh he headlong to Destruction runs,
And to eternal Infamy.
If he pursues his damn'd Design, he's gone,
His Hour is come; and all his blustring Rage
(O dreadful Scandal to the *Claudian* Race!)
At the foot of the *Tarpeian* Rock will fall.

P. *Num.* Hark!
Bless me, what noise is that which still grows
nearer? (shriek.

Claud. Some Women in distress for Succour
(here,

P. *Num.* What, is there Violence committed
Here, in the publick Streets of *Rome*, by Day?
Now

Now by yon Heaven 'tis poor *Virginia*'s Voice
(tru
Claud. Is't poſſible? Nay then your Fears we
By Heaven 'tis ſhe, and with her good *Cornelia*
And who purſues them? O ye immortal Gods!
Fulvius, the Tyrant's moſt deteſted Creature;
Who thinks his Maſter'sPower will be perpetua
And hopes to raiſe his wretched Fortune by it.
Let us a while obſerve him at a diſtance.

Enter Virginia, Cornelia, Fulvius, *and others.*

Virg. O Earth, and Heaven! What have I liv
I charge thee come not near me. (to hear
Corn. Profane her not with thy deteſted Touch
Virg. Nor hurt my Eyes with thy deteſte
Corn. Be gone! (Sigh
Fulv. Yes, I will go, but not without *Virginia*
Virg. O help *Diana!* help eternal *Veſta!*
Help all ye Powers, Protectors of the Chaſte!
Corn. What does the Villain mean?
Fulv. To ſeize upon my Slave where'er I fin
her. (Stone
You Rogues, who ſtand unmov'd like ſenſle
Nay are not half ſo much alive as Statues,
Dogs! Villains! bear her off, and do your Duty
Claud. Fulvius! Ho! *Fulvius! Fulvius!* Sto
I charge thee;
'Tis I, 'tis *Claudius* who commands thy Stay.
Virg. Juſt Heaven has heard my Prayer.
Fulv. O my good Lord! Stop there, ye Slaves
a moment;
My noble Lord! You are a Friend to Juſtice;
This is my Slave, detain'd from me too long
By the unjuſt Oppreſſion of *Virginius.*

Virg

Virg. O ye immortal Gods! (dumb,
Corn. See if this Villain ſtrikes not *Claudius*
And harrows him with Wonder! (of!
Claud. Is this thy Slave? O Villany unheard
Unparallel'd! unprecedented Impudence!
Hear me, and ponder what I tell thee well,
For it concerns thee near: If thou believ'ſt
I am a Stranger to the damn'd Deſign,
Of which thou'rt made the execrable Tool,
Thou err'ſt; and if thou ever lov'dſt thy ſelf,
Repent, while yet 'tis given thee to repent,
And on thy Knees implore this Lady's Mercy;
E'en now repent, or now the Hour comes on
When thou wilt curſe thy ſelf for unbelieving.
And if thou think'ſt thy impious Lord can ſave
thee,
Vengeance Divine will undeceive thee ſoon.
He ſoon will want the Power to ſave himſelf;
For he's a curſed Thing caſt off by *Jove*,
And to th' avenging Furies given up.
Go tell him this from me. (way,
Fulv. My Lord, he'll in a moment paſs this
This will ſound better from your Mouth than
mine. (more;
Claud. And by th' immortal Gods I'll tell him
Yes, in his Ears I'll thunder ſuch a Peal,
As his Lethargick Conſcience ſhall awake,
And make him mad to cure him. (leave,
Fulv. I humbly of your Lordſhip take my
And beg that with me I may take my Slave.
Claud. Now by the Gods, name ſuch another
Word,
I'll pour the *Roman* People in upon thee;

And Ruin, like a Torrent, ſhall o'erwhelm thee.
Thou o'ergrown Impudence! Thou frontleſs
Villany! (thee!
Can ought that looks like Heaven belong to
Caſt but thy Eyes upon that lovely Face,
Then try, if thou dar'ſt claim her as thy Slave?
Alas I rave! thou want'ſt the very Power
To look upon her with a ſtedfaſt Eye;
The Bird of Night can ſooner bear the Sun,
Than thou the ſacred Influence of her Eyes.
But with a guilty and a downcaſt Look
Thou art compell'd to own that thou art aw'd
By a ſuperior and diviner Being. (ſpeak well,
Fulv. My Lord! Your Lordſhip always could
But ſtill your Words were never yet our Laws;
Therefore I muſt intreat my noble Lord
Either t' allow this Woman to be mine,
Or elſe that you and *Publius Numitorius*
Would give your ſolemn Words, that in an Hour,
She, whom you call *Virginia*, ſhall appear
In her own Perſon in the publick Court,
Where it may be determin'd by plain Law
Whether ſhe is my legal Slave or no:
One or the other ſure my Lord will grant,
Or elſe he muſt obſtruct the Courſe of Juſtice.
Claud. Juſtice! O Villain! Dar'ſt thou barely
name her?
The very Sound ſhould make thee hide thy Head,
As that of Thunder does the Foes of Gods.
And doſt thou dare then to perſiſt in this?
Fulv. My Lord, I muſt, and will perſiſt.
Claud. I plainly ſee thou dar'ſt not but perſiſt,
Then here I give my ſolemn Word.

*

P. Num. And I give mine.
Both. That in an hour *Virginia* ſhall appear.
Fulv. Health and long Happineſs attend your Lordſhip!
And ſo, my noble Lord, I take my leave. [*Exit.*
Claud. Yes, yes, ſhe ſhall appear, let not that Thought
Diſturb thee; but e'er yet the Sun rolls round,
Thou'lt howling wiſh thou hadſt loſt thy dear-eſt Blood
That ſhe had ne'er appear'd.
P. Num. See where amidſt his Guard the Tyrant comes.
Claud. Do you conduct the Ladies, I'll expect him.
P. Num. Come, ſweet *Virginia*, good *Cornelia* come,
We muſt prepare t' appear before dire *Appius*:
Short is our time, and we have much to do.
Virg. My Time is ſhort indeed, but long enough
To ſhew I am a *Roman*, and no Slave.
[*Exeunt* Virg. P. Num. & Con.

Enter Appius.

Claud. Decemvir, ſtop a moment.
App. What would my honour'd Uncle?
Claud. Command your Lictors to withdraw a while,
And keep the People at a greater diſtance.
App. Guards, let my Uncle be forthwith obey'd.
Now what would you command me? (ſelf;
Claud. I come to beg thee to command thy
I come to give thee warning of the Vengeance
Which thou'rt about to pull from Heaven upon thee.
App. For what?
Claud. Dar'ſt thou, created to eſtabliſh Law,

Dar'ſt thou attempt a thing againſt all Law,
Even Nature's Sacred and Original Law?

App. What is this horrid thing?

Claud. What! Dare the Judge of *Rome* commit a Rape
A Rape on a Free Woman?

App. I commit a Rape?

Claud. You!

App. On whom?

Claud. The young and blooming Daughter of *Virginius*.

App. Who told you this?

Claud. Why is ſhe brought before thy black Tribunal
On this moſt impudent Pretence of Slavery?
Who told me this! you take it for a Secret,
When 'tis the univerſal Talk of *Rome*.

App. Should any *Roman* elſe but dare to talk,
I'd make him howl, yes by the Gods I would.
Did I acquire this Independent Power,
To be controul'd by the baſe Scum of *Rome*?
I got it to controul them, and to ride them;
To ride them hard, and uſe the Spur or Rein
As it ſeems good to me.

Claud. If you go on,
You'll find them but a wild and dangerous Beaſt,
Who firſt will throw, then ſtamp upon their Rider.
And dar'ſt thou raſhly thus prefer thy ſelf
Before the Body of the *Roman* People?
But this aſſure thy ſelf, if thou proceed'ſt,
The People whom ſo raſhly thou contemn'ſt,
Will make thee feel their Excellence; their Strength
Will riſe, and will revenge *Virginia* wrong'd,
And pour down Ruin on thy curſed Head.

App.

App. I fear them not, they ſay themſelves are wrong'd,
And yet you ſee they bear it.
Claud. Becauſe, tho all of them agree in Thought,
They know not one another; but when Heaven
Would mighty Revolutions bring to paſs,
It always for a great Occaſion waits,
That may awake and rouze the ſlumbring World;
And that Occaſion thou art going to give,
To do the moſt provoking of all Wrongs.
The *Roman* People
Have borne thy Pride, thy Cruelty, thy Rapines,
Thy horrible Oppreſſions, and thy Murders;
And the ſame People bore all this from *Tarquin*:
But when he baſely came to force their Women,
That rouz'd them from their long lethargick Slumber,
Soon they appear'd true Offſprings of Love's Goddeſs;
And, like a half-tam'd Lion urg'd to Madneſs,
Aloud they roar'd, and ramping ſcar'd their Keeper.
That which confounded *Tarquin*, confounds thee;
Yet *Tarquin* dy'd an Exile in his Bed,
But thou wilt from the dreadful Rock be thrown.
App. Well! ſince at laſt I am compell'd to ſpeak,
Swear thou wilt keep the Secrets of our Houſe,
And I'll diſcloſe my Soul to thee.
Claud. I ſwear!
App. Know then I love *Virginia*, even to Madneſs love her;
So deſp'rate, ſo outrageous is my Flame,
That to poſſeſs I'll venture any Death,
Yes, the moſt cruel, and moſt infamous;
For fierce Deſire extends me on the Rack,

And of neceſſity I muſt poſſeſs,
Or in moſt cruel Torments muſt expire.
Claud. Die then with Infamy, thou curſed thing!
Thou merit'ſt it: But has thy bleeding Country
Deſerv'd that thou ſhould ſtill inflict more
Wounds?
Think, think thou ſeeſt thy great Forefathers all
Ariſe from Hell to fright thee from this Deed;
And ſee old *Appius Claudius* at their head,
Thy aweful and thy ever-honour'd Father.
Oh! had he but an Arm of Fleſh and Blood,
Degenerate Boy, to uſe a Father's Right,
Here in the midſt of this polluted *Forum*,
Here in the midſt of all thy curſed Guards,
He'd do what all my Words want power to do,
And with his Dagger pierce thy cruel Heart.
App. No more, thou troubl'ſt me; all this I give
To my Relation, and the *Claudian* Race:
But trouble me no more, I cannot bear it.
Claud. Yes, tho I die for't, thou ſhalt bear it all:
But if thou canſt contemn the *Claudian* Race,
If thou contemn'ſt thy dying Country's Groans,
Which might have power to melt a Heart of
Marble;
If nought has force to move thy ſavage Soul,
But the young blooming Daughter of *Virginius*,
If e'er thou lov'dſt her, for her ſake deſiſt.
She is indeed ſo lovely, that ſhe ſeems
Form'd by the Gods to be deſir'd by Men.
But into what dire Ruin art thou plunging
This ſweeteſt, loveliеſt Workmanſhip of Heaven?
How will ſo damn'd a Deed as thou deſign'ſt,
Deface this wondrous Maſter-piece of Nature?

Tho

Thou art about to rob her of that Sweetneſs,
That charms the Eyes and Hearts of all Beholders;
To render her contemptible and cheap
To all the World, and odious even to thee,
And to her ſelf moſt loathſome; and for what?
For a frail Joy, ſo fading and ſo ſhort,
It dies before 'tis thought of; nay not Joy,
For thy Deſign has made her ſtrongly hate thee,
Deteſt thee, loath thee, utterly abhor thee.

App. All this a thouſand thouſand times I have thought,
Have done whatever mortal Man could do,
To tear this curſed Paſſion from my Breaſt;
Or elſe Hell's blackeſt Torments were my Due.
I have forborn my neceſſary Food,
The Food that Health and Life it ſelf requir'd;
Have paſt the livelong Nights in Thought profound,
Without admitting Slumber to my Eyes; (found,
Have weakned Life to mortify my Paſſion,
But like a ſtrong Diſeaſe it ſtill increas'd,
And flouriſh'd in my Weakneſs.

Claud. Make an Effort, a violent Effort;
Perſiſting, thou grow'ſt hateful to the Gods,
Deteſtable to all the Race of Men,
And to thy ſelf moſt loathſom and moſt horrible:
You want not Reaſon, if you would exert it.

App. I have no power to exert this feeble Reaſon,
For Oh! ſome God, ſome cruel God has fix'd
This Madneſs of Deſire within my Mind;
Yes, 'tis the dire Effect of Wrath Divine!
For O I rave! I rave! a raging Fever Shakes

Shakes my tempeſtuous Frame, devours my Blood,
And ſcorches and conſumes my inmoſt Marrow.
In vain I ſtruggle in the Toiles of Fate,
I ſtruggle till I roar with burning Fury,
Curſe my falſe Stars, and partial Gods accuſe.
The more I ſtruggle, I'm the more perplex'd,
The more by ſtrong Neceſſity involv'd,
And Rage adds Force and Fury to my Love,
And makes my Reaſon weaker. Come ye *Claudii*,
Come ever-glorious, ever-honour'd Race,
And thou old awful *Appius* at their head;
Aſcend from Hell with all Hell's Rage about you,
Come and ſurvey this miſerable Breaſt,
And here's a ſight will turn your Rage to Grief,
And ſend you back to Hell with ſuch a Tale,
As ſhall have power to move the Damn'd to pity.

Enter Tribune.

Who art thou that preſumptuouſly intrud'ſt
Upon our private Talk? But by thy Garb,
And by thy Air thou ſhouldſt a Tribune be,
Sent by my Collegues on important Matters.

Trib. Yes, ſent by the *Decemvirs*, who command
The Legions that incamp upon Mount *Algid*;
Who ſend you Health and this. [*Gives Letters.*

App. Reads.] *The Arrival in the Camp of* Marcus, *Brother to* Lucius Icilius, *the late Tribune of the People, has inclin'd the Legions to a Revolt, who threaten to pull up their Standards, and march directly to* Rome. *The News of your Death has*

s been maliciouſly ſpread thro the Camp, to ani-
te the Legions to a Rebellion; and tho we have
oduc'd Letters from you of a freſher Date than
e Report, yet ſtill the Report prevails: ſeveral
ibunes and Centurions have already left the
rmy. If the Torrent encreaſes, it will be too
ong for us to ſtem; aſſiſt us as ſoon as poſſible
th your Counſels, and with your Power. Fare-
l.

ome to my Houſe within an Hour, and there
ou ſhall receive your Anſwer. [*Exit* Tribune.
amnation! theſe preſumptuous Rebels brave
me;
es, they pretend to force *Virginia* from me,
o force my Empire from me, force my Life,
hich ſpight of all their Fury I'll maintain:
et them come on, and by the Gods I'll face them
ith ſuch a Spirit as ſhall damp their Rage,
nd ſtrike it dead within their Coward Hearts.
s fierceſt Beaſts by Men reſolv'd are tam'd,
ll humble their rebellious Pride, I will
ew them a Man, a Being that's above them,
rn to command, as they are born to obey.
(the Legions

Claud. What Force can you oppoſe againſt
ncamp'd on *Algid*'s Mount?

App. The other Army at *Fidenæ*'s mine.

Claud. No, the other Army burns with noble
Thirſt
f great Revenge for their *Dentatus*' Murder,
hom thou wilt now inflame beyond all Pa-
tience

By

By injuring their other Hope, *Icilius*.

App. I have a ſtedfaſt Party in them all,
Beſides my Guards and Forces in the Town.

Claud. Too few, too weak, too wretched t
The ſolid Body of the Tribes and Legions.

App. Then by the Gods I'll with them joi
March at the head of the victorious *Sabines*,
And lead the conquering *Æqui* to theſe Walls;
Sink this proud City in a Sea of Blood,
And greatly ruin what I could not rule.

Claud. Hadſt thou directly thy Deſcent deriv'
From a ſucceſſive Race of fifty Tyrants,
Thou couldſt not ſpeak one more: but be aſſur'
If thou'rt reſolv'd on Ruin, 'tis thy own;
Our Patron Gods this City will defend,
As ſoon thy miſerable Fate will ſhew.

App. Let the Reſult be what it will, I'll on;
For ſhould I now my high Command reſign,
And more inglorioufly my Love forgo,
'Twould all be imputed to ignoble Fear;
Yes, they would brag they ſcar'd me like a Gi
That I my Miſtreſs yielded like a Coward,
And baſely ran from boundleſs Power away.
No, by yon glittering Lamp that rules the Day,
Eclipſing all th' inferiour Lights of Heaven,
From hence I'll to my dread Tribunal go,
As a Pretext to blind the ſtupid Croud,
Adjudge *Virginia* to be Slave to *Fulvius*.
The Maſter o'er his Slave has Power of Life
Or Death, and that includes all other Powers;
And *Fulvius* ſtrait transfers his Power to me,

nd then, ye Gods, I'll ſeize th' enchanting Joy,
nd to the Heaven of Heavens my Raptures raiſe. (thy Tribunal?

Claud. Thou go'ſt from hence, thou ſay'ſt, to

App. Immediately I go.

Claud. I'll meet thee there, and plead *Virginia*'s Cauſe.

App. You dare not.

Claud. Tyrant, I dare and will.

App. Diſcloſe my Secret, and your Life ſhall anſwer't. (Boy?

Claud. Ha! doſt thou threaten me, degenerate
value this old Life at the ſame rate,
s thou the old Honour of the *Claudian* Houſe:
ut yet for my own ſake I'll keep thy Secret;
or never any of our noble Race
ar'd to betray his Truſt, excepting thee.
ut I'll do that which more a thouſand times
hall gall and wring thy Heart.

App. What will you do? (thy Soul,

Claud. I'll pour ſuch ſtrong Conviction on
ven in the Eyes of all th' aſſembled People,
s ſhall be follow'd by thoſe dreadful Furies
hat wait upon Remorſe, and puniſh mighty Crimes. (Scorpions,
es, they ſhall ſcourge thee with a Scourge of
nd give thee a Taſte of Hell beforehand here.

App. Thou talk'ſt in vain, I will perſiſt till Death.

Claud. 'Tis not thy wretched Life I go to ſave,
go to ſave the Honour of the *Claudii*,
nd ſhew th' aſſembled People that our Houſe,
ur noble Houſe abhors ſuch things as theſe;

But

But thy brute Soul was ſhuffled in among us
By the miſtake of ſome o'er-haſty God.
As for thy Life, it is not worth my Care,
That and thy Empire are already loſt;
And ſo to the revenging Gods I leave thee. [Exit

App. Well, if for Love I Empire muſt forgo,
While in her Arms the Joys of Heaven I know,
I'll learn to ſcorn the wretched World below.
[Exit

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter P. Num. Caius.

Cai. OH honour'd Sir!

P. Num. Oh *Caius* welcome! Oh thouſand Welcomes!
But where's *Icilius?* ſpeak!

Cai. Ye Gods! what dire Calamity has happen'd
I never ſaw you thus diſturb'd before.

P. Num. Oh! I have reaſon! yes we all have reaſon
But once more where's *Icilius?*

Cai. He only ſtaid to ſee the Forces march,
And then reſolv'd to poſt away to *Rome.*

P. Num. What mean'ſt thou?

Cai. I left the Army furling all their Standards
And ordering all things for a ſpeedy March,
To meet the other Army on Mount *Aventine.*

P. Num.

P. Num. The Gods be prais'd, then *Rome*'s to-
morrow free:
But, Oh! *Virginia* will be loſt to-night.
Do thou poſt back, and ſpur thy Courſer hard,
And bid *Icilius* haſte to ſave *Virginia*.
Cai. What muſt I ſay her Danger is? (fly
P. Num. Oh I want time to inform thee; I muſt
As faſt as theſe old feeble Limbs will let me,
And whiſper to *Virginia* what I have heard,
Our only Hope now lies in gaining time.
Cai. But I with ſpeed came here before *Icilius*
To ſummon you, *Horatius* and *Valerius*,
To meet him an Hour hence at his own Houſe.
P. Num. To urge that Meeting, be thy Fa-
ther's Care;
From hence I'll to the Tyrant's black Tribunal,
Then find *Valerius* and *Horatius* out,
Now buſy'd in aſſociating our *Romans*
T'aſſert their Country's Freedom, and their own.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws*, Appius, Claudius, Virginia, Cornelia, *Attendants*. *Guards diſcover'd.*

App. What the Complainant urges, you have (heard;
Of whom you call *Virginia* is his Slave,
Born of his legal Slave in his own Houſe,
From thence convey'd, almoſt as ſoon as born,
At the Requeſt of her reputed Mother,
Wife to *Virginius*, thence ſuppos'd her own,
And as her own brought up: This *Fulvius* urges,
And this he binds himſelf to prove, as ſoon
As from Mount *Algidum Virginius* comes,
Where

Where he commands as Præfect of a Legion;
Till he returns then, ſhe remains with *Fulvius*.
Claud. With *Fulvius!*
Corn. Tyrant, no!
Virg. The Gods forbid! (her Freedom
App. Till he appears who has Right t' aſſert
The Slave muſt in her Maſter's power remain;
So ſays the Law, and what that ſays is Juſtice.
Virg. That I'm a Slave can never be deny'd,
But, Thanks to *Appius*, ſo is every *Roman*;
Nay *Rome*, our ſacred Mother, is no more:
But tho ſhe is now a Slave, thou foundſt her free
And I with her had Liberty retain'd,
Had *Appius* either Gratitude or Juſtice:
But thou mayſt find that ſtill 'tis in my power
To free my ſelf, and *Rome*. Oh great *Lucretia*
Claud. Hear her! Is this the Language of a
Slave? (*Appius*
Art thou the Judge of *Rome?* Think, think, O
The Father will be ſent for, and conſider,
That Father once was thy moſt valu'd Friend,
And endleſs were thy Obligations to him.
How wilt thou bear his vaſt and boundleſs Grief
The Grief of ſuch a Father, one ſo nice,
So tender of the Honour of his Houſe,
And of his Child ſo fond, he lives in her,
He doats, and knows no Joy in Life but her?
How wilt thou bear his Looks, by Nature awful,
Now render'd terrible by mortal Wrong?
How wilt thou bear *Icilius'* wrathful Eyes,
And the o'erflowing Torrent of his Rage?
App. I fear him not.
Claud. If not for fear, at leaſt for pity ſpare
him; For

For what a Grief, and what a Loſs will his be?
Let cruel *Appius* take his place a moment,
And be the Lover of this charming Maid.
App. I her Lover! (around,
Claud. Does that offend thee? Caſt thy Eyes
And view this numerous People, view them near-
ly, (vers,
View thy own Guards, ſee who are not her Lo-
See how with Eyes and Hearts they all adore her.
Now take a ſtedfaſt View of her thy ſelf,
Ha! thou art ſtruck, yes by the Gods thou'rt
caught,
And Love triumphant ſits upon thy Brow.
App. Mov'd, but not alter'd. (of Fleſh,
Claud. Yes, thou this moment haſt a Heart
And art not more inhuman than thy Murderers;
How canſt thou then reſolve the very next
To throw off Nature, be a curſed Fiend,
T'inflict a Torment which Hell never knew?
For if *Virginia*'s given to this Wretch,
To be by him abandon'd to the power (him,
Of ſome more glorious Villain, who ſuborns
Who proudly thinks he has a Right t'enjoy
Whate'er his Fancy unconfin'd deſires,
And whoſe licentious Will's his only Law;
Conſider how thou robb'ſt her in a moment
Of all that e'er was counted dear to Mortals,
Her Friends, Relations, Father, Lover, Country,
All loſt, and all at once!
O fathomleſs Abyſs of endleſs Woe!
O infinitely miſerable Maid! (with Patience,
App. You've ſpoke at large, and we have heard
Nor would I here before the *Roman* People
Diſgrace

Diſgrace the eldeſt of the *Claudian* Race!
Uninterrupted therefore have you ſpoke.
But you preſume too much on this Relation,
And to diſcharge this Slave would raiſe the Pe
All we can do for her, and for *Virginius*, (pl
Is to ſecure her honourable Uſage
Till his Return; which here we ſtrictly promi
So, *Fulvius*, take your Slave.

Claud. O Tyrant!

Corn. O Villain! amazing Villain!
(Thoughts of Morta

Virg. Ye Powers, who view the inmo
What have I done to merit this?

Enter Publius Numitorius.
(niſh'd al

P. Num. Ha! pale and trembling, and aſt
Icilius comes, gain all the Time you can,
And ſooth this impious Judge. (mome

Virg. Lord *Appius*, I have things of high
Of which I muſt inform you, and adjure yo
To give me Audience e'er you leave the Foru
[*Exeu*

Manet Appius, Virginia, *Guards.*

App. Guards, keep at diſtance.
What are your Commands?

Virg. Look upon me well;
Appius, thou know'ſt me not, for if thou didſ
Thou wouldſt not, nay thou couldſt not uſe
Is then laſt Night ſo utterly forgot? (th

App. No, never, never will it be forgot.
(De

Virg. Then by the Terrors of that dread
From which thou wert deliver'd by my Han

By the more dreadful Torments of the Damn'd
By which you ſwore, and which even then had
ſeiz'd you,
Had not I caſt a Look of Mercy on you,
Revoke this cruel and unjuſt Decree.
App. That upon you depends, for be but mine,
And you're not only free, but great and glorious.
(power,
Virg. You know you ask what is not in my
I have already told you I'm another's.
(Charm,
App. Damnation light on him! What curſed
What Philter has he us'd to touch thy Heart?
Virg. The Charm, the Philter, which he us'd,
was Love.
App. Let it be try'd by Love who beſt deſerves
And he is loſt, undone. (thee,
A formal Wedlock, and an equal Dowry
Are the dull Proofs that every Fool can give
Of a groſs vulgar Paſſion; but, fond Maid,
What has he done? What has he ſuffer'd for you?
The greateſt Sacrifice that Man can make
To Woman, nay to Goddeſs, is Ambition:
That Darling of my Soul to you I ſacrifice,
And for the paſſing Pleaſure of a moment,
At once I venture Empire, Life, and Fame.
For well I know the Act to which you force me,
Will ſoon endanger all.
Virg. I force you!
App. Yes, Cruel, to deſpair and die you force
And ſhew no Pity in the very Hour (me,
When for your ſelf you ask it e'en of me.

Virg. Why do you ask ſuch things I dare not think of,
And much leſs hear?

App. He who can ſacrifice Ambition to you,
Will ſacrifice the World: and therefore know
That all that I deſire is holy, juſt;
Marriage ſhall join us by its ſacred Rites,
And you my Heart and Empire ſhall command.

Virg. Patricians ſtill muſt marry with Patricians,
'Tis your own Law; my Father's no Patrician.

App. That Obſtacle's remov'd, he ſhall be made one,
And be with Riches and with Honours crown'd.

Virg. Such generous Offers at the leaſt require,
That I with Freedom ſhould diſcloſe my Heart;
My Father, Uncle, all my Friends are Patriots,
And would diſown me, ſhould I marry one
Who has enſlav'd their Country and themſelves.

App. Ev'n that Impediment I will remove;
Swear thou art mine, and *Rome* this hour is free:
To purchaſe thee I'll part with dear-bought Empire,
And am content you ſhould continue cruel
Till you behold the *Roman* People rule,
And brave *Virginius* Tribune of the People.

Virg. Nay, then I pity thee.

App. Speak on! O Muſick that enchants my Soul!
Riſe one Step higher, pronounce a ſofter Word.

Virg. I never can.

App. O yes, you muſt, you muſt ev'n now; I adjure you
By all that more than Human Grace that flows from you,
By the ſoft God who takes his Pow'r from you,

And in your Eyes as in his Heav'n reſides,
And by the Pow'r of Death from which you
ſav'd me,
O ſave me not by halves, for ſtill I die!
Nay more than die, for I but live to Pain;
Pain, without Hope, the Life the Damn'd endure:
But tho the Damn'd ne'er hope, they never love.
In me Deſire adds Torment to Deſpair:
But O! a Word, a Smile, a Glance from you
Has pow'r to raiſe me up from more than Death,
And turn the more than Hell I feel, to Heav'n.
(Maid!

Virg. O Words that might allure a worthier
Oh! *Lucius!* how thou triumph'ſt in my Heart!
Yet grant me one thing, and we both are happy.

App. Ha! Name it, and 'tis yours.

Virg. As you to Love have ſacrific'd Ambition;
Oh make another yet more noble Sacrifice,
And to your Reaſon offer up your Love.

App. Is that in *Appius'* power?

Virg. Not in your pow'r!

App. No, can a feeble Mortal reſiſt Heav'n?
The Gods, the Gods ferment this mad Deſire.
(Crimes,

Virg. Make not the Gods the Authors of your
They gave you Reaſon to ſubdue your Paſſions.
(are ſent;

App. Yes, all but thoſe that from themſelves
But they come ruſhing with reſiſtleſs Fury,
While Reaſon to Divinity gives way.
I hate my ſelf for this deteſted Paſſion;
And my Heart bleeds within my Breaſt for thee,
O thou divineſt, and thou beſt of Maids,

And thou moſt wretched, I could die to ſave thee:
Yet I, I ruin thee, for I muſt on;
Yes, I am goaded on by mortal Stings.
O I am ſtung to Madneſs! O Damnation!
All Hell, all Hell is in my burning Entrails,
I'll bear no more, I muſt, I will have Eaſe.
Look down, look down, whatever God thou art,
Who driv'ſt poor *Appius* on to his ſad Fate,
Behold ev'n now, thy cruel Will obey'd.

Virg. O Heav'n! his ſparkling bloody Eyes look wild,
Look terrible. Now, now ye Powers aſſiſt me!

App. Now ſpeak for the laſt time, Will you be mine?
Will you, the Daughter of the brave *Virginius*,
To *Rome* and Glory ſacrifice your Paſſion?

Virg. You ask me e'en to ſacrifice my Virtue;
And that muſt laſt when *Rome* ſhall be no more.

App. If coy Denial is the Woman's Virtue,
Then vigorous Force muſt be the manly Lover's,
The Virtue of a Hero and a God:
By my great Soul, ſpight of fantaſtick Pride,
Or more fantaſtick Love, I will poſſeſs thee;
Poſſeſs thee as our *Romulus Herſilia*,
Or greater *Mars* did *Romulus*'s Mother.
Why ſhould a Monarch ſhrink from ſuch a Deed
As was the glorious Fountain of his Empire?

Virg. I'll hear no more.

App. Here, *Fulvius*, take your Slave.

Virg. Villain, approach me not.
Thus Fate from cruel Fortune ſets me free:
Ah Gods! my *Lucius* with his Friends appears;
[*Shout.*
Now

Now Love and Life for me, and for thee, Tyrant, this. [*Throws the Dagger at him.*

App. Ha!
He comes indeed, and with a potent Guard;
And ſhall he tear her from me then at laſt?
Oh no! Confuſion, no! Fly, *Fulvius*, fly,
Fly for thy Patron's Life and for thy own,
And bring the Cohort quickly to my Aid,
That now keeps Guard upon the Mount of *Jove*.

Ful. I fly. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Enter* L. Icilius, M. Icilius, Cornelia, Horatius, Val. P. Num. C. Num. *and Guards.*

Virg. My *Lucius!*

L. Icil. My Soul!

Virg. My Life!
Oh never, never let us part again!

L. Icil. No, only Death ſhall ever part us more.

App. Confuſion! how they cleave to one another!
How their tranſported Souls, before my Face,
Meet at their burning Eyes, their humid Lips;
How thirſtily he drinks her balmy Breath,
As he could quench his Fever with the Draught.
Oh the tormenting Sight! Ho, Guards divide them.

Icil. He who comes near us, comes upon his Death.
Curſe on your idle Bugbears made for ſhew;
Do you think to frighten Men with empty Scarecrows?
No, if thou wouldſt divide us, come thy ſelf;
Compleat the Number of thy monſtrous Crimes,
And find the Vengeance of the Gods in me.

App. How dar'ſt thou thus audaciouſly to threat
The chief of all the *Roman* Magiſtrates,
Ev'n while the Rods and Axes are in view?
L. Icil. Retire, my Life, a-while with good
Cornelia, [*Exeunt* Virginia, Cornelia.
And at thy Father's Houſe expect me ſoon.
Now, how dar'ſt thou, who art no Magiſtrate,
The time of legal Sway being long expir'd,
Threat thy Superiours with the Rods and Axes?
App. My Superiours! (riour.
L. Icil. Yes, every honeſt *Roman*'s thy Supe-
App. By Hell I'll puniſh this audacious Inſo-
lence! (pice,
L. Icil. No, ſooner dar'ſt thou leap a Preci-
Thou and thy Coward Inſtruments of Cruelty:
Think not to fright us with thy bluſtring Pride,
For thou art only proud becauſe thou'rt mad;
What haſt thou to exalt thee but thy Crimes?
And Crimes at which a Man endu'd with Reaſon
Would bluſh, and hide his ignominious Head.
Yes, thou art proud, becauſe thou art a Tyrant,
That is the moſt deteſted thing in Nature:
Proud that thou art choſen, by the angry Gods,
To be the Scourge of *Rome*, without reflecting,
That could thoſe Gods have found one worſe than
They would have choſen him. (thee,
(Divine,
Val. To ſhew that thou wert rais'd by Wrath
The burning Peſtilence foreran thy Sway.
Hor. And War and Famine were its dire At-
tendants. (ſtructive
L. Icil. Yet has thy Cruelty been more de-
Than War, Plague, Famine, that in triple League,
Join'd

Join'd their Confed'rate Horrors; nay, what's worſe,
While thou haſt been a moſt indulgent Foe,
Witneſs the *Sabines* and the inſulting *Æqui*,
Moſt barbarous haſt thou been to thy beſt Friends;
Firſt to the *Roman* People, thy Creators, (ſion,
Whom thou haſt vex'd with every vile Oppreſ-
Next to old brave *Virginius* and to me, (thee:
At whoſe Requeſt th' aſſembled People choſe
Then to his Daughter, who but the laſt Night
Preſerv'd thee tottering on the Brink of Fate,
When twenty Souls reſolv'd had vow'd thy Death,
And twenty Daggers trembled at thy Heart.

App. Ha! for a Knowledge of the Men who bore them! (ſtantly,

L. Icil. One of them I'll diſcover to thee in-
And of the foremoſt, and the boldeſt one.

App. You dare not.

L. Icil. Tyrant, I dare, I will.

App. His Name? (Arm,

L. Icil. Oh! That his Name were fatal as his
And with the very Sound could ſtrike thee dead;
Thus would I thunder in thy Ears, *Icilius!*

App. Ha! Traitor!

L. Icil. He's, he's the Traitor,
Who has broke all Truſt with Earth, all Oaths with Heaven; (ſwore.
And laugh'd at the vain Gods, by whom he

App. Thou ſhalt die for it.

Val. We'll die with *Lucius* all.

App. Perhaps ye may, perhaps ye all deſerve it;
Perhaps ye all are guilty equally.

All. All, all guilty equally.
App. Why then ye all ſhall die, here ſeize them
All. Let them come on. (Guards.
Val. Yes, let them come, and the firſt Man who ſtirs——
Let's all at once upon the Tyrant ruſh,
And tear his Heart from his accurſed Boſom.
L. Icil. Let us prevent them, ruſh upon them all,
And kill the Tyrant and his Guards together,
And ſhew our ſelves the Sons of our brave Fathers;
Oh *Mutius!* where's thy Godlike Spirit now?
Couldſt thou, inſpir'd by Love for *Rome* and Glory,
Alone attack *Porſenna* 'midſt his Army? (ry,
And ſhall not we, to whom great *Jove* has given
Spirit to aſſert his own majeſtick Cauſe,
Which is the Cauſe of Liberty and *Rome*,
Dare to aſſault this Traitor to them both,
Defended only by twelve ſcarlet Rogues?
(mighty Rage,
App. Down, ſwelling Heart! Repreſs thy
Till *Fulvius* brings the Cohort to thy Aid;
And then thou ſhalt be gorg'd with dire Revenge.
By Heaven he comes! with haſty Steps he comes,
And with him my Deliverers.
Hold, will ye turn baſe Aſſaſſines at laſt?
L. Icil. To aſſaſſinate, belongs to *Appius* only:
Hark how *Dentatus'* Blood cries out for Vengeance!
Since thou haſt baniſh'd written Law from *Rome*,
We come the Miniſters of Nature's Law,
Th' Executors of *Jove*'s eternal Will;
To puniſh thee a Tyrant and a Murderer,

The

he publick Foe of *Rome* and of Mankind.
(venge!
Val. Let's ſacrifice him ſtrait to great Re-
Hor. To *Rome.*
C. Num. To Liberty.
L. Icil. Vengeance and Death arm every Hand! fall on.

Enter the Cohort.

All. Fall on, fall on.
(appointment!
L. Icil. What's this I ſee? O murd'ring Diſ-
App. What! do you recoil, and ſhun the Gods you invoke?
(you,
engeance and Death you ſee advance to meet
engeance and Death are Miniſters of Fate,
And 'tis the Frown of *Appius* that is Fate.
Oh! have I calm'd this Tempeſt of your Souls?
Here ſeize them! Nay, Reſiſtance is in vain:
A hundred Hands are arm'd againſt your Lives.
Twice in the ſpace of one revolving Sun
Ye baſely have attempted on my Life,
What Mercy then can ye expect or hope?
L. Icil. Mercy from thee!
Val. How we diſdain the Thought!
Hor. What! owe our Lives to thee!
L. Icil. To *Jove* alone we'll owe them,
Jove will protect theſe ſacred Walls and us.
(thee.
M. Icil. Or will revenge us, and will puniſh
The Army is in a full March from *Algidum*,
Eager and furious to depoſe thee, *Appius*;
And in two hours the foremoſt will be here.
App. You think to fright me: Grant that this were true,

My

My Empire ſtill exceeds thy ſhorter Date,
Thou ſhalt not live an hour; away with them
And give the Prefect of the Priſon charge
That all things be got ready for their Deaths;
Half of you guard them to the Priſon Gates,
The reſt to old *Virginius'* Houſe muſt haſte,
And bring the Slave that's call'd his Daughter
hither.

[*Exeunt all, but* Appius, Fulvius, *and Guards*
(horts

App. I'll go my ſelf, and order four more Co
T' encompaſs at ſome diſtance this Tribunal:
For firſt I will make ſure of my *Virginia*,
Then cruſh theſe Dogs who have ſeduc'd th
Legion,
And rais'd the Spirit of the clam'rous Croud;
Nor leave, till bleeding Faction headleſs lies,
And groveling and expiring.

My Love I'll ſatiate, my Revenge I'll cloy;
With more than mortal Pleaſure I'll enjoy:
And ſwift as a revenging God deſtroy. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Priſon.*

Horatius, Valerius, L. Icilius, M. Icilius, P. Num. C. Num.

P. Num. AS ſpeedily as certainly we die,
The Inſtruments of Blood are now preparing;
The Tyrant is determin'd. *Hor.*

Hor. The Eternal Plagues reward him.
Val. I will not curſe, but ſcorn him.
(ſelves;
L. Icil. He cannot make us die unlike our
No, equal to our Lives ſhall be our Deaths:
Our Lives and Deaths, both worthy of the Men
Who know that they were only born t' advance
The great Deſign of Deſtiny and *Jove*,
Which is to make *Rome* Miſtreſs of the Univerſe.
M. Icil. But two Hours more, and we had
ſeen her free. (ſee it not,
L. Icil. We wrought her Freedom, tho we
And all Poſterity ſhall ſpeak of us,
As of her great Deliverers.
Val. Then let the Inſtruments of Fate come
Since 'tis as natural to die as live; (on,
The Buſineſs is not when, but how we die:
Death's but a Scarecrow, which the Gods have
plac'd
To fright weak Men from taſting Immortality;
Then Death and *Appius* we alike defy.
All. Yes, Death and *Appius* we alike defy.
L. Icil. O! *Roman* Spirits in this low Eſtate,
Fearleſs of Death as Gods, whom Fate ſecures;
Sure they who have the Godlike Force of Mind
To ſcorn him thus, alone ought ne'er to feel
him:
But yet it grieves my Soul that I muſt leave
My dear *Virginia* in this dreadful Hour.
Yet with a dauntleſs Brow I'll meet my Fate:
But oh! that I could, killing *Appius*, die,
At once triumphing over him and Death;
Lucius Icilius would commence immortal,

By

By ſuch Revenge as Gods are pleas'd to act.
But who comes here? who ſhould come he
but Death?
One of the Tyrant's Inſtruments of Blood.
Ha! *Claudius!*

Enter Claudius.

P. Num. Claudius! Amazement! How g
you Admittance,
When 'tis the cruel Tyrant's ſtrict Command,
To let no Friends come near us? (Slav
Claud. The Prefect of this Priſon was m
By me firſt manumitted, then prefer'd
To *Appius* when he firſt was made *Decemvir*,
Who thro a grateful Senſe of what he owes m
And on my Oath to ſtand 'twixt him and Dange
And on his Knowledge of the Army's March,
Has ventur'd to oblige me.
They ſay the Tyrant dooms you all to die,
To know the Truth of that Report I came.
P. Num. He juſt has given us notice to pre
pare for't. (are the Winds
Claud. Now by yon Heaven, he's mad a
When for the Empire of the Main they ſtrive.
(t' enquire
L. Icil. Of Life or Death, I have no time
For my *Virginia* takes up all my Soul.
Claud. Juſt now I from the *Roman Forum*
Where I have ſeen a Sight. (come,
L. Icil. Speak on!
My Soul is wrapt in dreadful Expectation,
And liſtens to thee, as if Fate were ſpeaking.
(trepid,
Claud. Lucius, I know thee manly, brave, in-
One of *Rome*'s nobleſt Offspring: Yet

t have I ſeen a Sight I dare not tell thee,
ou canſt not bear the Hearing. (ſay on,
L. Icil. By this thou tell'ſt me much, but yet
d I will bear it all with dauntleſs Courage.
(believe,
Claud. Then hear what I who ſaw it ſcarce
ainſt plain Proofs of Reaſon, nay of Senſe,
ginia is adjudg'd a Slave to *Fulvius*.
L. Icil. Ye Furies that have ſeiz'd my lab'ring
ſtill but for a moment. (Soul,
Claud. Which lawleſs Practice when I could
t vehemently and bitterly reprov'd, (not bear,
nd with a Spirit all inflam'd foretold
he diſmal Conſequence; (Oh! all ye Gods!
ho cou'd ſerenely ſee th' unnatural Deed)
y the Tyrant's Order ſtrait was dragg'd -----
L. Icil. You?
Claud. Yes I, his Uncle, eldeſt of his Houſe,
as by his Order infamouſly dragg'd
th from the Court and *Forum*. (dragg'd
L. Icil. For which, thou ſoon wilt ſee the Villain
o the opprobrious Rock, and thrown from
(thence,
s one whom Nature and Mankind caſts out.
Hor. His Cruelty's come home to his own
nd he himſelf muſt ſuffer by it next. (Houſe,
L. Icil. But was *Virginius* there?
Claud. Juſt then arriv'd.
fter this baſe Affront to my old Age,
he Tyrant now ſhall take my Life, my Burden:
o hearing of the Doom that's paſt on you,
ith you to live and die reſolv'd I come.

P. Num.

P. Num. We in this Place are like to be o'er heard,
But yonder's an Apartment of this Priſon (ma
That's more retir'd, more gloomy, and more di
And fit to talk of Fate. [*Exeunt*

Lucius Icilius Solus. (Pride

They're gone! and with them all my towring
And with my Pride my boaſted Conſtancy;
And I am now become like vulgar Minds:
Oh! I am ſofter, weaker than a Woman,
When I reflect on my *Virginia*'s Wrongs,
While I the moſt undone and loſt of Men,
Want Power to help her in this dire Neceſſity.
Nay, but the following Moment I muſt die,
And leave her to the cruel Tyrant's Rage. (neſs
Leave her to what? Death and eternal Dark-
Come ſeize me ſtraight, and hide me from that
Ha! (Thought!
What noiſe is that! bleſs me! what dreadful noiſe!
Ah Gods! there Fate is at its bloody Work,
Horatius and *Valerius* cry aloud,
And *Marcus* now is vehement and high,
And *Publius* too, and *Caius!* hark! Confuſion!
Their laſt expiring Groans are in my Ears.
Genius of *Rome*, I come, nor will ſurvive
Thy nobleſt Sons; do thou, do thou protect
My deareſt part which I muſt leave behind;
Ye Gods, be Guardians to the poor *Virginia*.
[*Exit.*

SCENE *draws.* Appius, Virginius, Virginia, Fulvius, *Guards diſcover'd.* (more.

App. What is not Sentence paſt? I'll hear no

Virg. Oh! *Appius!* I have hitherto had patience,

Under

Under what mighty Grief great *Jove* can tell;
But when Injuſtice rages at its Height,
Ev'n Gods can bear no more, much leſs can
But Oh! beware the Fury of a Man, (Mortals.
Who much and long can bear.

App. What is it thou dar'ſt do?

Virg. Go ask the *Sabines*, *Volſci*, and the *Æqui*;
They will with Groans tell what *Virginius* dares:
Or if thou wouldſt thy ſelf be an Eye-witneſs,
See where the Foes of *Rome*, with their rude
Have writ my bold Exploits. (Hands,
The Wounds thou ſeeſt upon my mangled Breaſt,
In the defence of *Rome* I got, to ſave
The ſpotleſs Honour of each *Roman* Daughter;
Think'ſt thou I dare not then defend my own?

App. Defend her! where's your Power?

Virg. Since Right is mine, the Power of *Jove*
(is mine;
For that's concern'd to vindicate his Juſtice.

App. That ſhall be quickly try'd: What *Fulvius!* Hoa!
(tends thee.

Virg. Villain, ſtand off! or certain Death at-
Appius, if thou'rt a Man, thou wilt deſiſt;
Or mighty *Jove*, reſolv'd on thy Deſtruction,
Degrades thee, to prepare thee for thy Fate,
And takes his ſacred Image Reaſon from thee.
Therefore thou ſeeſt not that thou tott'ring
Upon a ghaſtful Precipice's Brink, (ſtand'ſt
While Hell beneath thee yawns for thy Re-
ception. (ter burſt,

App. Tho Hell it ſelf ſhould from the Cen-
And blaſt the Day, I'd not be ſcar'd from Juſtice.

Virg.

Virg. From Juſtice! O Blaſphemer!
O impious Mock of a moſt ſacred Name!
Hear it ye dreadful Judges of the Damn'd,
And in your Adamantine Books record it;
That when from the *Tarpeian* Rock he plunges
To loweſt Hell, he may have diſmal Juſtice.

[Appius *deſcends from his Tribunal.*

App. *Fulvius*, command the Guards to keep a
And let *Virginia* with reſpect be treated: (diſtance
Hear me *Virginius!* thou wert once my Friend,
My lov'd and valu'd, beſt and kindeſt Friend;
Of all our *Romans* thee I moſt eſteem'd,
And I rever'd and lov'd thy God-like Vertue.
I ſee thou art diſturb'd, and the juſt Grief
Of one who once was to my Breaſt ſo dear,
Has touch'd my Soul, obliging me to tell thee,
There ſtill is one way left to ſave thy Daughter
Virg. Name it! (mine
App. Perſuade her to be mine, by Marriage
Virg. Thou know'ſt ſhe is contracted to *Icilius*
App. My Rival's dead.
Virg. Dead!
App. *Icilius* and his Brother both are dead,
Thy Brother *Numitorius* and his Son,
And thoſe two publick Fools, *Horatius* and *Va-*
Virg. Is't poſſible? (*lerius*
App. I gave my Orders upon pain of Death;
And paſſing by the Priſon-Gates my ſelf,
I heard their dying Groans.
Virg. *Icilius* murder'd! and muſt I perſuade
My Daughter to eſpouſe his Murderer?
The Murderer of her Husband, Couſin, Uncle,
And thoſe two beſt and braveſt of the *Romans*,
Illuſtrious

Illuſtrious Patriots, *Horace* and *Valerius!*
If being guilty of ſuch Infamy (riſh.
Wou'd ſave the World from Ruin, it ſhou'd pe-
App. My time is precious, and brooks no De-
lay, (ter.
For this laſt time I leave thee with thy Daugh-
Hoa! *Fulvius!* let your Slave be left a while
With her reputed Father:
Short is the time allow'd thee, uſe it well;
Either prevail upon her to be mine, (grant,
Or thou ſhalt die; and what thou wilt not
By boundleſs Power I'll take. *Fulvius!*
Ful. My Lord!
App. If this diſdainful Beauty don't comply
In half an hour at fartheſt, let her Father
Be hurry'd to his Fate in the ſame Priſon
Where the *Horatii* and the reſt expir'd:
And bring the Daughter home to thy own Houſe,
Aptly adjacent to the *Roman* Forum;
Whither with utmoſt Secrecy I'll go,
Attended with two faithful Servants only,
My Guards I leave with thee: Ho! Guards, attend
On *Fulvius*, and on pain of death obey him.
[*Exeunt.*

Manent Virginius, Virginia.

Virg. Ah poor *Virginia!* we muſt part, *Virginia.*
Vir. You part from your *Virginia!*
And am I not your Daughter then at laſt?
Your dear, your valu'd, tho your wretched
(Daughter?
Yes, by th' unequal'd Honour which I bear you,
And by that mighty Grief, which kills my Heart

Within my Breaſt, but at the Name of parting,
I find I am your Daughter. (Paſſion
Virg. And let my Grief, and all the dreadfu
That rend my miſerable Heart aſunder;
Let thoſe aſſure thee, that I am thy Father.
(ſure
Vir. Then while I live you will not leave m
You cannot leave me to the Tyrant's Fury,
Nay, muſt not, ſhall not; ſtill there is a way,
By which I may avoid it.
Virg. There is indeed, and he himſelf propos'
But ſuch a way——— (it
How much below thy Honour and my own!
'Tis in thy Choice to be the Tyrant's Wife.
Vir. No, *Lucius*, I am faithful ſtill to thee,
Tho thou art abſent from thy dying Bride.
Virg. Of him, as of thy Lover, think no more
Vir. Not think of him!
Virg. He has for ever left us.
Vir. He leave us! he! no, he was ever true,
And ever kind, and bears a Godlike Mind;
He would not leave the loſt *Virginia* ſure.
Virg. Thou of *Icilius* judgeſt as thou ought'ſt
No Faith, no Truth could ever equal his;
But oh! thy tender and thy faithful Lover,
The Pride and Flower of *Romans*, is no more.
Vir. O Earth and Heav'n! my *Lucius* then is
Virg. Ay, murder'd. (dead
Vir. Ah murder'd!
Virg. Yes, by the moſt inhuman Tyrant mur-
The Fate thy Father is to undergo, (der'd
As ſoon as e'er he leaves thee.

Vir.

(Horrour!

Vir. Ah Gods! my Father too! O Horrour!
Lucius is dead, my Father too is dying,
And can *Virginia* live? (ing?

Virg. What, can thy tender Spirit think of dy-
Canſt thou relinquiſh all the Sweets of Life?

Vir. Death has robb'd Life of all that it had
To make himſelf inviting. (ſweet,

Virg. Yes, to preſerve thy Vertue pure and
(ſpotleſs;
Oh! that a Father ſhould pronounce that Doom,
Thou Darling of my Soul, thou needs muſt die.

Vir. Then ſtrike, I am prepar'd.

Virg. What haſt thou ſaid? Is that a Father's
Thou mak'ſt a fearful, horrible Requeſt, (Office?
Which Heav'n forbids, and Nature ſtarts to hear.
(Nature,

Vir. Law is the ſacred Child of Heav'n and
And *Roman* Law gives *Roman* Parents power
At pleaſure to reſume that Life they gave.

Virg. Yes, to reſume it from their wicked Chil-
Thy Virtue's abſolute as is thy Beauty, (dren;
And thou, who juſtly wert before eſteem'd
The moſt accompliſh'd of our *Roman* Virgins,
Has now diſcover'd new amazing Vertues:
And can thy wretched Father give thee Death?
When he admires thee moſt, when his fond Heart
Diſſolves with Tenderneſs, and breaks with
(Woe:
Not *Jove* was fonder of his own Creation,
When it appear'd ſo wondrous, good, and fair.

Vir. Vertue and *Jove* himſelf cry out aloud to
To free my Soul, and to ſecure my Vertue; (you,

Since 'tis impoſſible to live with Honour,
Th' immortal Gods have ſummon'd me to die.
(thy me
Virg. O Greatneſs, worthy *Rome*, and wor
O! Thou'rt the perfect Image of my Soul,
And all our Gods, as well as I, confeſs thee.
Now by yon Heaven my Soul is all on fire!
O! thou haſt rouz'd it to immortal Greatneſs,
And my Breaſt teems with ſome prodigious Birth
And thou dread God——
Whatever God thou art, who command'ſt Nature
And forceſt her to Deeds ſhe moſt abhors,
Aſſiſt me with thy dreadful Spirit now;
Recoil thou Sun, as at the Feaſt of *Atreus*,
And hide the World in univerſal Darkneſs;
That neither Heaven, nor Earth, nor Gods, no
Men,
May ſee a Deed that will amaze the Univerſe.
My Soul! my Soul! oh what art thou about?
Strike me with Madneſs, ſome propitious Powe
That I may loſe all Thought, and all Remem
brance, (forms
And never know what my curs'd Hand pe
And thou, great *Jove*, who gav'ſt me my *Virgini*
Thy beſt, thy nobleſt, thy divineſt Gift;
Pure as thy Heaven thou ſent'ſt her down to me
Spotleſs as Heaven receive her now again.
And thus in ſpight of the mad Tyrant's Rage,
Oh! thus thy Father vindicates thy Freedom,
And thus ſecures thy Virtue: Tyrant, Tyrant,
Thus with the ſprinkling of this ſacred Blood,
I conſecrate thee to the infernal Powers.
Vir. I am free;
An

And *Rome*, that will its Freedom owe to me,
Upon the Wings of her victorious Eagles
Shall thro all Times and Places bear my Virtue:
I die a *Roman* now, and die your Daughter,
And worthy of *Icilius*, who expects me. [*Dies.*

(Father;

Virg. Tell him that ſoon he may expect thy
Or rather tell him I expect him here;
Bid him ariſe, and bring Revenge to-day
From its infernal Manſion.

Enter Fulvius.

Ful. What haſt thou done?
So black a Deed not Hell it ſelf e'er ſaw.

Virg. Then Villain hie to Hell, and tell the Damn'd [*Kills him.*
Here's one on Earth that has outdone them all;
And now the amazing Vengeance is begun,
And now the Regions of pale Ghoſts are mov'd:
I hear, I hear th' infernal Thunder roar,
And dire Revenge the dreadful Larum takes;
And with a baleful Equipage aſcends,
A thouſand bleeding Ghoſts by *Appius* murder'd,
And at their Head th' invincible *Dentatus*,
Valerius, *Horace*, and the *Numitorii*;
But above all the fierce *Icilius* rages,
And breathes Deſtruction to the bloody *Appius*.
Ha! either Reaſon now gives place to Madneſs,
Or I in very Deed behold him yonder;
O Heaven and Earth! 'tis he, 'tis he himſelf,
And I grow ſtiff with Horrour and Amazement.

Enter Attendants, L. Icilius.

L. Icil. Here are the Villains, Bloodhounds, (ſeize them all.
My Father!

Virg. Art thou *Icilius?* (*Appius?*
L. Icil. Where is *Virginia?* Is she safe from
Virg. She is safe from *Appius*'s Power.
L. Icil. Where is the Tyrant?
Virg. Each moment I expect him.
L. Icil. But why this Grief? this Horrour! this Amazement!
Virg. They told me thou wert murder'd,
Thou and the rest of our illustrious Friends.
L. Icil. Why yes, the Tyrant had design'd it well. (Groans.
Virg. Nay, *Appius* says he heard their dying (expiring,
L. Icil. I thought my self I heard the rest
As in the next Apartment of the Prison
I was lamenting my *Virginia*'s Danger;
But flying to their Aid, I quickly found
Their Murderers were dying, and not they.
The Præfect of the Prison gain'd by *Claudius*,
Had given them Weapons; and I found 'em fighting
With that Success, that nought was left for me.
But can *Virginius* hear of our Deliverance,
And yet retain his Grief, when his Friends Safety
Is follow'd by the Liberty of *Rome?*
Virg. The Liberty of *Rome!*
L. Icil. The everlasting Liberty of *Rome!*
Horatius and *Valerius* have conven'd
The Senate, who in full Assembly vote
The Abolition of the curs'd *Decemvirate.*
Your Brother *Numitorius* and his Son
Have part by Promises, and part by Threats,
Prevail'd upon the Forces left at *Rome*

To

To abandon *Appius*; and my Brother *Marcus*
Joins the tempestuous Legions from *Fidenæ*,
That now are entring *Rome* with furious March
To join the other Army.
I have assembled here the raging People
To rescue my *Virginia* from her Danger,
And crush the impious Tyrant. (*Jove*

Virg. O! would th' avenging Thunderbolt of
Fall down amain on this devoted Head,
And drive me headlong to th' infernal Powers.

L. Icil. Ha! Why these Starts! this Horrour,
Where is *Virginia?* (and this Trembling!
(loves thee,

Virg. My *Lucius!* be advis'd by one who
Fate has made thee the Godlike Instrument
Of raising up thy Country from a State
Of Wretchedness to Liberty and Glory:
Let *Rome* and Glory be henceforth thy Mistress,
And never think of thy *Virginia* more.
(chief happen'd,

L. Icil. Damnation! There has mighty mis-
And I can bear no more; where is *Virginia?*
(rours?

Virg. Art thou prepar'd to taste infernal Hor-

L. Icil. Even for the worst of Fates I am pre-
par'd. (Eyes,

Virg. If thou dar'st see a Sight will blast thy
Look there, and see where poor *Virginia* was.

L. Icil. Ha! where she was indeed;
Ay! here's the dreadful Thunderbolt of Fate,
That drives the lost *Icilius* to the Grave.
She's gone, for ever gone, the King of Terrors
Lays his rude Hand upon her lovely Limbs,

And blasts her Beauties with his Icy Breath.
The cruel Gods but let her just appear,
Just sent her down from Heaven to shew the Earth
There are diviner Forms, more perfect Beauties,
Than we frail Mortals use t' admire below;
Then greedily they snatch'd her to themselves,
As too Divine to be enjoy'd by Man.

Virg. Oh *Lucius! Lucius!*

L. Icil. Oh my Father!
But for one Hour I will have Truce with Woe,
And Vengeance in my Soul shall take its room.

Virg. Wilt thou revenge her?

L. Icil. Will I revenge her! yes, at such a rate,
That even the World's last Age shall hear and tremble:
Where is the Wretch who did the dreadful Deed?

Virg. Then swear as soon as e'er he's in thy power,
Thou'lt strike thy Dagger to his impious Heart.

L. Icil. Then by the Soul of that departed (Dear-one,
Who hov'ring in the mournful Air attends me,
I swear that I, that only I will kill him:
As I could bear no Rival in my Love,
So no one in the dear Revenge shall share.

Virg. Then strike!

L. Icil. Ha! where?

Virg. Here. (wretched Man!

L. Icil. What hast thou said? O wretched,
Disastrous Beauty! execrable Tyrant!
And, Oh! the woful Father's dire Necessity!

Virg. Why dost thou stand tormenting a lost Wretch? Why

Why haſt thou not already pierc'd my Heart?
L. Icil. No,
You held the Dagger, *Appius* ſtruck the Blow,
And he's the Viſitant that Hell expects.
Where is the Tyrant? (*Forum,*
Virg. At *Fulvius'* Houſe that borders on this
To which he privately retir'd, to which
He order'd that dead Dog to bring *Virginia,*
Unleſs ſhe would conſent to be his Wife.
L. Icil. Damn'd, damn'd Villain! (Order,
Virg. I who was near him overheard that
Which urg'd *Virginia*'s miſerable Fate. (Death.
L. Icil. Then he is wholly ignorant of her
Virg. He yet can nothing know of what has
paſt. (comes.
L. Icil. Now by th' avenging Furies here he
Virg. Attended as he went by only two;
Let us diſpatch him inſtantly.
L. Icil. No, hold!
Reſpect the Oath I've taken, and retire.
Virg. Farewel! th' accurſt *Virginius* will retire,
But to the Place from whence there's no Return;
My poor *Virginia* was the only Tie
That held me faſt to Life; but ſhe is gone,
And pulls her Father after her. [*Exit.*
(withdraw,
L. Icil. To ſome ſmall Diſtance you my Friends
For I would take the Villain in his height;
Yes, in the height of his preſumptuous Pride,
And in the foam of all his bluſtering Rage:
And when he's moſt ſecure, and higheſt ſoars,
Then daſh him from his Mountains heap'd on
Mountains,

And

And from his Affectation of Divinity,
Down, down to the Abyſs; but daſh him ſo,
That he may feel the Blow, and die blaſpheming:
Humble his Pride, extinguiſh his mad Rage,
And kill the Tyrant firſt, and then the Man.

Enter Appius. (holds

L. Icil. So the baſe Murderer ſtarts when he be-
The fearful Spectre of the Man he murder'd.

App. Perdition light upon thee! Is it thou?
Know that I ſtarted out of Hate, not Fear,
As from an odious thing that ſhocks my Nature.
(knows

L. Icil. Yes, by a ſure Preſage, becauſe ſhe
That I am ſent by Fate for her Deſtruction.
But e'er thou dy'ſt, I'll make thee feel thy Death;
Which that thou may'ſt, I'll ſhew thee here a Sight,
That will at once aſtoniſh thee, and grieve thee:
[*Shews him* Fulvius.
Behold one Murder done without thy Know-
ledge! (unpuniſh'd?

App. Haſt thou done this, and hop'ſt t' eſcape

L. Icil. Has this provok'd thee?
See then another that will make thee rave,
And howl and tear thy very Fleſh for Rage.
[*Shews him* Virginia.

App. May Lightning blaſt thee! thou haſt
baſely done this, (from me.
Becauſe thou hadſt no other way to rend her
But by th' immortal boundleſs Love I bore her,
I will revenge her, and her Murderer dies.

L. Icil. Thou rav'ſt,
Thy Inſtruments of Miſchief all have left thee.

App.

App. No matter, thou and all the World ſhall ſee,
Appius to kill thee, wants no help but *Appius*.
(needs,
L. Icil. Now thou ſhalt ſee what help *Icilius*
And what a hideous Change one Hour has made
In thy moſt abject Fortunes; thou art loſt,
While thou wert brooding o'er thy Beſtial Luſt,
And ſhunning like a Bird obſcene the Day.
The Legions of both Armies have deſerted thee,
The Senate have declar'd thy Empire void,
Thy own flagitious Troops have left thee naked,
Left thee their Scorn and utter Deteſtation;
The People raging like the ſtormy Main,
Aloud for thy immediate Ruin roar:
See where in waving Crouds they all ſurround
And at the ſmalleſt Signal that I give (thee,
Will like an Inundation pour upon thee.
But yet becauſe 'twill pleaſe *Virginia*'s Ghoſt,
That thou ſhouldſt die by her *Icilius*' hand,
And I have ſworn that only I will kill thee,
To ſingle mortal Combat I defy thee.
Yes, I will kill thy Pride before thy Perſon;
And thou ſhalt die convicted, thou'rt ſo far
From being worthy to command the *Romans*,
That thou'rt not equal to the meaneſt *Roman*:
No I, the meaneſt of the Sons of *Rome*,
Have Power from Nature, and from Fate above
thee; (thee.
Have Power to take thy Life and Empire from
App. Back in thy Face I throw thy bold Defi-
Firmly reſolv'd to kill thee or to die: (ance,
Know, next my Ardour to poſſeſs *Virginia*,
My eager'ſt Wiſh has been to cope with thee;

And

And let unequal Gods, and partial Fortune,
Diſpoſe of my uncertain Life and Empire
As it ſeems good to them; I'll make them know
Th' immortal Greatneſs of my Mind's my own.
If I do fall by thy moſt hateful Hand,
I'll fall like *Appius* ſtill, with ſuch a Look,
With ſuch a Voice, with ſuch a dauntleſs Mind,
That Gods and Men, and thou thy ſelf ſhalt own
Spite of thy Malice, I was born for Empire;
And that the Man who dar'd like me to die,
Deſerv'd to live to lord it over thee,
And over all the *Romans*. (Frenzy.

L. Icil. This is the Language of thy Pride, thy
But bleeding ſoon will bring thee to thy ſelf.
Thou hov'ring Soul of my ador'd *Virginia*,
And thou immortal Liberty look down,
Behold the dreadful Vengeance that I take.

App. Thy Deities are abſent, mine are here,
My vaſt Ambition, and my own right Hand,
The only Gods that *Appius* will invoke.

L. Icil. Then periſh, *Appius*, and his Gods together! [*Fight*, Appius *falls.*
Now where's thy Pride, thy Rage, and thy Preſumption?
Now where's the Look, the Voice, the dauntleſs Mind, (pire?
That Gods and Men ſhould ſay deſerv'd an Em-
They're gone, and in their Doom is diſmal Horror,
Trouble, Deſpair, Diſtraction, and Amazement!
That hideous Mein that's fit to welcome Hell,
That paſſes its eternal Bounds to meet thee.
Be gone thou Loiterer, diſpatch, deſcend,

Take

Take that for brave *Dentatus*, that for *Rome*;
And this, and this, for my moſt wrong'd *Virginia*.
Ah! in that Groan he comes; immortal *Rhadamanthus*,
The Tyrant comes, prepare him a Reception
Which Hell ne'er ſaw before: Attend ye Furies,
Attend ye ſkreaming Ghoſts of murder'd *Romans*;
Behold! your Judge now ſentenc'd in his turn,
And doom'd to Pains at which the Damn'd will tremble,
And take their own for Joys.

Enter M. Icilius.

M. Icil. My Brother!

L. Icil. Oh *Marcus!* Oh my Brother!
Thou art a Stranger to what Fate has done.

M. Icil. No, as I came, I met the raving Father,
Who in three words has told a ſadder Tale
Than all the long Records of Time can parallel:
Which made me fly on all the Wings of Fear,
Leſt Grief might hurry thee to ſomething fatal,
Below the Greatneſs of thy Mind and Name.

L. Icil. No *Marcus*, no, my Brother:
The Greatneſs of my Love and of my Grief,
Not by unmanly Moan or black Deſpair,
But by unparallel'd Revenge I'll ſhew.
Look there! (length,

M. Icil. The Tyrant here extended at his
And ſlain by thee! It was a Godlike Act!
(bleed,

L. Icil. That's not enough, for all the Ten muſt
And all their chief Accomplices muſt fall.
(ſhalt ſee

M. Icil. Come to Mount *Aventine*, and thou
Revenge in all her Pomp, and all her Fury,

Where

Where she impatiently expects thee, *Lucius*.
For there the People and the Legions mingled,
Shew the delighted and the wond'ring Gods,
A Spirit worthy of that chosen Nation,
Predestin'd under them to rule the World:
And great Revenge, and Liberty, is now
Their universal Cry. Just as I left them,
Horatius and *Valerius* were arriv'd, (Grant
Who from the Senate brought them the full
Of all their antient Rights, their lov'd Appeal,
And power to chuse their Tribunes as before.
On which, thou *Lucius* first of all wert nam'd,
The Father of *Virginia* next was mention'd,
And both with universal Shout applauded.

L. Icilius.

Suspend we then a-while these Traitors Doom,
Till we restore the antient Rights of Rome;
Then shall just Vengeance strike the World with awe,
And make Mankind respect Celestial Law:
Which he who breaks, like Appius, *runs so long*
From less Injustice to more crying Wrong,
That some intolerable Crime at last
Pulls halting Vengeance down for all that's past.

[Exeunt.

A Plot and no Plot: or, Jacobite Credulity.

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane.*

Militiæ quamvis piger & malus, utilis urbi,
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari.
Hor. Epiſt.

To His Excellency

Robert Earl of *Sunderland*,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majeſty's Houſhold, one of the Lords of his Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy Council, one of the Lords Juſtices, and Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter.

My Lord,

GRATITUDE, *as well as Juſtice, requires, that a Poet ſhould addreſs his Labours to him who procures the Advancement of his Art; and 'tis ſufficiently known, that 'tis in a great meaſure to the Wiſdom of Your Lordſhip's Counſels, that we owe the near Proſpect of a glorious Peace, which alone can make Poetry flouriſh: A Proſpect without which we Writers ſhould be, as Men in the World, with-*

out Hope; Hope, which is the preſent Happineſs of the Wretched, and their Earneſt of future Felicity.

My Lord, *the indefatigable Pains, and the unweary'd Diligence which Your Lordſhip has us'd in the advancing that Peace, and Your entring, at this happy Conjuncture, upon that high Office, which brings thoſe, who write for the Stage, immediately under Your Juriſdiction; give us Aſſurances of what we may expect from Your Lordſhip's future Protection.*

'Twas immediately after that Mecenas *had ſecur'd Repoſe to the World, and its diſputed Empire to* Auguſtus, *that he began to animate thoſe mighty Genius's, which were equal to the Majeſty of the* Roman *People.*

My Lord, *when we, who write for the Stage, caſt our Eyes around us, we conclude unanimouſly, that if we our ſelves were to chuſe our Protector, we ſhould be proud to make the ſame Choice which the King has already made for us. Tho at the ſame time I humbly beg leave to acquaint Your Lordſhip, that neither Your Birth, nor Rank, nor Your Capacity for Affairs; tho this is great, as thoſe are illuſtrious; could determine us to that Choice. No,* My Lord, *You have Qualities which weigh more with us, than all thoſe glorious Advantages; and thoſe are, the Fineneſs of Your Diſcernment in matters of Wit and Eloquence, and the Delicacy of Your Taſte; Qualities by which we hope to get the better of the Enemies of the Commonwealth of Learning, which are cold Verſifyers and falſe Criticks, as by the Wiſdom of Your Lordſhip's Counſels we have humbled the Enemies of the State.*

The

The forementionʼd Qualities, which are ſo conſpicuous in Your Lordſhip, are ſuch alone as can capacitate a great Man to protect good Writers, and which alone can gain him their Homage. For that which animates them in their Undertakings, is chiefly the Thirſt of Glory, and they deſire to be diſtinguiſh'd as well as ſupported; and therefore are proud when they can at any time addreſs themſelves to a Judge, who never yet conferʼd his Favours upon one who was undeſerving of them; and the Reputation of whoſe authentick Applauſe may ſerve at once to confirm their Friends, and to convert their Enemies.

That I have at leaſt the Ambition of ſuch Writers, no Man can doubt, who ſees me ſubſcribe my ſelf,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble, and

Moſt devoted Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

The Persons.

Bull ſ. A Banker; Father to *Bull j.* and Uncle to Mr. *Belvil*, and Guardian to *Belv.* and *Sylvia.*	Mr. *Dogget.*
Bull. j. His Son, juſt arriv'd from *France.*	Mr. *Cibber.*
Belvil, Nephew and Pupil to *Bull ſ.* and in Love with *Sylvia.*	Mr. *Harland.*
Baldernoe, a Player in Diſguiſe.	Mr. *Penkethman.*
Rumour, a News-monger.	Mr. *Hains.*
Macfleer, a Bully.	Mr. *Lee.*
A very young Beau.	Miſs *Alliſon.*
Greg. Servant to *Bull ſ.*	
Briſh, Servant to *Frowzy.*	

Sylvia, a young Lady, Ward to *Bull ſ.* and deſign'd for his Son by him, but engag'd to *Belvil.*	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Frowzy, a campaigning Baud, juſt arriv'd from *Flanders.*	Mr. *Bullock.*
Friſkit, her Daughter.	Mrs. *Kent.*

Servants, Sham-Officers, Fidlers, Dancing-Maſters, *&c.*

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

A Plot, and no Plot: or, Jacobite Credulity.

ACT I. SCENE *A Garden.*

Enter Belvil *and* Baldernoe *diſguis'd.*

Bald. DOES my Diſguiſe become me? Hah!

Belv. Every Diſguiſe becomes thee: Thou haſt a comprehenſive Genius for Roguery.

Bald. Nay, I thank my Stars, I have made a ſhift to make my ſelf a ſort of a Name.

Belv. An immortal one: Thy Merit is ſo extraordinary, that Fame cannot do thy Actions too much right, and Fortune can do thy Deſigns no wrong: but that which is moſt to be valu'd in thee, is, that thou art the only Rogue alive who never pretended to be honeſt; other Raſcals owe their Succeſs to Virtue. Thou alone haſt a Genius to go thro thy buſineſs without the help of Hypocriſy.

Bald. No, 'sbud, I never pretended to Honesty; I set up for Religion once.

Belv. Why ay, there's it; so sudden a setting up for Religion in so vicious a Dog as thou art, was to renounce Morality by a publick Act.

Bald. But for what reason, Mr. *Belvil*, have I *Baldernoe*, by Vocation Player, Dancing-master, Mountebank, and Sollicitor, Pimp, Poet and Fortune-teller; for what reason have I quitted all these to turn Lacquey to Mr. *Belvil?*

Belv. Why you must——But look you, you had need be very dextrous, and very well assur'd; for you are to pass for an important Person upon——

Bald. Very dextrous! and very well assur'd! Ha, ha, ha, look in my Face, and give me that Counsel! Do you know what this modest Gentleman has done within these three days? 'Sbud I baffled an impudent *Irish* Chancery-man in his own blundring way; I put *Eikon Basilike* out of conceit with himself, and damnably out of countenance; I caldes'd a Judge while he was taking my Depositions, and I banter'd a Bishop while I was asking him Blessing.

Belv. Very well!

Bald. And then for passing for an important Person; do you know, Sir, that in *France* once I palm'd this Identical Person of mine for Quality upon my Friend *Lewis?* Do you know this, hah! And that at *Rome* I topp'd Signior *Giuseppe*, wicked Signior *Giuseppe*, Pagan Signior *Giuseppe*, for a Saint upon old Infallibility? But what is it I must do for you?

Belv. The Garden in which we are walking, you must know, belongs to my Uncle: You have heard of the famous Mr. *Bull?*

Bald. What, the great Banker, who is every Spring and Fall regularly clapt up for a Plot?

Belv. The same: And who first gave his Brethren the noble Example of refusing their own Bills.

Bald. He who has Colonel *Medley's* five thousand Pounds in his hands?

Belv.

Belv. Yes, and refuſes to pay his old Friend, and one of the warmeſt of his own Party, one poor hundred Pounds, tho he has all his Fortune by him. This Uncle, you muſt know, has not only the Right of Guardianſhip over me, but the Diſpoſal of me in Marriage; and if I refuſe the Wife that he provides for me, then the one half of my Eſtate is to deſcend to my younger Brother.

Bald. And remain in your Uncle's hands till your Brother comes of Age?

Belv. This Uncle is Guardian at the ſame time to a Lady whoſe Name is *Sylvia*, who is at preſent in the Houſe, and is juſt come to Town by his own Order: He has over her much the ſame advantage which he has over me. But ſee, he comes!

Enter old Bull, *looking on his Watch.*

Bull ſen. Let me ſee! 'Tis now turn'd of four. Oh Nephew, you are punctual! But hey day! whom have we here?

Belv. 'Tis my new Servant, Sir.

Bull ſ. Faith and troth I have ſeen that Face ſomewhere. Zounds! what a Leer was there! In that ſingle Caſt was the Villany of twenty Stock-jobbers.

Bald. I can't help my Face, Sir; but I was never accus'd of doing any thing againſt my Conſcience.

Bull ſ. Here's a Rogue! Here's an impudent Dog! Perhaps, Sirrah, you've no Conſcience.

Bald. Not ſo much, I muſt confeſs, as your Worſhip: My Conſcience is not ſo large, but that I can carry it about me.

Bull ſ. The very Modeſty of this Fellow is Impudence.

Bald. But I can hardly be ſaid to want Conſcience, becauſe, like your Worſhip, I am contented with what I have.

Bull ſ. What horrible Rogue is this? Gadsbud I am amaz'd! Sirrah, I ſay you do want Conſcience.

Belv. Why faith, old Gentleman, if he did want Conſcience, 'twere a hard caſe to deſpiſe any ſingle Perſon for Poverty, at a time when there is no body rich. You know Conſcience at years of Diſcretion is become a Notion and nothing elſe, as very a Chimera as is a Maidenhead at years of Diſcretion; they both paſs away in Contemplation, as ſoon as we come to know what they are.

Bull ſ. Say you ſo, Sir? A very hopeful young Dog I have to deal with! But come, Sir, are you reſolv'd to do what I expect you ſhall do to-morrow?

Belv. To-morrow, Sir! Marry to-morrow!

Bull ſ. To-morrow, Sir! Marry to-morrow! Ay, ay, to-morrow, to-morrow. Hey day! what a Devil is here to do? Why pray, Sir, who am I? Ay, come Sirrah, I ſay who am I?

Belv. Who are you, Sir?

Bull ſ. Ay Sir, I ſay who am I?

Belv. Why don't you know, old Gentleman?

Bull ſ. It may be not, Sir.

Belv. Faith it may be ſo too, Sir: For if thou didſt but know thy ſelf never ſo little, thou wouldſt never talk at ſo damn'd a rate. Marry to-morrow! why doſt thou not know, old Gentleman, that Marriage and Death are two things, of which a wiſe Man will conſider all his Life-time? and would you provide me a Matrimonial Nooſe, with as little Ceremony as a Grand Signior ſends a Baſſa a Bow-ſtring? 'Sdeath! let me be executed at leaſt like an *Engliſhman*; let me have fair warning, time to prepare for another World, to take leave of my Friends, and ſo be truſs'd up with Decency.

Bull ſ. Sirrah! haſt thou no way to ſhow thou art no Blockhead, but by railing at Matrimony, the vileſt Common-place of the moſt abandon'd Fop that ever ſet up for a Wit?

Belv. But pray, Sir, what ſort of Woman have you provided for me? perhaps I can't love her.

Bull ſ.

Bull ſ. Why, you impudent Dog, do you take me for a Pimp? Zounds! not love her, quoth a! why who the Devil, at this time of day, ever ſo much as thinks of Love the day that he hears of Matrimony? However, ſhe whom I have provided for you is no Scarecrow, Sir, but one who has Wit and Beauty, Sir, and is abſolutely the fineſt bred Gentlewoman in all *Cumberland.*

Belv. Nay then, ſhe muſt needs be a glorious Creature, and her Name is——

Enter Rumour *haſtily.*

Rum. Mr. *Bull,* I have ſomething of importance to impart to you, and muſt deſire your ear immediately.

Bull ſ. With all my heart, old Boy! Little *Rumour* of the World! my dapper Intelligencer! 'twere a hard caſe, if a Man ſhould not have one ear at his ſervice, who has ſo often ventur'd both for his Friends. Nephew! I'll be for you immediately.

[Bull *and* Rumour *whiſper on one ſide of the Stage.*

Bald. to Belv. S'bud! I ſhall be infallibly diſcover'd; *Rumour* will certainly know me.

Belv. Peace! he does know thee, and is here by my appointment to prepare the way for you. But what do you think of my Uncle? you have now had time to obſerve him.

Bald. What do I think of him? Why, before *Rumour* came in, I took him for a whimſical hair-brain'd Coxcomb, but now he is come to his Politicks, 'sbud he looks very wiſely, and very circumſpectly. And if this is the Man I have to deal with, let me tell you, I ſhall have a hard——

Belv. Thou art an Aſs! a Man who looks ſometimes very wiſely, is certainly ſometimes a very Coxcomb, and never ſo much a Coxcomb, as when he looks very wiſely; he who is truly wiſe is equal, and appears for the moſt part alike.

Bald.

Bald. Nay, Mr. *Belvil*, your Uncle is not the only Fool of our Acquaintance, who ſometimes looks grave and wiſe.

Belv. No, not by a hundred: a Gown and Gravity frequently diſguiſe a Blockhead. Folly has its Hypocriſy as well as Vice, and it is as common a thing to ſee a Sot grave, as a Villain devout.

Bald. Or a Drab ſqueamiſh.

Belv. As if Wiſdom maliciouſly ſat on his outſide on purpoſe to inform the World that he is an Aſs within; like a Spy that repairs to the Enemies Frontiers, purpoſely in order to make Diſcoveries, and to convey back Intelligence. For my Uncle, thou ſhalt attack him to chuſe, in the midſt of his Gravity and of his Politicks; and when he moſt depends on his own Sufficiency, thou ſhalt dextrouſly make that Self-conceit an Acceſſory in his Trepan.

Bull ſ. [*aſide, on the other ſide the Stage.*] A pox of this Intelligencer! He ſtinks worſe than *Baldernoe*, my Nephew's Footman. It is not the leaſt Inconveniency that attends us great Stateſmen, that we are forc'd to ſtand buff againſt all the various Whiffs that come puffing from our politick Whiſperers: This morning I was attack'd by two at once; one whiſpered in my right Ear a *French* Invaſion, at the ſame time that the other communicated a *Scotch* Rebellion to my left: The one of which had ſwallow'd Garlick, and the other at that very inſtant, Gadsbud, was chewing Tobacco.

Rum. For Godſake what is the matter with you, Mr. *Bull?*

Bull ſ. Horribly attack'd with Vapours on the ſudden.

Rum. Once more your ear, Mr. *Bull.*

Bull ſ. Prithee, my dapper Intelligencer, ſince we are out of that Rogue my Nephew's hearing, ſpeak a little louder.

Rum. We Politicians, Mr. *Bull*, hold that even Walls have ears.

Bull ſ.

Bull ſ. Gadzooks let them: As long as they have no Tongues, I warrant they keep a Secret.

Rum. Once more your ear, Mr. *Bull.*

Bull. ſ. A pox on thee, take it then. [*They whiſper.*
Already landed! [*In the ear.*

Rum. I ſay already landed. [*In the ear.*

Bull ſ. Colonel *Macruby*, and Brigadier *Bloody-bones*, and the Counteſs and her Daughter, whom Fame reports ſo beautiful!

Rum. All landed, I ſay. [*In the ear.*

Bull ſ. And a *French* Marquiſs come over to be the chief Agent!

Rum. The famous Marquiſs *de Maſcarille.*

Bull ſ. Oh bleſſed News! Oh joyful Hearing! Well, for this, my little *Rumour*, we will ſup together to-night; for thou, my Bully, get'ſt thy Living like Fame, and art nouriſh'd by Intelligence. But at preſent I muſt deſire thy Abſence, for I have buſineſs with my Nephew. [*Exit* Rumour.

[*To* Belv.] Well Sir, what ſay you to the buſineſs?

Belv. Why, pray who is the buſineſs, Sir?

Bull ſ. Who is the buſineſs, Sir? Why the buſineſs is Juſtice *Dowdy*'s Daughter, Sir.

Belv. 'Sdeath! and would you have me link'd to that Northern Monſter?

Bull ſ. Sirrah! by the Contempt you ſhow for her, I ſhould ſwear you were already link'd to her, but that I know ſhe is hardly yet come to Town: But I expect her with her Father by eight. And my Will and Pleaſure is, that you wait upon her as ſoon as ſhe comes, for you are to be marry'd to-morrow to her.

Belv. But perhaps my Affections are engag'd.

Bull ſ. Yes, to *Sylvia*; we know your Engagements, Sir: But I charge you ſee her no more till to-morrow, when ſhe and my Son *Batt* are to be diſpatch'd by the ſame Black-coat who is to do your buſineſs.

Belv. Why, he has not been three days in *Engla* yet, nor ſhe five in Town: She never ſaw him ye and when ſhe does ſee him, ſhe will certainly laug at him.

Bull ſ. You are very ſaucy methinks, Sir: But i ſhe thinks him a Fool, ſhe'll marry him to chuſe for a Fool is the fitteſt thing for a Woman.

Belv. The fitteſt! ay, for ſome Women indeed.

Bull ſ. For all, Sirrah, for all: Do we not ſee tha they are all fond of Fools? And do you think Nature has not given them Affections for what is convenient for them, as well as ſhe has given the reſt o the Animals?

Belv. Was there ever ſuch an old Beaſt? [*Aſide* But let me tell you, Sir, there is ſuch a thing as a wiſe Woman. And *Sylvia*——

Bull ſ. But let me tell you, Sir, a wiſe Woman i ſtill a Woman. We ſee by experience, that a wiſe Woman will chuſe a Fellow indeed that has Senſe for her Parlour, but a Fool, you Dog, for her Bed-Chamber.

Belv. Then it is not their Folly, it ſeems, tha makes Women fond of Fools?

Bull ſ. Their Folly! no, 'tis their Prudence, Sir and the Genius which they have for Buſineſs. Much Contemplation hinders Buſineſs, Sirrah, and the know it well. Why ſhould Nature, that can as ea ſily make a wiſe Man as a Fool, make a hundred Fools for one wiſe Man, if ſhe did not know Fool to be moſt proper for the carrying on her grand Deſign?

Belv. Nay, at this rate indeed your Son——

Bull ſ. I tell you, Sirrah, when *Sylvia* ſees *Batt* ſhe'll like him; for *Batt*'s a luſty Dog, let me tell you; a confounded Fellow on occaſion! Gadsbud if he is not, he is no *Bull*, Sirrah! Gadsbud if he i not, he is a Baſtard on both ſides. His Mothe was a Hummer in her time, and the Jade would

kick

ick between ſleeping and waking, like an unback'd Filly.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, one from Colonel *Medley* would ſpeak with you.

Bull ſ. Sirrah, conduct him in.

Belv. [*Aſide.*] I am glad this Bully is come, for my Patience is quite at an end. I ſuppoſe, Sir, [*To Bull ſ.*] I may be gone.

Bull ſ. Sirrah, I tell you you muſt not, I have not done with you yet.

Enter Macfleer.

Macf. Sir, the Importance of my Buſineſs will excuſe my Want of Ceremony. Colonel *Medley* ſends you this with his Service.

[*While* Bull ſ. *opens the Letter,* Belvil *retires with* Baldernoe *to the other ſide of the Stage.*

Bald. 'Sbud! the very Bully that was with the Colonel and us at the *Roſe* but now. Is the part that I taught him there, to be acted here?

Belv. It is. In the mean while ſtep into the Houſe, and deliver this as dextrouſly as you can to *Sylvia.*

[*Exit* Bald.

Bull ſ. [Reads the Letter.] *Some Perſons come lately from* France, *are juſt arrived in Town; I deſire that you would provide Lodgings only for to-night, at your own Houſe, for a* French *Marquiſs, an* Engliſh *Counteſs and her Daughter: for with you I am confident they may be ſafe. You muſt not refuſe me this, if you love me or the Cauſe. The Bearer of this is one of their Company, and though at preſent ſomewhat rough, is a Man of Merit, and has ſuffered. He will conduct you to me, where I deſire to ſpeak with you inſtantly.*

Bull ſ. [*After having read the Letter.*] Gadzooks, Sir, you are welcome, and I am proud to embrace a Man that has ſuffer'd.

Macf. Faith, Sir, I have both done and ſuffer'd. My Name is *Macfleer:* I had formerly the honour to be

be Captain-General of all the Rapparees in *Ireland*, where in cutting above five thousand Throats, I r ceived above fifty Wounds: besides that, I was twi hang'd in the Woods of *Tipperary*, but reliev'd bo times by our own Party, and cut down in the nick.

Bull ſ. Twice hang'd, Sir!

Macf. Twice, Sir.

Bull ſ. Gadsbud, Sir, I honour you. Five thou ſand Throats cut! [*Aſide.*] and twice hang'd! Well this is in our modern *Engliſh* a perfect honeſt Ma How do all your Friends abroad, Sir?

Macf. Faith, luſty all, and longing to be with yo Hark you! Your Ear, Mr. *Bull.* [*Whiſper*

Bull ſ. All embark'd, ſay you? Forty Thouſand

Macf. Before I came away, I tell you, and onl expecting—— [*Whiſpers again*

Bull ſ. Gadzooks, I will be very drunk to-night.

Macf. The next News you are to expect, is, tha your Ships are burnt in their Harbours, your Town conſum'd to aſhes.

Bull ſ. La Lol, Dera, Lol Dera. [*Capers*

Macf. Then will you behold this City flowing wit human Gore, your Virgins raviſh'd, your Matron violated, and your Widows——well diverted. Bu Time calls upon us, and the Colonel ſtays.

Bull ſ. Sir, take but one turn, and I'll be with yo in a moment. I have but two words with an idl Raſcal here. [Macfleer *walk*

Well! Come, Sir, to the Premiſes: what ſay yo to the Juſtice's Daughter?

Belv. What do I ſay, Sir? Why, that you are fine facetious old Gentleman, and rally very agree ably.

Enter Baldernoe.

Bull ſ. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Here's a Rogue Here's a Villain! A fine facetious old Gentleman and rally very agreeably! Why, thou young Dog, ar thou reſolv'd to bring my grey Hairs with Sorrow to the

he Grave? Have I liv'd to a good Old Age with-
ut Infamy, and muſt I be dubb'd a Wit at Three-
core? The firſt of the Family of the *Bulls* that
ver incur'd that Ignominy! The *Bulls* have been
lways grave——

Bald. Blockheads. [*Aſide.*

Bull ſ. And politick——

Bald. Raſcals. [*Aſide.*

Bull ſ. But no Wits, Sirrah. 'Tis well known that
am ſo far from a Wit, that a Songſter who fre-
uents *Will*'s Coffee-Houſe threaten'd to bring an
ction of Scandal againſt me, for commending his
Madrigals. But, come to the point: Will you com-
ly with me or not? or are you reſolv'd to be an Aſs?

Belv. I ſhall be no Aſs, Sir, for I ſhan't marry.
Could you in Conſcience marry me to one whom I
contemn and deteſt?

Bull ſ. Humph! Could I in Conſcience? There I
muſt confeſs thou haſt touch'd me, Nephew. For
the univerſal World I would not do a thing againſt
Conſcience. Marry one whom I contemn and de-
teſt! Humph! Other People contemn and deteſt
after Marriage; but here's a Rogue deteſts and con-
temns before Marriage. Why, 'tis but deteſting and
contemning a month before the uſual time; and for
that very reaſon thou ſhalt have her, old Boy, that
thou mayſt not be tax'd with Inconſtancy. Well,
remember what I have ſaid to you, and think of
your Father's laſt Will, and tremble, Sirrah. But
come, *Teddy*, thou wilt be a good Boy. Go, get
you gone and furbiſh, you little young Dog! But
hold, take a little Advice with you firſt: He who is
in purſuit of a Country Lady, muſt do as if he were
ſtalking for Wild-Fowl, hide the Man behind the
Beaſt; for the more Fool there appears, the leſs ſhy
will your Game be.

Come, [*To* Macfleer] now, Sir, I am for you.

[*Exeunt* Bull ſ. *and* Macfleer.

Bald.

Bald. Well, Mr. *Belvil*, did the Bully manage his Tackle tightly?

Belv. Rarely! and the old Jack greedily ſtruck at the Bait.

Bald. 'Sbud! But that any thing like this, ſhould paſs upon one who has common Senſe! If we Players ſhould ſhow any thing like this on the Stage, it would be certainly damn'd as improbable.

Belv. Not by thoſe who had Judgment to weigh it: For is not this ſeen every day in the world? Are not more diſcerning People than my Uncle drawn daily into the groſſeſt Snares upon the like occaſions? The ſhowing which would therefore be juſt and inſtructive Satire upon Mankind in general, and would plainly ſhow us how the cleareſt-ſighted are blinded by Affection; how eaſily we believe what we eagerly deſire; and what a conſtant Cully Reaſon is to Paſſion: whereas the expoſing the Credulity of an erran Aſs, could never ſhow us any thing. Beſides, I have taken ſo many precautions, that every Part of this Deſign is the likelieſt in the world to ſucceed. There are ſome Gentlemen of my Uncle's Party, in whom he perfectly confides: Men indeed of Worth and Honour, who were formerly my intimate Friends, and from whom Humanity has oblig'd me ſince not wholly to withdraw my ſelf. Colonel *Medley*, who is the chief of them, and the *Primum Mobile* of this whole Affair, has been cheated of Five Thouſand Pounds by my Uncle, which is almoſt all his Fortune, and which we pretend to retrieve by the Succeſs of our Stratagem; and you know common Intereſt to be the powerful Uniter of all Parties. The reſt of thoſe Gentlemen I have engag'd in my Deſign, by remonſtrating to them the Villany of my Uncle's Intentions, and the Innocence of my own; and by the Hopes of Diverſion. The Gentlemen and my Money together have ſecur'd ſome Raſcals who perpetually haunt my Uncle; and all his Ser-

vants have embark'd on the same bottom: so that we are safe on all sides. But have you been with my Mistress?

Bald. I have.

Belv. And what says the charming Creature?

Bald. Rapture! 'Sbud a certain sign that these two have hitherto done nothing but talk'd together.

Belv. And will she meet me at the Play?

Bald. She says she will not: For her Guardian has commanded her not to come into your company, and therefore she thinks it her Duty to tell you, that she intends to sit in the Stage-Box on the right hand, that you may be sure to avoid that place.

Belv. A very odd way of making an Assignation! But come, let's away to the Play-house: I have promis'd to meet *Frowzy* at the Curtain before the Play begins; for she is to act the Countess that comes from St. *Germains*, and *Friskit* is to play her Daughter.

Bald. Frowzy! How long has the Bawd been in *England*?

Belv. She is just come piping hot from *Flanders*, and designs this night to appear at the Curtain in Triumph.

Bald. In Triumph!

Belv. Yes, they say she swears she alone has made the Confederates an Over-match for the *French*, that she plots Propagation for more places than they contrive Destruction, and that she alone by her wise Counsels repairs the Ruins of the War.

Bald. The Raillery is something strong; I long to see the Bawd.

Belv. Faith, to give the Jade her due, she was very well worth the seeing before she went out of *England*: She did not as most Bawds do, like a Novel, consist of Intrigue alone; but, like a Comedy, besides Design, had Wit, Folly, and Humour in her; was officious, discerning, subtle, impertinent, whimsical, fond of her Condition, and proud of Infamy.

This ſhe was, but Campaigning muſt ſtill have improv'd her Character, and ſhe will now come forth a Farce with additions.

Bald. But, Mr. *Belvil*, where is the famous Marquiſs *de Maſcarille*? who is to play him?

Belv. Who? who the Devil but thou! Thou who couldſt top a Count upon *Lewis* the Fourteenth, mayſt very well impoſe a Marquiſs upon my Uncle.

Bald. 'Slife! he'll know me again.

Belv. I have contriv'd a Diſguiſe that will hide thee even from thy own evil Genius. Beſides, we ſhall take ſuch care of him, and give him ſo many Alarms to-night, that he ſhall neither have time nor power to make much obſervation.

Bald. Hah! Say you ſo? Then pray, Sir, know whom you are before. *Venez done, Chapeau bas, Venez Morbleu vite, & faites une Reverence a Monſieur le Marquis.* So, now let's away to *Frowzy*; who, as I can perceive, wants nothing to make her compleat in her Calling, but my knack of Fortune-telling. For, as my Brother *Butler* ſays,

One predicting Pimp has the odds
Of whole Chaldrons of downright Bawds.

ACT II. SCENE *the Play-houſe*

Frowzy, Friskit, Bruſh, *appear at the Curtain.*

Frowzy. DAughter *Friskit!*

Frisk. Mother!

Frowz. Is Mr. *Belvil* come?

Frisk. He has ſent word that he'll be here immediately. You heave and puff ſtrangely, Mother. How do you find your ſelf?

Frow.

Frowz. Almoſt bowzy, by this Light, Daughter. Prethee contemplate my Phiz a little: Hath it not a damnable hue with it? I warrant it is as comically hideous, as that old hatchet-fac'd Beau's, who ſtands grinning in the Front-Box over my Lady What-d'ye-call her.

Friſk. And appears like the Dragon that was Guardian to the golden Fruit. But why ſhould you come hither in this woful condition, Mother? Gemini, in what a heat you are! Jeſu, how you are tumbled!

Frowz. Ay, ſo are you too, Daughter: No matter, the more like Women of Buſineſs. *Bruſh!*

Bruſh. Madam!

Frowz. Where's the Delight of my Soul? Where's my Gallant in ordinary?

Bruſh. Here, Madam! A Brandy-Bottle [*Aſide.*] is the *Vade Mecum* of a travelling Bawd.

Frowz. [*To the Bottle.*] My Life! my Joy! my darling Sin, as *Medley* ſays, let me kiſs thee.

Friſk. 'Sheart, Mother! For ſhame ſtep into the Scene-Room.

Frowz. For ſhame! Yes, I am a very baſhful Perſon indeed: Modeſt *Su. Frowzy!* what a rare Monſter would ſhe be? But let Sinners be aſham'd, I am virtuous, Daughter!

Friſk. Vertuous!

Frowz. Vertuous! Ay, Vertuous. For pray who boaſts of receiving the laſt Favour from me? Now, the Ladies do what they will beſides, let them cenſure and rail, and diſſemble and cheat, nay, and drink their four Bottles a day, if they do not grant the laſt Favour, they are Vertuous. Nay, I know a Gentlewoman at Court my ſelf, who becauſe ſhe does not cuckold her Husband, thinks ſhe has a privilege to beat him. Formerly indeed I was one of the Wicked, for I gave my Husband his choice, whether he would have me a chaſte, repining, obſtre-

perous Turtle, or a silent, dutiful, humble Jilt; and the good Man chose Cuckoldom and Quiet. In troth, he was a very good Man, Daughter! He was wont to say, that the Wife who upbraided her Husband with her Chastity, imply'd that she corrupted her Monster in Spirit abundantly.

Frisk. Right, Mother: For she did not cuckold him actually, because she had no mind to cuckold him; where a devil lay the Obligation to her?

Frowz. So that, as I was saying, Daughter, my good Wretch chose Cuckoldom and Quiet; one for the Happiness of this World, and the other for that of the next. And thus I was formerly one of the Wicked: But for these fifteen Years last past, I have taken off my Bottle, and been vertuous. But thou art mighty ignorant in Spiritual Affairs; so taken up about Carnal Matters. *Brush!*

Brush. Madam!

Frowz. Go to the *Rose*, and see if you can hear of Mr. *Belvil*: He knows I have a Calling to look after, and that I am oblig'd in Conscience to mind it. Well, Daughter, is it not more comfortable being here than in a Camp?

Frisk. Ay, Mother, here we are in expectation of no Battels, but those which the Players fight on the Stage.

Frowz. Or those which the Bullies act in the Pit. But hold! Let me examine a little: Thou hast not study'd Faces for nothing, *Su. Frowzy.* Lord! what a numerous Herd of Cullies is here! I have not seen so comfortable a prospect the Lord knows the time! Daughter, Daughter, Igad you'll do your business well here! If I had but thy Youth, Child, I would lay a Tax of Five Hundred a Year upon yonder Limbo of Vanity. [*Pointing to the Side-Box.*

Frisk. If you were but to talk with the Door-keeper, he'd quickly assure you that you'd find the Fund deficient.

One

One from the Side-Box. Look yonder is *Frowzy*, arriv'd piping hot from *Flanders!*

Another from the other Side-Box. *Frowzy*, upon my Life! Was there ever ſuch an impudent Bawd!

Frowz. Impudent Bawd! Doſt thou hear that foul-mouth'd Rogue, Daughter? Well, great Vertues have been always perſecuted, and rare Talents have been always envy'd. But does that ſenſleſs Puppy know what extraordinary Qualities are requir'd to compleat what he is pleas'd to ſtile a Bawd? What Parts? What Education? What Diſcipline? What Obſervation? What—— Oh a thouſand things more than I can think of at preſent!

Frisk. And 'tis very well known, Mother, that you have all the Qualifications which can accompliſh the moſt Reverend Matron.

Frowz. Nay, Faith, all that know me, do me the honour to ſay, that for our Profeſſion there is not a greater Perſon living than my ſelf. Yes, Faith, all that know me——

Frisk. And that is all *Europe*.

Frowz. Do me the honour——

Frisk. The juſtice, you mean, Mother.

Frowz. To aſſert this: And that there is not a Woman breathing, who has a larger Capacity for the Calling.

Frisk. All the World allows it.

Frowz. Nor a greater Genius.

Frisk. 'Tis the Voice of Fame, Mother.

Frowz. And that my Education has been as liberal. Faith and Troth I was brought up at the Univerſity, Daughter; went through a Courſe of natural experimental Philoſophy there, perform'd my publick Exerciſe with applauſe; and when I came to be of compleat Standing, paſs'd the Examination of ſeveral Maſters, and regularly took my Degree. After that, I came to be publick Profeſſor of the Mathematicks in that place.

Frisk. But with this Preferment, how came you to change your Station, Mother?

Frowz. You muſt know, that my Fame increaſing with my Vertues, and both growing too large for that narrow Sphere, it was unanimouſly voted, in full Congregation, that I ſhould be convey'd from thence to the great City, at the publick Expence, for the publick Benefit. Oh! your moſt humble Servant, my Lord! Your humble Servant, Sir *Arthur!* Noble Colonel, I am yours. [*Bowing to ſeveral in the Pit.*

Enter Belvil.

Frowz. Bleſs my Eyes! What do I ſee! Ah Gadſon, you raviſh me.

Belv. Well! You are welcome into *England*, Mother: I hope you have made your Markets in *Flanders* well.

Frowz. My Markets, Son! I wonder you ſhould talk at that rate: you know I act for Glory. And truly, I hope I have behav'd my ſelf ſo, that he who writes the Hiſtory of this War, will mention *Sue Frowzy* with honour. Ah Son, that you had been but an Eye-witneſs of my Actions! To ſee the rare Diſcipline that I obſerv'd among them. I have done wonders among them, my Boy! I have made the *German* active, the *Spaniard* humble, and the *Dutchman* lean and liberal. Ha, ha, ha! There was an old *Dutch* Captain, who when he firſt came into my hands, was a lubberly, wheezing, unwieldy Wight, that was fit neither for a Charge nor a Retreat: but by that time I had had him three months, he became a pretty, ſlender, nimble, mercurial Fellow; and at the Battel of *Landen*, as Gad ſhall ſave me, ran away at the head of his Company.

Belv. But, hark you Mother, I have a world of Buſineſs with you.

Frowz. Haſt thou ſo, my Boy? and Faith I'll do it effectually for thee. If ſhe's in the Play-houſe, give

give me but thy Billet, and the Orange-Wench ſhall deliver it immediately to her.

Belv. Indeed that Buſineſs you have often done for me, but this is of another nature.

Frowz. Let it be what it will, it muſt be done before eight of the Clock; for then I am to meet ſome Stateſmen upon a politick Conference, and to-morrow I return for *Flanders*.

Belv. How! I was in hopes we ſhould have had you till *June*.

Frowz. Jeſu! Why the Army will be in the Field within theſe three Weeks.

Belv. And cannot they lie there without you, Mother?

Frowz. Yes, I'd have you to know I ſeldom lie in the Camp, but in the next wall'd Town, ſtill like the great Ladies of *France*, to provide for the Neceſſities of the Army: But *France* is the Place, Son, where Merit is regarded. Some of them now are Miniſters of State, I am but poor *Su. Frowzy*. Yet, Igad, as ſimple as I ſtand here, in one of the former Reigns I was a Cabinet Counſellor.

Belv. But Mother ———

Frowz. Right Child! Since I am to return ſo ſuddenly, you would ask me why I came over? Why for Recruits, Child! The Forces that I rais'd laſt Spring are ſome of them dead in the Service, others wounded, but harraſs'd, damnably haraſs'd all.

Belv. Death and the Devil! This Jade's Impertinence will quite ruin my buſineſs. Mrs. *Frowzy!* Look, there is your retaining Fee. I muſt have a word apart with you immediately.

Frowz. Humph! Five Guineas! I have not had ſo much theſe two Campaigns from a Major General. Son, my Soul is yours. [Belv. *and* Frowz. *talk apart.*

Friſk. Am I grown old or ugly, that I ſtand unattack'd here? or am I neglected as an unfortify'd Place, that lies open to all Invaders? I'll e'en put

on my Mask, and try what that will do. That will attract some Fop or other. For an Owl loves not the Face of Night so much as a Fool is fond of a Vizor.

Enter a very young Beau.

Hey day! What Stripling comes here? This is one of those young Would-be-Sinners, whom we may call wicked Platonicks, and who make lewd Love without Desire.

Beau. Demmee, Madam!

Frisk. What! Before you are capable of being a Sinner! All in good time, sweet Sir. The Devil does not care for these Tit-Bits; he's for a more substantial Morsel, a Morsel that may be felt in the going down: And truly he and I are much of a mind. But come, for what have you a mind to be damn'd, young Sir?

Beau. For you, with all my heart, my Dear. Come, shall you and I go aside, and divert one another?

Frisk. Why, I can laugh at you here, and that is all the Diversion that thou canst give me, poor little Animal.

Beau. Nay, but this is speaking without Book. Come, come, come and see.

Frisk. No, I'd have you to know, I am a little too old for a Puppet-show. No, Sir, no, I am for none of your Diversion.

Beau. 'Sdeath, if you are not for Diversion, will you do Business?

Frisk. Business! What a Boy, and talk of Business? No, no, Youngster, you are not grown up to Business yet.

Beau. What a Devil can this be? She talks too well for a common Punk, and too lewdly for a Woman of Honour. Ten to one some Actress who is rehearsing her Part to me. Adieu Jilt! [*Exit.*

Frisk. The most effectual way of jilting thee, were to grant thy Request. *Belv.*

Belv. to *Frowz.* Nay, no Reply, you know the time ſeſſes, and *Baldernoe* expects you. But be ſure you emember the Letter.

Frowz. I warrant you Daughter, come along Child.

[*Exeunt* Frowz. & Frisk.

Enter Sylvia *in the Stage-Box.*

Belv. But *Sylvia* comes adorn'd with every Grace, nd Love and Death ſit ſporting in her Eyes.

Syl. And for what weighty Reaſon, Mr. *Belvil*, ave you drawn me hither?

Belv. To expoſe my Rival to you.

Syl. A very frank Confeſſion! You are jealous en?

Belv. I ſhould be very unworthy, if I ſhould be alous after the engaging Aſſurance which you gave e this morning. When you ſee my Rival, you will e convinc'd that I am not jealous.

Syl. Why am I then come hither?

Belv. That the full Knowledge of the Husband hich my Uncle deſigns for you, may give you the eſter Excuſe for refuſing him.

Syl. But can your Uncle dare to uſe his Autho- ity in ſuch an arbitrary manner, as to oblige me o take for a Husband to-morrow, a Man whom I ever ſaw?

Belv. My Uncle has ſeveral Reaſons for this Pre- ipitation: But this is not the meaneſt of them, that he longer you know his Son, the more nauſeous ou'll find him.

Syl. But ſince this Gentleman is to be ſhown in the Playhouſe, pray do what is done in our Co- edies, and let me know ſomething of the Charac- er, before I ſee the Perſon.

Belv. Why, then for his Parts, Madam, Nature has been a very Niggard to him: She has made him a poor Dog, but he is contented, and ſo far he may be ſaid to be rich.

Syl.

Sylv. Nay, this you have ſpoken in his Commendation: For Content, where Murmuring will not mend the matter, denotes a Man of Judgment.

Belv. True, Madam: But, like ſome old Philoſophers, he is not only contented in his Poverty, he is proud in it: Like a Stoick, at the time that he is ſcandalouſly neceſſitous, he affirms that himſelf is only rich. An humble Fool is one of God's Creatures, and conſequently very good: Ignorance and Stupidity are Nature's Follies, and Nature is always lovely: But Affectation is a Coxcomb's own.

Sylv. Nay, we have certainly reaſon to bear with your downright Fool, for native Folly is a neceſſary Foil, and ſerves to ſet off the Brillant of Wit; but Affectation is falſe and counterfeits it, to cheat us of our good Opinions.

Belv. Right, Madam: He who courts our Applauſe, by affecting Wit, is a cheating Beggar, who asks Alms with a falſe Certificate; and every pretending aſpiring Fop is a Knave as well as a Fool. In ſhort, this is ſo vain a Coxcomb, that he would be contented to feel himſelf miſerable, that others might imagine him happy; and would be ſatisfy'd to be a Sot in his own Judgment, that he might paſs for a Wit in the Opinions of other People.

Sylv. But have a care: Are only Fools vain, very vain, Mr. *Belvil?*

Belv. Yes, a Man of Senſe may be puff'd up ſometimes, becauſe he cannot always reflect; but a conceited Fool is eternally vain, becauſe he is never thoughtful.

Sylv. Then Vanity, like Wine, it ſeems, works moſt violently upon the weakeſt Brains?

Belv. It does; and Vanity makes the Sot as conceited of his fancy'd Capacity, as Wine made the Beggar proud of his imaginary Quality. [*Aſide.*] But upon my Life here comes my Couſin, and a Letter in his hand, which *Frowzy* and *Friskit* have ſent him by

by my Appointment. But that this Lady muſt not know.

Enter Bull junior.

Couſin, your humble Servant. [*To* Bull jun.

Bull j. Damme, how doſt thou do, *Ned?*

Sylv. [*aſide.*] Well, a Fop and a Monkey are the moſt familiar of God's Creatures.

Belv. Do you ſtay the Play out?

Bull j. Doſt thou know, *Ned*, that I am juſt now come out of *France?*

Belv. And what of that?

Bull j. And what can you ſee in my Face to perſuade you, that I, who come from *Moliere* and *Racine*, ſhould ſtay out one of your damn'd fooliſh things here?

Belv. Why have we nothing but fooliſh things then?

Bull j. No, Sir, if my Judgment may be taken; and I hope my Judgment may be taken for a fooliſh thing as ſoon as another Man's.

Belv. No doubt on't.

Bull j. As I was juſt coming into the Door, I met three or four Wits going out; They were all of them down to the ground immediately to me: Your moſt humble Servant, ſweet Mr. *Bull.* And thus I return'd the Salute: *Jack* how doſt thou do? *Will*, I am heartily glad to ſee thee. Rot me, *Tom*, thou look'ſt execrably to-day. *Ned*, I always treat People *De haut en bas*, who have not a great deal of Mony.

Belv. What if they have Merit?

Bull j. Merit without Mony! Thou talk'ſt like a *Bantamite* or a *Chineſe*, let me periſh; and not like an Inhabitant of this ſide of the Globe. There is an Air of Greatneſs in Tutaying-Men. *Ned*, thou behav'ſt thy ſelf ſo gently to all ſorts of People, that let me die if I am not aſham'd of thee.

Belv.

Belv. Nay, I muſt confeſs thou doſt treat me People with a ſurprizing Familiarity.

Bull j. That is, *Ned*, becauſe for moſt People have a very hearty Contempt.

Belv. And ſo have all who have thy noble Accomplishments. For [*aſide*] a Man of Senſe may hug himſelf as long as he pleaſes, with the Thought of his contemning a Fop: a Fop is ſure to be even with him; nay, and to have the advantage of him. For a great Underſtanding only qualifies a Man for the contemning thoſe who have leſs. Nor always indeed for that, ſince it often makes him diffide in himſelf; but Ignorance and Vanity undoubtedly qualify him for the Contempt of all who are above him too.

Bull j. On what the Devil art thou muſing Man? As I was ſaying, *Ned*, thou knoweſt that I am lately come out of *France*.

Belv. Very good.

Bull j. Thou art very perfect, I know, in the *French* Tongue.

Belv. Oh God, Sir, you rally me.

Bull j. *Non, que le Diable m' emporte.* And thou haſt a very pretty Stile in *Engliſh*. Now I have thought of a Buſineſs that may get thee ſome Reputation.

Belv. As how, pray?

Bull j. Why, I have brought over with me about a Buſhel of Billet-Doux, which I receiv'd from the Wives, and Siſters, and Daughters of Dukes and Peers of *France*, and which I would have thee tranſlate for the Benefit of our *Engliſh* Ladies.

Belv. I am the moſt unqualify'd Man in the World for ſuch an Employment.

Bull j. The moſt qualify'd Man in the Univerſe, let me periſh for it, our Language ſtands in want of theſe things. You will find in them, to a Miracle, *Le Galant, le Doux, le Tendre, le Delicat, & le bien Tourné.*

Belv.

Belv. Is that one of them in your hands?

Bull j. No, that is a Letter which I have just reciv'd from a Dutcheſs.

Belv. May I read it?

Bull j. You may. [Belv. *Reads.*

Your Merit has engag'd a Woman of the firſt Quality to wiſh you well. Be in the Playhouſe before the Play begins; you ſhall either hear of me there, or elſe at the Chocolate-houſe immediately after the Play is begun: but be ſure you be diſcreet, for the leaſt Vanity will ruin both.

Belv. Pſhaw! Pox ſhe does not know thee, or ſhe would never have given thee that Caution. 'Tis now [*aſide.*] high time to ſnub this Puppy.

Bull j. There is not a Man in *England* who is more ſhock'd at Vanity than my ſelf.

Belv. Or who loves a vain Coxcomb more.

Bull j. I don't underſtand you.

Belv. Of all Loves, Self-love is the blindeſt.

Bull j. Tho perhaps if I had a mind to be vain.

Belv. Nature has given thee as good Grounds to be ſo, as ſhe has done any Man breathing.

Bull j. Right.

Belv. For ſhe has made thee as great a Coxcomb.

Bull j. Humph!

Sylv. [*aſide.*] What can Mr. *Belvil* mean by all this? This Coxcomb can never be ſo odiouſly baſe as to bear it. Heavens! How I tremble.

Bull j. I would deſpiſe another Man for this, but thee I pity, *Ned.*

Belv. This Billet, I'll lay my Life, comes from ſome Drab who has heard what a Fop thou art, and who by neceſſity is reduc'd to abandon her ſelf to thee, which is enough, even in this leud Age, to brand Fornication with Infamy.

Bull j. A Drab who is reduc'd, you ſay? Prithee let's hear that again.

Belv. Yes, reduc'd ev'n to flatter thee, which is ſtill a more vile and a more abominable Proſtitution.

Bull. j. [*aſide.*] By the Lord, this Kinſman of mine is a diſmal Dog, a very woful Monſter, if a Man durſt but tell him ſo. But tho this Fellow has the Jaws of an Aſs,, yet a pox on him, he has the Hoofs of a Stone-Horſe, and can kick upon occaſion unmercifully. Look you, *Ned*, ſome People would decently cut your Throat about this Buſineſs. But—

Belv. You dare not, it ſeems.

Bull j. I will only tell thee that the Lady, from whom this Letter comes, is juſt as great a Drab as I am a Fop, and I am juſt as great a Fop as ſhe is a Drab: Ha, ha, ha! And ſo adieu.

Belv. Nay, Faith, you ſhan't go.

Bull j. Faith but I muſt, *Ned*: For, look you, the Fop at preſent is buſy, nay very buſy: For the Drab, do you ſee, has ſent the Fop an Aſſignation, and the Fop is reſolv'd to be punctual. Ha, ha, ha!

Sylv. This is wonderful. [*Aſide.*

Belv. But can you reſolve to go to a Whore to-night, when you know you are to be marry'd to-morrow?

Bull j. Ay, to chuſe, *Ned*, and for a very good Reaſon.

Belv. Name it.

Bull j. That I might not be tempted to do ſo damn'd an unfaſhionable thing, as to be immoderate with my own Spouſe to-morrow night.

Belv. Have you ſeen *Sylvia*?

Bull j. No.

Belv. How do you know whether you ſhall like her?

Bull j. I never concern my ſelf about that: For who would trouble himſelf about marrying one whom he likes, in an Age in which every well-bred Man profeſſes the hating his Wife? Has ſhe all her Teeth, two Eyes, and a Noſe?

Belv. Yes ſure.

Bull

Bull j. Rot me, I had as live ſhe had not: For nothing can make a Woman ſo abominable as Wedlock, and all Wives are hideous alike. For my part, of all things in the World, I would chuſe to marry the Woman I hated moſt.

Belv. The Devil thou would'ſt?

Bull j. Let me periſh, *Ned*, but I would: for whom a Man hates he would be glad to avoid, and People marry now-a-days on purpoſe to live aſunder.

Sylvia [*aſide.*] And is this Fellow deſign'd for me! If there were only him and my ſelf in the World, the Race of Men ſhould periſh.

Belv. Mr. *Bull*, if *Sylvia* were here now?

Bull j. Faith, if ſhe had been here, it had been all one.

Belv. Faith, I believe thee.

Bull j. Well, *Ned*, adieu. [*Exit* Bull j.

Belv. So, Madam! How do you like Mr. *Bull?*

Sylv. Infinitely. There may be Men in the World who have greater Underſtandings, but he is extremely handſome.

Belv. Nay, now I am ſure you diſſemble, for it is the hardeſt thing in the World for a Woman, who finds that a Man wants Wit, to find that he is extremely handſome.

Sylv. You did not hear me ſay that he wanted Wit; for my part I think that he is very brisk.

Belv. And at the ſame time very melancholy.

Sylv. I don't know what you may think, but I am ſure a great part of what he ſaid would paſs for Wit with others.

Belv. Yes, and make him paſs for a Fool with them.

Sylv. How! Wit make him paſs for a Fool with them? I thought People had paſs'd for Fools for want of Wit.

Belv. No, Madam, 'tis for want of Judgment.

Sylv. And do you think to make your Court to a Woman by ſaying this?

Belv. Yes, to a Woman who can deſpiſe the little Follies of her Sex, as much as ſhe deteſts their Vices. But, Madam, you are ſenſible of the Choice to which you are reduc'd, if you will not accept of me to-night, you muſt e'en take my Rival to-morrow.

Sylv. You draw ſtrange Conſequences.

Belv. You know, that by the Indiſcretion of your Father, your Guardian has the ſame Advantage over you that he has over me.

Sylv. You know him to be utterly averſe to your Deſire.

Belv. But if within theſe two hours I obtain his Conſent, will you promiſe to give me yours?

Sylv. Upon that Condition I may promiſe any thing, and run no risk of Performance. But I muſt think of removing: For ſo long a Converſation in ſo public a Place, has drawn all the Eyes of the Playhouſe on us.

Belv. Then you ſhall give me leave to wait upon you to your Chair.

Sylv. You may ſpare your ſelf the Trouble, for I have brought my Gentleman-Uſher with me. Your Servant. [*Exit* Sylvia.

Belv. Madam, your moſt humble Servant. Well! Thus far I have only expos'd my Couſin, but that is not ſufficient, he muſt ſmart too. My Uncle's ill Uſage has been intolerable: His Years, and the Relation which I have to him, reſtrain me from revenging that Uſage upon himſelf immediately. No, I will puniſh it in his ridiculous Offspring, and viſit the exorbitant Sins of the Father, upon that extraordinary Rogue the Son. Since I have depriv'd him of the Wife deſign'd for him, I will put very fair for the providing another for him. In *Friskit* I have made a proper Choice for him: For ſo extravagant a Drab, and ſo extraordinary a Fop are Tallies to one another; ſo ſurprizing a Match may be very inſtructive, and ſhow the ridiculous Vanity of ſome

Coxcombs

Coxcombs who are now in my Eye; for they are but Copies of this Original, and the Concluſion of all their boaſted Intrigues is the ſame.

Thoſe Plagues of the Fair Sex, of ours the Scum,
Got doubly drunk with Vanity and Stum,
Their highborn Miſtreſſes in Brimmers toaſt,
And to their Friends their falſe good Fortunes boaſt:
But the Wine drunk, and the vain Frolick o'er,
Departing, reel to ſome abandon'd Whore;
And with her fancying Quality, and Charms,
Enjoy fair Dutcheſs in a Bulker's Arms.

ACT III. SCENE *Old* Bull's *Houſe.*

Frowzy, Friskit, Bruſh, Gregory.

Frowz. MR. *Bull* not at home, ſay you? Nay then——

Greg. Nay, I beſeech your Ladyſhip: My Maſter ſent word but now that a little unexpected Buſineſs detains him, but that in leſs than an hour he'll wait upon you. In the mean time he commanded me to tell you, that the Houſe is your Ladyſhip's. A Gentleman is in the Garden, who deſires to know if he may wait upon you.

Frowz. His Name?

Greg. Mr. *Dorant.* At leaſt [*aſide.*] he commanded me to tell her ſo. But what ſhould oblige the Fop to change *Bull* for *Dorant*, I muſt confeſs, is above my Apprehenſion. But that which is more ſtrange, is, that Mr. *Belvil* gave us notice beforehand, that young Mr. *Bull* would tell this Lye, and oblig'd us all to confirm it. But Mr. *Belvil* is ſo honeſt, ſo

worthy, ſo liberal a Gentleman, that we have all engag'd to run thro Fire and Water for him. Will your Ladyſhip ſend any Anſwer to him?

Frowz. Tell him, that I'll but diſpoſe of ſome things, and ſend to him. [*Exit* Greg.] Do you remember, Daughter, that I told you that this Mr. *Dorant* is young Mr. *Bull?*

Frisk. Mother, I do remember it.

Frowz. That Mr. *Belvil* told us, that *Dorant* was his *Nom de Guerre* in *France*, where the Fool was aſham'd of his own?

Frisk. I remember that too.

Frowz. And that it was agreed by Mr. *Belvil* and me, that at my firſt meeting Mr. *Bull* at the Chocolate-houſe, I ſhould ſalute him by the name of *Dorant*, and by a name that was very well known in *France* to me?

Frisk. Nothing of this has ſlipt from me.

Frowz. For that it would be neceſſary to make him go by an *alias*, becauſe it would be neceſſary to make him paſs for a Perſon of Quality. You remember this too?

Frisk. Perfectly.

Frowz. And you have not forgot the Reaſon of it?

Frisk. The Reaſon is, that his going by a wrong Name, and his paſſing for a Perſon of Quality, would help us to conceal this Deſign from the Father.

Frowz. Right, Child! or if he came to diſcover it, would oblige him to be aſſiſtant in the carrying on againſt his Son and himſelf.

Frisk. And the Servants of the Houſe you ſay you are ſecure of?

Frowz. Mr. *Belvil*, who has oblig'd them all along by the Goodneſs of his Humour, and by the Mildneſs of his Carriage towards them, has diſtributed fifty Pounds among them this very morning.

Frisk. Nay, that will corrupt any Family now-a-days.

Frow.

Frowz. Daughter, have you the reſt of your Inſtructions perfect?

Friſk. Mother, you give your ſelf a vain Trouble.

Frowz. Then, *Bruſh*, go tell the young Gentleman that I ſhould be glad to ſee him; and, by the way, Sirrah, be ſure you behave your ſelf as I have commanded you.

Friſk. If you ſhould be deceiv'd now in your Expectation, Mother, and this Fop ſhould not liſten before he comes in?

Frowz. Never fear that. But are you ſure, Daughter, that you can act a Fit of the Mother well?

Friſk. Ay, and top my part too, Mother.

Frowz. Well ſaid! But have a care of over-topping it, Child, as I have ſeen a young buxom Widow do at the Grave of a rich impotent Husband, and by that means make a Farce of a Funeral. But as I live he comes!

Bull jun. *and* Bruſh *at the door.*

Bull jun. Talking of him who is to marry the young Lady, do you ſay?

Bruſh. Ay, Sir, and earneſtly.

Bull jun. Wilt thou do me the Favour to go and ſee for my Man? In the mean time I ſhall make bold to liſten. [*Aſide.*

Friſk. And has your Ladyſhip ſeen the dear Man, do you ſay?

Frowz. Lord! That I muſt tell my Story twenty times over! I tell you I ſaw him at the Chocolate-houſe, while you was with Mr. *Bull* at the Colonel's.

Friſk. And is he not alter'd a jot, ſince we ſaw him at *Paris*? How does he look?

Frowz. Raviſhingly. Nay, I gad, Child, I can't blame thee in the leaſt. 'Tis a moſt delightful Figure. Then he will talk, good Gods how he will talk!

Bull j. A judicious Perſon, let me periſh.

Frisk. Nay, every one esteems him a Prodigy: But I hope your Ladyship gave him no occasion to say any thing of me

Frowz. Why, what if I did?

Frisk. What if you did? Jesu!

Frowz. Nay, look you, *Peggy*, don't be in a Passion, you have not heard me say that I told him; but supposing I had.

Frisk. Why then that dear Creature would utterly despise me for my Weakness.

Frowz. What, despise thirty thousand Pound? Why you don't take him for a Fool, *Peggy?*

Frisk. No, but I take him for a Wit tho. A Wit always hates and rails against Marriage: A Wit won't be a Slave for all the Mony in the World.

Frowz. But if a Wit will not, an *Englishman* will; as we who come from *France* know by some very good Tokens. Thirty thousand Pounds, *Peggy!* Shew me one *Englishman* in forty, that will not sell himself and all his Posterity for a tenth part of the Sum. Besides, Mr. *Dorant's* a Courtier, a true thorow-pac'd Courtier; and consequently for half thirty thousand Pound would marry me, ev'n me, tho I had twice my Age, four times my Fat, and not half my Virtue.

Bull j. This old Lady shews a great Understanding of the World. [*Aparte.*

Frisk. And then your Ladyship has told him all?

Frowz. Nay look you, as I said before, don't be in a Passion, *Peggy:* We shall have you play the Fool, and have one of your Fits. Could I see you die for Mr. *Dorant*, as the young Marchioness did at *Versailles*, without letting him know it?

Bull j. This is News: I warrant I have done a plaguy deal of Mischief in my time, more than I know of. [*Aparte.*

Frisk. Are you sure he is a Man of Quality?

Frowz.

Frowz. Yes, yes, he ſays he is Son to Viſcount *Dorant*, otherwiſe thou ſhouldſt ſooner have dy'd than have marry'd him.

Frisk. And ſo I would: for I had rather the Devil ſhould have me than a little Fellow.

Frowz. He'll be here in a quarter of an hour, and then——

Frisk. Why, has your Ladyſhip been ſo barbarous as to tell him my Lodgings? I won't ſee him.

Frowz. I ſhould laugh at that.

Frisk. How does your Ladyſhip think I can look a Man in the Face——

Frowz. Nay, look you, *Peggy*, you had beſt play the Fool and loſe your Love——For

Frisk. Eh! Gad I am ſick.

Frowz. He tells me that he has an old Father, who deſigns to marry him to-morrow to a rich beautiful Heireſs.

Frisk. Eh—— [*Shrieks, and ſeems to be fainting.*

Frowz. Ah, Lord! What have I done? Why, Daughter!

Frisk. Stand off, I can hardly fetch my Breath; Heav'ns how my Heart pants?

Frowz. Nay, *Peggy*——

Frisk. And my Head ſhoots——

Frowz. Nay, dear *Peggy*——

Frisk. And my Back opens and ſhuts——

[*Counterfeits a Fit.*

Frowz. Ah, Lord, I have kill'd my Child, I have murder'd my dear Child. Help, help.

Enter Bull jun. *and two Maids.*

Maid. For Heav'ns ſake, Madam, what is the matter?

Frowz. Ah! my dear Child's dead.

2*d Maid.* Oh, Heavens help! Quickly let's have her to Bed, and chafe her.

Frowz. I vow Sweetheart thou ſpeak'ſt well. Have her to Bed, and get her ſoundly rubb'd——

1ſt Maid. And then if ſhe ſhews no ſign of Life—

Frowz. In troth ſhe's dead with a vengeance.

[*They carry her off.*

Bull j. [*To* Frowzy.] Madam, your moſt humble Servant!

Frowz. Ah Gad, Sir, is this a time to anſwer Compliments?

Bull j. Madam, the Devil take me, I am heartily ſorry.

Frowz. Sorry, quoth-a! What would you be, if you knew the Occaſion?

Bull j. Madam, I know every thing; for I overheard all.

Frowz. Did you ſo? That was well contriv'd, and handſomely done. Well, Sir, I muſt go look after my dear Child; if you'll ſtay, I'll be with you as ſoon as I poſſibly can. [*Exit.*

Bull j. Well! The Devil take me, all this is very ſurprizing! I am ſometimes almoſt in doubt, whether this be a Dream, or real. Hold! let me ſee! [*Pulls out his Pocket-Glaſs, and looks in it.*] A Dream! No, thou dear, damn'd, doubting Dog, 'tis real. Well, *Batt*, tho thou haſt always paſs'd for *un homme a bonnes Fortunes*, yet is this the fineſt of all thy *Belles Avantures*. But now, to puſh it *Cavalierement*, when firſt I ſaw the Counteſs at the Chocolate-houſe, I was very glad to find that ſhe and her Daughter, by Colonel *Medley*'s Recommendation, were lodg'd here at my Father's: becauſe that ſhews that what they pretend to be, they really are, Women of Fortune and Quality; but of that, what happen'd juſt now, would convince an Infidel. Yet, when I found that this old Lady was as paſſionate an Admirer of Quality as I am my ſelf, and that ſhe was reſolv'd to have a Peer for her Son-in-Law; why then I wiſh'd them fairly remov'd to another place. I told the Counteſs that my Name was *Dorant*, Son to Viſcount *Dorant*, for Viſcount *Bull* would have ſounded helliſhly.

Beſides,

Beſides, it would have made a diſcovery, for ſhe knew me by my other Name in *France*. I have order'd the Servants here to confirm my Lye, which they have undertaken to do. The Lady is deſperately in love with me, that is certain: if I can ſecure her before my Father ſees me, all is well, otherwiſe all is ruin'd; for he will infallibly uſe me like a Dog, and ſo diſcover me to be the Spawn of a Cit. But ſee, the Counteſs!

Enter Frowzy.

Pray, Madam, how does the young Lady?

Frowz. How does ſhe do! Well, I vow I found her in a lamentable pickle, ſtretching her ſelf out, and heaving and gaſping for Life: but chafing her and rubbing her, has fetch'd her again.

Bull j. Madam, I beg leave to wait upon her.

Frowz. As Gad ſhall ſave me, not for the world, Sir; the bare mention of ſuch a thing had like to have thrown her into a ſecond Fit: She ſwears ſhe'll die a thouſand times, rather than look a Man in the face, who knows that ſhe has been ſo weak as to love him before ſhe was ſure of his Heart.

Bull j. She gives herſelf a vain Trouble, let me periſh. For, may I paſs for the erranteſt Coxcomb in nature, if I were not the firſt in love of the two. The firſt time I had the happineſs to be near her, was in Carnival-time, in a certain place where I had a fancy to appear in diſguiſe; and where I fell deſperately in love with her. It was a fortnight after that, that ſhe firſt caſt her eye upon me, as I was walking in the *Tuilleries*.

Frowz. Lord! to ſee how good Wits will jump! I ventur'd to tell her ſomething like this to appeaſe her, but ſhe ſaid that was not ſufficient to juſtify her: For when my Weakneſs comes to be divulg'd, ſays ſhe, People who have a mind to be cenſorious will ſay, Suppoſing he did love her firſt, how could ſhe know that, when he had never ſpoke to her?

Bull j. Never ſpoke to her!

Frowz. Nay, they'll ſay, continu'd my Daughter, that ſuppoſing ſhe could have known that he lov'd her, without hearing him ſpeak, how could ſhe tell but that he was a Fool? For in troth, Mr. *Dorant*, a Fool's Face may do as much execution as yours. Now ſhe who can love a Fool, ſays my Daughter, muſt certainly be little better. Is it then for Mr. *Dorant*'s credit or mine, to have it ſaid that the Conqueſt of me is owing to his Eyes alone? If it were known that he had made love to me, People would attribute that Conqueſt to the Force of Beauty and Wit in conjunction.

Bull j. Gad, ſhe's in the right of it.

Frowz. And then the Effect would be as excuſable in me, as the Cauſe would be glorious in him.

Bull j. Pardieu [aſide.] *voila une Fille qui a del Eſprit!* But, Madam, has my Lady *Margaret* forgot me ſo far, as to affirm that I never ſpoke to her?

Frowz. Indeed I think ſo, I can't be poſitive: but I am confident ſhe ſays you never had any Converſation with her in private.

Bull j. Why, there's it, Madam; but in publick places I have convers'd a hundred times with her. In the *Tuilleries*, at *Luxemburgh*, at the *Palais Royal*, at the *Gobelins*. But Love made publickly at *Paris*, paſſes for Gallantry.

Frowz. But ſince you were in love with my Daughter, how chance you never came home to our Lodgings, whither all the People of Quality, both *Engliſh* and *French*, reſorted?

Bull j. Lord! Madam, I waited upon your Daughter twice; and immediately after that, I receiv'd Commands to return for *England*.

Frowz. I vow 'tis a ſad thing to grow old, Mr. *Dorant*: I had perfectly forgot this. In what part of the Town did we lodge then, for we had three Lodgings at *Paris*?

Bull

Bull j. 'Twas, Madam, in the very laſt Lodging that you took; which was in——let me ſee——Rot me, I am a Dunce to-night. For the Blood of me I cannot think of the name of it: What does your Ladyſhip call the Street?

Frowz. [*aſide.*] I have gone too far with this Fool, and am at a nonplus; for I have travell'd no further than the Camp, nor do I know the name of any one Street in *Paris*. Why, the Street was call'd——But it was a naſty Lodging, and a filthy Place. Foh! I abominate the very Name of it.

Bull j. Nay, then I have it. Oh! You lodg'd in the *Fauxbourg*, Madam.

Frowz. It was indeed in the *Fauxbourg*.

Bull j. In the *Fauxbourg St. Germain.*

Frowz. [*Mimicking him.*] In the *Fauxbourg St. Germain.*

Bull j. In the *Butcher-Row.*

Frowz. In the *Butcher-Row:* Ha, ha, ha!

Bull j. [*aſide.*] Rot me, I am afraid I have not hit right. But all the *Engliſh* that ever I knew at *Paris*, lodg'd in the *Butcher-Row.*

Frowz. [*Mimicking.*] The *Butcher-Row* is a moſt whimſical place, let me periſh, for a Woman of Quality to lodge in: Ha, ha, ha! But my *Peggy* has ſuch odd Fancies, as would make a body die with laughing. Ha, ha, ha!

Bull j. Oh all, Madam, all the *Engliſh* lodge there. Before they go over, they are terrify'd with the Report of the Scarcity of Fleſh at *Paris*, and therefore as ſoon as they come there, to make ſure of Beef, they intrench themſelves in the *Butcher-Row.*

Frowz. So that my Daughter and I, to make ſure of Beef, intrench'd our ſelves in the *Butcher-Row.* Rot me [*aſide and mimicking.*] if this is not a great Wit, and a very gallant Perſon. Look you, Sir, the caſe is this: My Daughter is in a dangerous condition; ſhe's deſperately in love with you. For that

Face,

Face, that Air, and that Mien of yours, have done devilish execution upon her.

Bull j. Rot me, your Ladyship rallies your humble Servant.

Frowz. No, as Gad shall save me, Sir, who but a Sot would pretend to rally you, Sir? But as I was saying, my Daughter loves you, and you assure me that you love my Daughter?

Bull j. Ouy: Dieu me damme, Je l'adore.

Frowz. Gallantly declared, as Gad shall save me! And you made this *French* Declaration in *France* to her?

Bull j. A hundred times, Madam: Witness it, O ye flowry Beds of the *Tuilleries*, and ye sandy Walks of *Luxemburg!*

Frowz. [*aside.*] This Fellow is at last come to a proper Stile for Fiction.

Bull j. Nay, Madam, I made too an *English* Declaration in *France* to her. Hey! Boy! [*Enter Boy.*] Sing me the Song that I gave you yesterday.

Song, by Tho. Cheek *Esq;*

WHEN, Cloe, *I your Charms survey,*
My wandring Senses run away:
My trembling Heart goes pit-a-pat,
Can you not guess what I'd be at?
Sometimes in gentle Sighs I move
The Air with softest Breeze of Love:
Sometimes like Gun of largest Bore,
I vent my Sighs with dismal Roar:
Disorder'd, know not what I do,
And all, my Dear, for Love of you.

Frowz. Very pretty, as I hope to breathe. And you are ready to own this in *England* for her Reputation and your Honour. For you may assure your self, that no one will believe that you could frequent any one Person of Quality, without conversing

verſing with us, becauſe we frequented them all.

Bull j. Nay, look you, Madam, as for the young Lady's Honour, I am ready to marry her immediately, and then her Honour is mine.

Frowz. Well ſaid! That is ſpoken like a Man of Honour. As for your Eſtate——

Bull j. Of that you ſhall be ſatisfy'd when you pleaſe. But [*aſide*] I hope to ſecure your Daughter firſt.

Frowz. Hang an Eſtate; my Daughter has enough to make you both happy, and I can augment her Fortune conſiderably out of my own Jointure, which is ſufficiently known. In ſhort, my dear Child's Life is in danger, and I value her Life above a thouſand Eſtates: But I'd have you to know, I value her Honour a thouſand times more than her Life. And as Gad ſhall ſave me, I had as lieve ſee her follow the Camp, as married to a vulgar Perſon. Sir, I beg your pardon, but I muſt be ſatisfy'd that you are a Man of Quality.

Bull j. Madam, as I told you at the Chocolate-houſe, my Father is the moſt conſiderable Viſcount in *England*.

Frowz. Viſcount *Dorant!* In troth a very pretty ſounding Buſineſs! But this is a Viſcount that I never heard of. You don't know the Gentleman who owns the Houſe, for I muſt conſult with him, and muſt be govern'd by him.

Bull j. Madam, I told you at the Chocolate-houſe, that he is my Enemy, and that I deſir'd not to be ſeen by him: And I beſeech your Ladyſhip, that you would refer this Buſineſs to ſome other Perſon.

Frowz. I have promis'd that you ſhall not be ſeen by him, and what I have promis'd I will perform. But in troth, I am ſorry ſuch a Man as he is your Enemy, for in troth he is a very worthy Perſon.

Bull j.

Bull j. Why faith, Madam, the Man is what they call an honeſt Man, and that is all; but a ſtrange humourſom, obſtinate, old Scoundrel, and a paultry Cit, the Devil take me, to boot.

Frowz. But, Sir, how comes a Man of your Quality, ſo familiar with a Cit, as to quarrel with him?

Bull j. Why you muſt know, Madam, he has a Son who is a very pretty Gentleman, and one for whom I have a greater Kindneſs than I have for any one, excepting your Daughter: And I have wonder'd a hundred times how ſo very a Bear as the Father, could get ſo witty, ſo gallant a Perſon as the Son. I ſuppoſe he had help, and ſome interloping Courtier ſlily came in for his ſnacks. And yet the Monſter his Father uſes him like a Dog; for which I hate him, and for which I have ſworn not to come near him, when I can at any time avoid him.

Enter Bruſh *running.*

Bruſh. [*apart to* Frowzy] Madam, Madam, Mr *Belvil* gives you notice, that the old Man will be here immediately, and deſires that you would be prepar'd to receive him. He bids me tell you that Colonel *Medley* has half fox'd him.

Frowz. Gads my Life, how unlucky's this! Well, and *Baldernoe?*

Bruſh. Bald. ſends word that he'll be behind him but a quarter of an hour at the fartheſt. He ſent word by the Meſſenger, that the Engines are ready, and all things prepar'd for a general Aſſault.

Frowz. Very good! Sir, Sir, [*to* Bull j.] the Enemy approaches, and you had beſt in time make good your Retreat. If you have a mind to wait upon my Daughter, here's one ſhall conduct you. I'll follow you in a moment, and ſee what I can do for you.

Bull j. Madam, you oblige me eternally.

[*Exeunt* Bull j. *&* Bruſh.

Frowz. In troth, *Suky*, this is hard Fortune, to be bilk'd of thy Bubble when thou hadſt taken ſo much pain

pains in the working him up. If the old Man had ſtaid but a quarter of an hour longer, in all likelihood *Friskit* had been coupled, and the Fop had been ſped. If any thing ſhould retard the old Fellow, this bleſſed Match ſhall go on. But in taking all this pains with the Son, I have laid in for the deceiving the Father too: for if he diſcovers the Son's Deſigns, the Fop will infallibly boaſt of his Acquaintance in *France* with us, and the Conſequence of that cannot but be to our advantage. But if there is any likelihood of ſuch a Diſcovery, I muſt prevent it, and muſt diſcover firſt; make the old Fellow a falſe and a half Confidence; and concealing the Name of his Son, communicate the reſt of the Affair as a Secret to him, upon which I ſhall beg his Advice; make him acquainted with my falſe Fears, and my pretended Jealouſies; inform him of the Attempts which are made upon my Daughter, but at the ſame time conceal the Temptations and the Encouragements which I induſtriouſly give underhand to them.

Thus will I cheat him, as the marry'd Jilt
From the ſuſpecting Cuckold hides her Guilt:
Firſt ſhe the Gallant's leud Deſign reveals,
Then to the ſecret Aſſignation ſteals.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Table and Chairs. Bull ſen. Frowzy, Gregory.

Bull ſ. MADAM, 'tis the very beſt in the three Kingdoms. Here, Sirrah, take the Key of my Cloſet, and bring the two-quart Bottle of

of Brandy to the Countess. I wonder his Lordship is not come yet.

Frowz. I expect him every moment: He sent word that he would come in the Dusk, and come mystically. Indeed all that he does is done in the Dusk, and mystically. Oh 'tis a very mysterious Person!

Bull S. Nay, Gadzooks, they all say he is a great Person, and has more out-of-the-way Politicks than any Man in the three Kingdoms.

Frowz. Oh! quite another sort of a thing than your clumsy awkward *British* Politician: He has often a whole Intrigue in one single Grimace, and his Jests and his Frolicks are all of them Master-pieces of State.

Enter Greg. *with the Brandy.*

Bull S. I long to see him. Sirrah, fill a Glass. Madam, my hearty Service to you. Come, a Health to the young Lady.

Frowz. Ay, poor Creature, she wants it.

Bull S. Faith and troth I am sorry to hear she's so ill. Sirrah, fill to her Ladyship.

Frowz. Mr. *Bull*, on the other side of the Water this Liquor is grown mightily in use among Women of my Quality. Do they use it here?

Bull S. Gadsbud, Madam, they drink nothing else; formerly, saving your Ladyship's Presence, only Bawds drank Brandy, but now the poor Jades can't go to the Price of it; and as some great Ladies have taken their Trade out of their hands, they have taken their Liquor.

Frowz. But did the Colonel acquaint you, say you, with the Misfortune which my Daughter met with in *France*?

Bull S. He told me she was deeply in love with a Gentleman, who left her in the height of her Passion and came for *England*. Does your Ladyship mind the Colour of that Brandy?

Frowz.

Frowz. A lovely Complection indeed!

Bull ſ. And the young Lady ſaw the very Perſon as ſhe was coming to my Houſe?

Frowz. Ay, juſt at the Corner of *Bow-ſtreet.*

Bull ſ. And the Sight renew'd her Diſorder?

Frowz. To both our Sorrows, God knows.

[*She ſmells to the Glaſs.*

Bull ſ. How does your Ladyſhip like the Flavour?

Frowz. A moſt alluring Flavour in troth. Come, Sir, my Daughter's Health to you. [*drinks*] Upon my Honour this is right *Nantz*: I warrant this coſts you ten and eight pence a Gallon at leaſt. At the laſt Conference that I had abroad for the publick Benefit, there was ſome quantity of it drunk; ſince I have taſted nothing like it. As Gad ſhall judge me, this is a Treaſure.

Bull ſ. Your Ladyſhip is a true and nice Judge.

Frowz. Nay, tho I ſay it, for Politicks——

Bull ſ. And Brandy——

Frowz. There is no Woman alive comes near me. But ſtill I forget my dear Child. Oh Lord, Mr. *Bull*, I mightily want your Advice. At leaſt I would have him think ſo. [*aſide*] For, as Mr. *Belvil* ſays, People never believe we are ſo ſincere as when we flatter them moſt.

Bull ſ. Why look you, Madam, if the Lady's Condition is ſo deſperate, the Gentleman muſt be told that ſhe loves him.

Frowz. Ah God, Sir, he knew it in *France.*

Bull ſ. And did not love her again?

Frowz. Oh! doted on her.

Bull ſ. What, and left her?

Frowz. The old whimſical Fop his Father would have it ſo.

Bull ſ. Then it is his Eſtate, concerning which you have a mind to be ſatisfy'd. Your Ladyſhip has reaſon: For your Daughter has thirty thouſand Pound. Bleſs me, what a Fortune there is! And your

your Ladyſhip can increaſe it conſiderably out of your own Jointure, which I know to be three Thouſand a Year.

Frowz. And pray, Sir, who gave you this Information?

Bull ſ. Tho I never had the Honour to ſee your Ladyſhip nor your Daughter before, yet I am acquainted with the Circumſtances of every conſiderable Perſon in the Kingdom. It is partly my Trade, Madam.

Frowz. Then the Gentleman about whom I enquire——

Bull ſ. Tell me but his Name, and I'll tell you his Eſtate immediately.

Frowz. I make no Inquiry after his Eſtate. Shall I ſtand upon a little Dirt, when my dear Child's Life is at ſtake? The thing that I want to be ſatisfy'd of, is, whether he is a Perſon of Quality: For I'll ſee her die a thouſand times, rather than ſhe ſhall marry a filthy little Fellow.

Bull ſ. Could your Ladyſhip be ſo cruel as to ſee her die rather?

Frowz. To ſee her die! Ay, to ſee her damn'd rather.

Bull ſ. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! damn'd!

Frowz. Ay, damn'd; I mean in an honourable way, Mr. *Bull*, and as a Woman of Quality ſhould be damn'd.

Bull ſ. How does your Ladyſhip call the Gentleman?

Frowz. Mr. *Dorant*.

Bull ſ. Mr. *Dorant!*

Frowz. Ay, Mr. *Dorant*, Son to Viſcount *Dorant*.

Bull ſ. Gadsbud, I never heard either of the Name or the Title.

Frowz. That's ſtrange, he ſays he knows you very well, and has lately had a Quarrel with you for your Severity againſt your Son.

Bull ſ.

Bull ſ. Pray, Madam, where is he to be found?

Frowz. Here in your Houſe.

Bull ſ. In my Houſe!

Frowz. Ay, he is at preſent with my Daughter.

Bull ſ. With your Ladyſhip's leave, I'll go talk with him immediately.

Frowz. Sir, by no means, he has ſworn not to ſee you by reaſon of the foreſaid Quarrel, and I have promis'd him that he ſhould not.

Bull ſ. Gadsbud, Madam, your Ladyſhip is abus'd. This is ſome Rogue, ſome Cheat, ſome Fortune-hunter.

Frowz. It is impoſſible, he does not look like any ſuch Man.

Bull ſ. Madam, thoſe Vermin ſwarm, and multiply as faſt in this itching Age, as Rats do at Sea in a Ship laden with Salt.

Enter Bull jun.

Bull j. This damn'd Father of mine won't be gone, and the time preſſes. If I can ſteal out while his back's turn'd, the young Lady has promis'd to follow.

Frowz. [*ſpying* Bull j.] So *Friskit* has follow'd my Inſtructions, and ſent him out, for he behaves himſelf ſo extravagantly, that he would certainly diſcover himſelf, and therefore I reſolv'd to diſcover him firſt. Mr. *Dorant*, your Servant.

Bull ſ. [*turning about*] Bleſs my Eyes! What do I ſee! Gadsbud I am giddy, my Head turns round. Madam, is this the Gentleman?

Frowz. The Gentleman! Why don't you know him then?

Bull ſ. Oh extremely well! Mr. *Dorant!* Sweet Sir, your moſt humble Servant. [*In a rallying Tone.*

Bull j. [*aſide*] I am diſcover'd. Impudence aſſiſt me. Honeſt *Bull!* How doſt thou do?

[*Staring him in the Face, and ſhaking him by the Hand.*

Bull ſ. [*aſide*] Oh horrible Inſolence! Oh Prodigy of Impudence!

Frowz. [*aſide*] I am ſure 'tis none of my Buſineſs to be at this Eclairciſſement. Well, Gentlemen! Now I have ſeen you together, I'll go ſee how my dear Child does. [*Exit.*

Bull ſ. So! God be thanked. Now I can let my Fury fly. Sirrah! Rogue! Dogbolt, tho I bear ſomething like this from my Nephew, who is ſuch a Heathen, as to make a jeſt of Paſſive Obedience, ſhall I ſee my own Fleſh riſe in Rebellion againſt me in my old Age?

Bull j. But, Sir! Hear me a little.

Bull ſ. I will hear nothing, you Rogue! To ſhew my Arbitrary Power, I will execute firſt, and examine afterwards. [*Beats him.*

Bull j. But, Sir, Sir, Sir.

Bull ſ. Here's to decide the Quarrel between us, you Rogue! And here's for the Affront you put upon *Sylvia.*

Bull j. Sylvia! Rot me, I never ſaw her.

Bull ſ. Sirrah, you lye! She ſays ſhe will ſooner eſpouſe Infamy than you; and that an old paralytick bed-rid Beggar is a Prince to you! Then, Sirrah, here's for your talking inſolently to your Father! And here's for your going like a Rogue by an *alias* Mr. *Dorant*, you Son of a Whore!

Bull j. If I am a Son of a Whore, pray from whence do you take the Privilege of uſing me thus? And if I am a Son of a Whore, Gad, I don't know but *Dorant* may be likelier to be my true Name than *Bull.*

Bull ſ. Oh Rogue! Rogue! [*Lifts up his Stick again.*

Bull j. Look you, Sir, will you fairly hear me three Words? If not, I ſhall fairly take up my Heels and be gone.

Bull ſ. Speak, Sirrah!

Bull

Bull j. Why then do you know that the young Lady, who lies in your Houſe to-night, has taken a Fancy to this Son of a Whore's Perſon?

Bull ſ. Which, I muſt confeſs, [*aſide*] I am amaz'd at. And therefore, Sirrah, you are aſham'd of your Father and your Family?

Bull j. My Family! Why you aſſure me that I have reaſon enough to be aſham'd of my Mother, who is one part of my Family; and as for my Father, till I know who he is, rot me, I don't know whether I have reaſon to be aſham'd of him or no.

Bull ſ. Here's a profligate Villain! [*Lifts up his Stick.*

Bull j. Sir, Sir, one word more. Do you know that the old Counteſs has as great Paſſion for Quality, as her Daughter has for this Son of a Whore?

Bull ſ. Humph!

Bull j. And is *Bull* a fit Name for a Viſcount's Son?

Bull ſ. Well, I am a cholerick old Coxcomb, that is certain.

Bull j. Look you, I had an Opportunity of making you and my ſelf. What I undertook was chiefly for your ſake, but now I leave you to repent at leiſure. [*Offers to go.*

Bull ſ. Why, *Batt!*

Bull j. He bien!

Bull ſ. Nay, good *Batt!*

Bull j. Vous plait-il quelque choſe avec moy?

Bull ſ. Now is this Rogue calling me Names. [*aſide.* Nay, dear *Batt!*

Bull j. Juſqu' a revoir. [*Offering to go ſtill.*

Bull ſ. Nay, dear *Batt*, tell me but one thing. Didſt thou know this young Lady at *Paris*?

Bull j. A pretty Queſtion! The Counteſs will reſolve you. He bien! Serviteur.

Bull ſ. Nay, but *Batt*, why wilt thou be ſo obſtinate?

Bull j. To prove my ſelf legitimate.

Bull ſ. Batt! here are fifty Guineas for thee, and retrieve this Buſineſs.

Bull j. Well, for once! But 'slife, here comes the Counteſs. Come, come, off with your Hat quickly, and ſhew the Reſpect that is due to a Perſon of my Quality. *Enter* Frowzy.

Frowz. I ſuppoſe by this time they may have conſented to have carry'd this Cheat on againſt themſelves. So, Gentlemen, is the old Difference like to be reconcil'd?

Bull j. We are juſt upon the point, Madam. And you confeſs then [*to his Father*] that you are a teſty petulent old Fool?

Bull ſ. I have been to blame in troth; was there ever ſuch a Dog? [*Aſide.*

Bull j. And that you have us'd your Son like a Beaſt?

Bull ſ. Something too roughly!

Bull j. And you promiſe Amendment?

Bull ſ. If he behaves himſelf for the future as you give me hopes.

Bull j. Well! Put on your Hat, put on your Hat: Thou art a ſad old Scoundrel, but for this once I receive you to mercy.

Bull ſ. [*aſide*] Oh Rogue! Abominable Rogue! But I ſhall find a time.

Enter Friskit *with her Hoods and Scarfs.*

Frowz. Bleſs me! Whither is the Girl going?

Bull ſ. Madam, your moſt humble Servant. [*Salutes her.*

Frowz. Whither away, I ſay?

Frisk. Madam, I am going to take—Ha, ha, ha.

Frowz. To take what?

Frisk. Only the Air a little. Ha, ha, ha.

Frowz. It ſeems you are mightily tickled.

Frisk. I ſhall be, Madam, before I ſleep—Ha, ha, ha.

Bull j. Madam, I wait upon you. [*Ex.* Bull j. Frisk.

Frowz. Jeſu! Was there ever ſuch a fond Fool?

Bull ſ. Nature, Madam, Nature! *Frowz.*

Frowz. I thought, Sir, you had not known this Gentleman.

Bull ſ. Why faith, Madam, the pronouncing his Name the *French* way, caus'd my Miſtake.

Frowz. Well! I vow he's a fine Perſon. Don't you think ſo?

Bull ſ. Why truly, Madam, I think ſo, and my Son thinks ſo.

Frowz. At *Paris* every body thought ſo.

Bull ſ. But here ſome ridiculous Rogues ſwear he is come over a mere Fop.

Frowz. Envy and Averſion to different Cuſtoms! Ever while you live, obſerve, that your Fop at *London* is at *Paris* your fineſt Gentleman: But do you know the young Gentleman's Father?

Bull ſ. What! My deareſt Friend! For tho the Viſcount be my Superior *quatenus* Viſcount, yet, in all things elſe, he does me the Honour to eſteem himſelf my Equal. Faith and troth, Madam, there are few Friendſhips like ours. I eſteem no body thorowly but him. And 'tis thought, and perhaps with ſome Juſtice, that he loves no body cordially beſides my ſelf.

Frowz. Will you be ſo kind as to break this Buſineſs to him?

Bull ſ. Madam, I will. I'll go down to his Seat in *Northamptonſhire*, where I ſhall certainly find him, and about a Month hence I'll give your Ladyſhip an account.

Frowz. Jeſu! Mr. *Bull*, I muſt be in *France* long before that time.

Bull ſ. And your Ladyſhip has a mind to ſee this Buſineſs diſpatch'd before you go?

Frowz. Do you think I would leave my dear Child in Convulſions?

Bull j. You are not over ſollicitous, you ſay, concerning the Jointure?

Frowz. Not a jot.

Bull ſ. Why then, e'en let the young People take their Courſe.

Frowz. What will the Father ſay to that?

Bull ſ. Say! He'll think the Alliance an Honour to him.

Frowz. Will you anſwer for that?

Bull ſ. I think I know him, and I can govern him, I'll anſwer for it.

Frowz. Why then, as you ſay, e'en let the young People take their Courſe.

[*A great knocking at the Door.*

Bull ſ. Hey day! Who ſhould knock ſo imperiouſly? Somebody has miſtaken my Houſe for my Neighbour *Midnight* the Midwife's: Four or five times a week that happens to me, and my Sleep, like a Pander's, is diſturb'd for other Folks Leachery.

Enter Gregory.

Greg. Sir, Sir, there are at the Gate half a ſcore—

Bull ſ. What, Sirrah?

Greg. Why, Sir, ſurly, ſnarling, four-look'd Fellows.

Bull ſ. Who are they?

Greg. Why at firſt, Sir, I thought they had been the Club of ugly Faces that is kept yonder in the City, and that they were come hither in a Body to give your Worſhip an Invitation.

Bull ſ. Sirrah, I ſhall trepan your Skull in good time. But what would theſe Fellows have?

Greg. They come to look for a *French* Marquiſs, who they ſay is newly come over.

Bull ſ. Ha!

Greg. And beſides, Sir?

Bull ſ. What beſides, Sir——

Greg. Some Officers are ſearching Squire *Grumbleton's* Houſe, by an Order of Council, and threaten to be here immediately.

Bull ſ. Take that for your News, you Raſcal. Do you hear that, Madam? Half a ſcore ill-look'd Rogues come to look for my Lord Marquiſs! And Officers

Officers juſt now coming to ſearch my Houſe! I muſt tell your Ladyſhip I don't like this: No, not a jot. This ſmells of Hemp, ſtrongly, gadsbud, ſtrongly.

Frowz. Lord! that I muſt tell you things twenty times over. Why, he comes myſtically, Mr. *Bull*, myſtically, and wherever they ſee him, they'll leaſt of all think of finding him, But, hark, what Noiſe is that?

[*Enter* Baldernoe *in a Chair, ſinging, and whimſically dreſt. Three or four Fiddles before, and five or ſix Perſons dancing by the Sides: He gets out of the Chair.*]

Bald. Chairmen! Take away your Shair preſaunt; and Violons attaund in de Anti-chambre.

Frowz. Monſieur le Marquis!

Bald. My dear a Counteſs!

Frowz. How overjoy'd I am to ſee you again!

Bald. Queſe ſuis Ravi de vous trouver ici.

Bull ſ. [*Who had been all this while holding up his Hands and his Eyes, and marching up and down like one amaz'd.*] And is this he who is come over to be the chief Manager of the Plot? Is this the great Politician? Bleſs us! What will become of me? Is this the great Politician? I'll e'en try to ſlip my Neck out of the Collar, while it is time, and to ſave my ſelf, we'll very fairly hang up the Marquiſs and the Counteſs. [*As he is going.*

Bald. Meeſtre *Bull!* Have you a forgot a me?

Bull ſ. Forgot you! No, gadsbud, I han't forgot you, for I never ſaw you before.

Bald. Ha! Meeſtre *Bull*, you have too muſh of de Jugement to have de Memoire. Me vas formerly here vid *Barillon*, and have receiv'd many good Lettre de Change of you Meeſtre *Bull*, and have had de ver muſh Frolick vid de Money. *De Francois* have de ver great Paſſion for de Frolick, Meeſtre *Bull*. But me ver glad to ſee you Meeſtre *Bull*, ver glad to ſee you.

Bull ſ. I am ſorry to ſee you, with all my Heart.

Bald. Jernie! Dat be de veritable dam *Engliſh* Civility.

Bull ſ. Why, gadsbud, I ſhall ſee your Lordſhip hang'd. Here are Politicks for the Devil! We ſhall be infallibly found out. Did ever Politician appear in ſuch an Equipage?

Bald. Ver well! Begad! ver well! Vee had de *Angliſh* Civility before, now we have de veritable *Angliſh* Politick: Becauſe never Politick did appear in ſuch an Equipage, derefore vee ſall be infallibly found out. Morbleau, derefore vee ſall infallibly not be found out.

Bull ſ. I tell your Lordſhip we ſhall be all hang'd. The Officers are juſt now a coming to ſearch the Houſe. Look you, my Lord, I am downright, I am dunſtable, Gadsbud, and muſt ſpeak the Truth. Did ever any Man in a Conſpiracy behave himſelf at your rate? Who the Devil would take you to be a Plotter?

Bald. Ver good again! Ver plaiſant, Begad! Who de Devil voud taken me for de Plotter? Who de Devil do deſire to be taken for de Plotter? Not de *Francois*, Meeſtre *Bull:* De *Engliſhman* do deſire to be taken for de Plotter, and he is hang'd for de Plotter.

Bull ſ. Well! I begin to think that I am an Aſs, and that the Marquiſs is a wiſe Man.

Bald. Madam La Comteſſe!

Frowz. My Lord!

Bald. Have you yet ſpoke vid de Viconte?

Frowz. Not yet, my Lord.

Bald. Do you know, Madam, dat de Duc has been vid me, and has meake me de promiſe to appear at de head of feeve touſand Men? Meeſtre *Bull,* de Counteſs, Morbleau, be de brave Dame, and bear always about her de veritable Marque of de Voman of Condition.

Bull

Bull ſ. Pray what ſhould that be?

Bald. You muſt know dat in *France* de Voman of Condition be diſtingue from de common Voman by de Kiſſe.

Bull ſ. Gadsbud, that's odd, as how pray?

Bald. Look you, Meeſtre *Bull*, van in *France* you kiſs de Dame upon de Mout, if ſhe do ſtink of Brandevin, do you compraund me, Meeſtre *Bull*; if ſhe do ſtink very ſtrong of Brandevin, Jernie dat be de veritable Voman of Quality.

Frowz. And, Mr. *Bull*, the Men of Quality in *France* too are diſtinguiſh'd by their Savours.

Bald. Sometime, Mr. *Bull*, ſometime.

Frowz. As for Example; the ſimple Gentleman ſmells modeſtly, and you may approach if you pleaſe. The Chevalier ſtinks more proudly, and you muſt keep ſome Diſtance; but the ſtately Marquiſs has an inacceſſible Hogo.

Bald. Diantre! Dat be plaiſant; de Counteſs, Meeſtre *Bull* be de Railleuſe, de Counteſs be der ver good Drole, Meeſtre *Bull*.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Officers are come, and want to ſpeak with you.

Bull ſ. Gadsbud, we are all undone, here are Frolicks for the Devil!

Bald. Meeſtre *Bull*, you have no Apprehaunſion at all, no Apprehaunſion of any thing, Meeſtre *Bull*. Stand a you ſtill, and receive dem, and let me alone vid de reſte. Allons; Violins, ſtrike up de Minuet.

[*The Muſick plays a Minuet, the Officers enter during the Dance.*]

1ſt Offi. Sir, we have an Order of Council to ſearch the Neighbourhood for Perſons who are in the Proclamation, but becauſe we know you to be a civil Gentleman, we ſhall take your word. Is this all the Company that you have in your Houſe?

Bull ſ. All, upon my word, Gentlemen.

1ſt Offi.

1ſt Offi. Why then we wiſh you a good night, Sir; for I'll ſwear theſe People are not in the Plot.

2d Offi. He were a Devil who could take theſe to be Plotters. [*Exeunt Offi.*

Bull ſ. Well, this Marquiſs is a great Man. [*Aſide.*

Bald. Vat ſay you now, Meeſtre *Bull?* Vho vud taaka us to be de Plotters? Vat had become of you, if you had plotted vid de *Angliſhman?* Ven de *Angliſhman* doe plot, begad all his Politiq be on de outſide of him, and his Countenance be as terrible as if it vere already upon de Pole.

Frowz. His Lordſhip's in the right of it. When an *Engliſhman* goes about to cut a Throat, faith and troth he looks like a damn'd Rogue.

Bald. Ouy, Morbleau: He appear to be de Felon, de Sauvage; he have de Devil of Malice in his Viſage. But van de *Fraunchman* do go about to cut de Troat, Oh de plaiſant Man! he be abſolument de beſt humour'd Creature in de univerſal Vorld; ſo civil, ſo frolic, ſo gay, dat dere be Plaiſir, dere be Satisfaction in having de Troat cut by de *Fraunchman.* Meeſtre *Bull!* Van de *Fraunchman* do medite de grand Miſchief, he alvays copie dat bel original de Monkey; he ſhow de ver plaiſant Grimace, he make the Shattering and de Noiſe, dat ſignifie juſt noting at all. Begad, you voud ſwear he had no meaning in the univerſal Vorld: He dance up and down, and play de touſand pretty Tricks, and begad do ruin twenty, forty, a hundred People, vile dey are making de Ridicule upon him.

Frowz. His Lordſhip tells you but the naked Truth.

Bald. Meeſtre *Bull!* You muſt put a your Scrawl to dis Paper! [*Pulling out a Pocket-Book.*] Vat are you villing to contribute to de grand Expedition?

Bull ſ. What your Lordſhip thinks fit. But, my Lord, before I ſet my Hand [*Apart*] would it not be convenient to ſend away theſe Dancing-maſters?

Bald. Jernie! you take a deſe Gentlemen to be de Coquin, de Maiſtre de Daunee? Deſe be ſome of de plus grand Perſonages de *France*, who be come over deguiſee, to rendre Service to your Nation: Dis be Monſieur le Marquis *De Coupee.*

[*He preſents them one after another, and* Bull *ſalutes them.*]

Bull ſ. I am your Lordſhip's moſt humble Servant.

Bald. Dis be de Viconte *Baladin.*

Bull ſ. I am your Honour's moſt obedient.

Bald. And dis be de Baron *De Belleſigure.*

Bull ſ. Your very humble: If your Lordſhip will be pleas'd to let me ſee the Book, I'll ſet my Hand to it. [*He ſigns.*

Bald. [*Looking in the Book.*] *Barnaby Bull* a touſand Pound! Very good, Meeſtre *Bull*, you ſall have de ver good place for dat. [*A knocking.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Officers who were here are come back with Mr. *Bungy* the Conſtable, who has aſſur'd them that there are ſuſpicious Perſons in the Houſe.

Bull ſ. Damn'd Rogue!

Serv. I refus'd to open the Doors till I had given notice of it.

Frowz. Oh Lord, Mr. *Bull*, what ſhall we do?

Bald. Ah, we ſall do ver well, ver well, Begad. Madam la Counteſſe, let a me alone, and no aprehaund any ting. Run a you all [*To thoſe who are about him*] and bring me de tings which I ordered to be left a in the Antichambre.

[*They run and fetch Diſguiſes:* Baldernoe *diſguiſes himſelf like a Conſtable, and his Attendants like Watchmen. He places himſelf on one Side the Door, and as* Bungy *and his Attendants enter,* Baldernoe *lifts up his Stick, and half knocks him down, and at the ſame time ſpeaks.*]

Bald. Vho goe dere?

Bung. [*Returning the Blow.*] A Friend.

Bald. Vat Friend? vat be your Name?

Bung. My Name is *Bungy*; my Name is pretty well known, Friend.

Bald. Bungy! vich of the *Bungys?* Dere be *Bungy* de Cuckol, and *Bungy* de Vittal: are you de Cuckol or de Vittal?

Bungy. Hey day! what have we here? a *Walloon* Conſtable!

Bald. Walloon! Jernie you lye in your troat, me be de ver good *Gaſcon*, and de high Coneſtable of *Soho*.

Bungy. The high Conſtable of *Soho!* That, I muſt confeſs, may be; that may very well be indeed. But look you Brother Conſtable, here's an Order of Council to ſearch the Houſe.

Bald. My dear a Broder, me have already cherched the Hooſe, and me find juſt noting at all.

Bungy. Have you look'd in the Cellar?

Bull ſ. There is nothing in the Cellar, upon my word Gentlemen, but two Pipes of Claret, and four Hogſheads of *October*.

Bungy. Claret! That is *French?* Do you hear that, my Boys? The Enemy's at hand, and in a ſtrong Body.

Omn. Fall on, fall on, fall on: Huzza! Huzza!

Bungy. But hearkee, Brother, I have orders to take up every one that I find in this Houſe, Officers only excepted. Now the thing that I would know of you, is, whether Mr. *Bull* and that fat Gentlewoman are comprehended in that Order.

Bald. Oiy Begad, dey are compraunded. Dat old Man have de Look, Brother, of de ver dam Rogue.

Bungy. Then ſome of you away with him, while I with the reſt ſearch the Cellar; for I ſhall not be ſatisfy'd till I ſee all the Veſſels empty'd, for fear there ſhould be Gun-powder or Fire-Arms hid there.

Bull ſ. But hearkee, Mr. Conſtable, hear me a word.

Bald.

Bald. Morbleu Broder, you no hearken to any ting; avay vid him preſaunt.

Bull ſ. Do you hear this, Madam? Dog of a Marquiſs! [*Apart.*

Frowz. Mr. *Bull*, he only does this for a Blind, that he himſelf may paſs unſuſpected: For he knows that you can receive no harm, unleſs they take up him, who has your Hand-writing in his Pocket.

Bull ſ. Humph! Gadsbud, that's true. Well this is a wonderful Man.

Bungy. [*To his Followers.*] Hearkee Gentlemen, what do you ſtay for? Away with them immediately!

Omn. Away with them! Away with them! Away with them!

[*Some of them carry off* Bull ſ. *and* Frowz.

Bald. So! Now let's call in the Fiddles, and rejoice for our good Succeſs.

Enter Fiddles. After a Dance,
A Drinking Song, by Mr. Wycherley.

I.

A *Merry Cup, Faith, let us drink,*
To be more wiſe the leſs we think;
Since Thinking is a ſilly thing
Which brings us Care,
Fear and Deſpair,
To leave off Thinking, we ſhould ſing.

II.

We'll ſing and drink eternally,
Who thinks too much, too ſoon will die,
Too much Thought, is too little Senſe:
He's ſad who thinks,
He's glad who drinks,
He who thinks leaſt is moſt a Prince.

III.

Wiſe Turks, *that they may never think,*
Take Opium, and wiſe Chriſtians *drink:*

Thought

Thought drains and dries the fertile Brain,
But moiſtning it,
Judgment and Wit
Will flouriſh and ſpring up again.

IV.

A merry Cup then let us take,
That Dreams aſleep, nor Cares awake,
May break our Reſt, our Peace deſtroy;
When we drink deep,
Cares, Sorrows ſleep,
Drowning our Care, buoys up our Joy.

V.

The Thinker is the greateſt Fool,
He without Thought the true great Soul,
Who lets the World jog on as 'twill;
Knowing all Thought
Is good for nought,
But Minds to torture, Men to kill.

Bald. So! Now Gentlemen, while you are drinking out the old Fellow's Wine, I'll make uſe of my utmoſt Art to terrify him, that I may prepare him for what's to come.

Bungy. But hearkee, Friend *Joſeph*, thou who art a profeſs'd thorow-pac'd Rogue, haſt appear'd as unconcern'd all this while, as if thou hadſt been only acting. But I am ſometimes ready to tremble, when I think what Conſequences this Buſineſs may have.

Bald. Pſhaw! If the worſt comes to the worſt, that which brought thee on, will bring thee off.

Bungy. What's that?

Bald. Why, your Landlord *Belvil*'s Mony, old Boy. But fear nothing, for 'twill be in our ſham Plot, as 'tis often in real Conſpiracies,

Where poor Rogues 'ſcape, who firſt the Plot begin,
And the rich Sots are ſwing'd, who are drawn in.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE *Old* Bull's *House.*

Enter Belvil *and* Baldernoe.

Bald. AND what do I deſerve now?

Belv. A Statue: Thou art *Mercury* himſelf, the very Genius and Power of Cheating, and all the Herd of Under-Rogues ſhall worſhip thee, But did my Couſin receive his Bride with ſo much Joy?

Bald. With Rapture.

Belv. Fools are moſt ſubject to little Tranſports, becauſe they are preſently ſtruck by Appearances, and never reflect on Conſequences. But are you ſure that neither my Couſin nor *Friskit* knew any thing of carrying away my Uncle?

Bald. I am very ſure. But what ſhould oblige you to conceal it from *Friskit?*

Belv. Becauſe at their Return, I promiſe my ſelf very good ſport from their Ignorance. About what time do you expect my Uncle back?

Bald. Much about this time. After that I Juſtice *Baldernoe* had examin'd your Uncle and *Frowzy*, at my Friend Mr. *Palmer's* Houſe, and had commanded my Clerk to draw up their *Mittimus*, I told your Uncle, that to ſhew him what favour I could, he ſhould have the privilege of going in a Chair, and that *Frowzy* and his Guards ſhould follow at a diſtance; ſo I order'd the Chairmen, before they brought him hither, to trot twice round the Garden with him, diſmiſs'd the Myrmidons, threw off my Diſguiſe, and brought *Frowzy* along with me.

Belv. Are the Chairmen to be depended on?

Bald.

Bald. They are my Sub-Pimps, and pick up a Penny under me. But can you think to ſucceed in your Attempt, of making your Uncle's Houſe paſs upon him for *Newgate*?

Belv. Are you ſure you order'd the Chairmen to bring him up to this very Chamber?

Bald. I did. And truſty *Joe*, who acts the Jaylor, is planted at the door, with Inſtructions to receive and guide them.

Belv. This Chamber, you muſt know, is dignify'd by the name of the Devil's Apartment. It has been nail'd up theſe twenty years, upon the belief of its being haunted. And beſides, I have caus'd it to be diſguis'd with as much Art, as ſo ſhort a warning would let me. But is my Uncle ſufficiently ſcar'd?

Bald. Yes, damnably; and to terrify him more there happen'd the luckieſt Accident in the world. For juſt as the Chairmen were carrying him along, the Hawkers roar'd out a Proclamation juſt publiſh'd for the apprehenſion of Conſpirators who are juſt now diſcover'd, and I gave one of the Hawkers Half a Crown to bellow out your Uncle's Name; ſo that when he came to be examin'd, he never ſo much as look'd once up upon me. I never ſaw a more patibulary Phyz: I'll tell you exactly for all the world how he look'd.

Belv. How, prithee?

Bald. Did you never obſerve a Fellow, who, while the Houſe has been all on fire beneath him, has been meaſuring with his Eyes the Leap from the Garret-window? Did you never obſerve ſuch a one? Hah!

Belv. Why, Faith, no——

Bald. Why then you never had the beſt diverſion in the world. That would have given you an exact Image of your Uncle.

Belv. Nay, at this rate we may make him believe what we pleaſe. But hark he comes, let us ſtep in quickly. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Bull ſ. *in a Chair, and* Joe *with a Bunch of Keys in his hand,* Bull ſ. *gets out of the Chair, and the Chairmen take away the Chair.*

Bull ſ. Pray, Mr. Keeper, let the Lady who follows me be well us'd.

Joe. She ſhall have all the Favour I can ſhew her.

Bull ſ. Have you never a better Room than this, Mr. Keeper?

Joe. Why, what ails the Room? A great many very good Men have been hang'd out of this Room.

Bull ſ. Gadsbud, what a Commendation there was! Well! This is the only Jayl in Town that I have not yet been in. But I don't like coming to this *Newgate* a jot. As I came out of the Juſtice's Door to take Chair, I ſtumbled at the Threſhold, and fell flat on my face: that was boding. Immediately my Noſe burſt out a bleeding: another deviliſh Omen! And to confirm both, news was immediately brought me, that my Lord Marquiſs was taken in his Conſtable's Habit. Pray, Mr. Jaylor, let me have Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Joe. Do you deſign to impeach any one?

Bull ſ. Sir, I deſign to write my Narrative, and pray don't be troubleſome: My Narrative! Good! Narrative *Bull!* This Morning I had ſome little Stock of Reputation left in the world; and now before night I am turning Author and Evidence: Two very pretty creditable Buſineſſes!

Joe. May I ask whom you deſign to accuſe, Sir?

Bull ſ. Perhaps you, Sir. Pray Friend don't be troubleſome.

Joe. Me, Sir! I defy you, I am innocent, Sir.

Bull ſ. Innocent, Sir! Well, Sir! And I am an Evidence, Sir. Look you, Friend, I muſt produce Traytors to ſave my ſelf, and Gadsbud I'll take the firſt Perſons I can light of: I'll give my ſelf as little trouble as I can.

Joe. Hark you, Sir! If it were not for the Duty I owe Mr. *Belvil*, and the Obligations I have to him, I would load you with Irons till you roar'd, for this.

Bull ſ. Why, do you know my Nephew *Belvil*, Friend?

Joe. Know him! I think I have reaſon, Sir. He help'd me to the Employment which I am in.

Bull ſ. How?

Joe. He is one of thoſe who ſtands bound to the Gentlemen who lent the Mony which purchas'd it. He has juſt now ſent to me, that in caſe you were committed———

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, is this Priſoner nam'd Mr. *Bull?*

Bull ſ. Friend, it is.

Boy. A Gentleman without deſires to ſpeak with you.

Joe. Sir, before he can be admitted, I muſt go ſearch and examine him. [*Exeunt Boy*, Joe.

Bull ſ. I am glad to hear that my Nephew has ſo much influence upon this Fellow. Inſtead of Evidence, I ſhall now turn Suborner, and do what I can to corrupt the Jaylor. I'll ſend for my Nephew immediately, and to engage him cloſely in my Intereſt, releaſe my Right of Guardianſhip, which by his Father's Will was to continue till Marriage. What if I ſhould likewiſe beſtow his Miſtreſs upon him? Humph! I'll do't: For *Sylvia* refuſes to marry my Son, and *Batt* will be better provided for.

Enter Rumour.

Ah! my little Intelligencer!

Rum. Ah, Mr. *Bull*, my Heart bleeds to ſee this ſight!

Bull ſ. Nay, prithee little *Rumour*, don't talk thus: Thou bringſt the Tears into my Eyes. Prithee now what News, my Boy?

Rum. Ah! Mr. *Bull.* [*Shakes his Head.*

Bull

Bull ſ. Nay, Gadsbud, ſpeak to me.

Rum. Mr. *Bull*, I come from the Council-Chamber.

Bull ſ. Well!

Rum. That damn'd Marquiſs! That damn'd Marquiſs! [*Shrugs, and lifts up his Eyes.*

Bull ſ. Thou ſhrugſt as much, as if thou wert Dean of the College.

Rum. That damn'd Marquiſs!

Bull ſ. What of him?

Rum. Has produc'd a Table-Book——

Bull ſ. Gadsbud, I am a dead Man. [*Aſide.*

Rum. You tremble and look pale, Mr. *Bull.* So glorious a Cauſe, and Want of Reſolution! What afraid, Mr. *Bull?*

Bull ſ. No, no, afraid! I am not afraid: But the noiſome Smell of the Jayl raiſes the Vapours, and will certainly ſuffocate me.

Rum. Why, then I bring you Comfort, Comfort, Mr. *Bull.* Can you have patience till Friday?

Bull ſ. Why, what of Friday, little *Rumour?*

Rum. Nay, all that you hear me ſay is, Can you have patience till Friday?

Bull ſ. Nay, but my dear Bully, give me ſome ſatisfaction.

Rum. Before Friday Night you'll be out.

Bull ſ. How doſt thou know?

Rum. Why they deſign to have you try'd to-morrow, and hang'd before Friday-Noon. Can't you have a little patience till Friday? Our Friends, Mr. *Bull*, have great Expectations from you, great Expectations!

Bull ſ. What Expectations?

Rum. Why, that you will go off bluff; and hang with ſuch an Air, with ſuch a Grace, that the monthly Spectators at *Hide-Park* Corner may ſay unanimouſly, We were never ſo well pleas'd in our Lives here.

Bull ſ. A pox pleaſe them! Doſt thou hear any news of my Son *Batt?*

Rum. Your Son and the Counteſs's Daughter are both in the Proclamation: the Meſſengers are ſearching all over the Town for them. They have ſet a Thouſand Pound a Head upon them.

Enter Belvil *and* Sylvia.

Bull ſ. Oh Nephew!

Belv. Ah Sir, I am throughly afflicted at this ſight.

Bull ſ. Are you here too, Madam?

Sylv. Can you wonder at that, Sir?

Bull ſ. Nephew! Thou wouldſt be the moſt welcome Man in the world to me, if I were not conſcious to my ſelf, that I have us'd thee ſo like a Rogue, that I am aſham'd to look upon thee. Canſt thou forgive me?

Belv. Can you be ſo good as to ask it, Sir?

Bull ſ. Nephew, to ſhew you that I deſign to be a kind Uncle for the future, I here before this Gentleman releaſe my Right of Guardianſhip, both to you and to this Lady: and ſhe may now diſpoſe of her Perſon and Fortune, as ſhe herſelf thinks fit.

Belv. Sir, you oblige me in the moſt ſenſible part of me: And before I have ſlept, I ſhall endeavour to deſerve this Kindneſs.

Sylv. It was but this Afternoon, Sir, that you deſign'd me for your Son. This is a very ſudden Alteration.

Bull ſ. 'Tis true, Madam. But other People now have a deſign upon *Batt*, a pernicious double Deſign. Poor *Batt* is like to be ſwing'd: there is both a Licence and a Proclamation out againſt him, and before three days are at an end they threaten both to marry and hang him.

Belv. Now, Madam, may I preſume to claim the Performance of your Promiſe? What, no Anſwer? But what Anſwer could be ſo favourable to me as Silence?

Bull

Bull ſ. Nephew! Conſider that the Halter is now about your Uncle's Neck: Some other time for Courtſhip, good Nephew. The Jaylor gives me to underſtand that you have ſome Influence over him.

Belv. Otherwiſe he were a very ungrateful Rogue. I have been juſt ſpeaking to him in your behalf, and have with much ado prevail'd upon him——Hark you, Sir, a word in your ear. Who is that Gentleman?

Bull ſ. A very honeſt Fellow.

Belv. Is he to be truſted?

Bull ſ. With any thing in the world——that he can't pawn. The Dog will entertain Folks rather with his own Invention, than with his Friends Secrets.

Belv. Why then, Sir, with much ado, I have prevail'd upon the Keeper, to let you make your eſcape: but it muſt be upon his own Terms.

Bull ſ. Upon any Terms, Gadsbud, upon any Terms.

Belv. You muſt know then, that ſo many who were committed for Treaſon, having lately got out of this Priſon, he lies under a ſtrong Suſpicion, and conſequently muſt be oblig'd to make his eſcape with you, and to leave his Employment.

Bull ſ. Very good!

Belv. This Employment coſt him Three Thouſand Pound, which is ſtill a Debt, and muſt be diſcharg'd before he goes off.

Bull ſ. It ſhall be paid to-night.

Belv. And then Two Thouſand Pound will be the very leaſt Penny that can make compenſation for his abandoning all, and provide for his Subſiſtence in a foreign Country. Do you conſent to the Payment of that too?

Bull ſ. Gadsbud, 'tis a great deal of Mony.

Belv. Look you, Sir, you have but a moment to reſolve; for your Tryal comes on to-morrow, and

conſequently your Eſcape muſt be made to-night: And if you determine to pay the Mony, you muſt give your Orders immediately.

Bull ſ. No Abatement?

Belv. None.

Bull ſ. 'Tis very hard, but I muſt ſubmit: I have Notes for the Mony in my Pocket, which will be paid at ſight. [*He gives him the Notes.*

Belv. 'Tis very well! I will go and give all neceſſary Orders, and attend you again. Madam, I wait upon you. [*Exeunt* Belv. *&* Sylvia.

Rum. Mr. *Bull*, your moſt humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Bull ſ. This is a melancholy Buſineſs, in troth, a very melancholy Buſineſs; but here comes *Batt* and the young Lady.

Enter Bull j. *and* Friskit.

Bull j. Hey day! What a Devil makes him in this Room, which has been nail'd up for theſe twenty Years? Yeſterday he was afraid to paſs by the very Door. Mr. *Bull*, your Servant.

Bull ſ. Mr. *Dorant*, your humble Servant. Madam, your moſt humble Servant. Are you two Priſoners?

Bull j. Priſoners! Ay, Priſoners for Life, old Boy!

Bull ſ. Perhaps not ſo neither.

Bull j. How, not ſo neither!

Bull ſ. Madam.

Frisk. Sir.

Bull ſ. Bear up, don't be dejected.

Frisk. I am always contented with my preſent Condition, Sir.

Bull ſ. Spoken, Gadsbud, like a wiſe Woman.

Bull j. And for my part, I am both glad and proud of my Captivity.

Bull ſ. This was always a vain Rogue, and always will be. Glad and proud of his being in *Newgate*! Senſeleſs Puppy, [*aſide*] who ſecur'd you?

Bull j. Who ſecur'd you? How every old impertinent Fop can be ſatirical upon a new-married Couple!

ple! Why, if you call it ſecuring us, Parſon *Goggle* ſecur'd us.

Bull ſ. Did he ſo? He may be aſham'd of the Office.

Bull j. [*aſide*] What will this World come to? When a Parſon is eſteem'd the moſt contemptible Pander, and marrying Folks is thought the moſt ſcandalous ſort of pimping; nay, and by ſuch Reverend Grey-bearded Rogues too.

Bull ſ. Who do you think did my Buſineſs and the Counteſs's?

Bull j. Why are you too in Limbo, to carry on the Allegory?

Bull ſ. In Limbo! Why what the Devil do you think I do here?

Bull j. [*aſide*] In Limbo! Why what the Devil do you think I do here! A very odd Anſwer! Very abſurd, let me periſh! Yet why ſhould I wonder at that? When this was always an impertinent Fellow. But who was it did you the bleſſed Office?

Bull ſ. Why that treacherous Rogue my Neighbour *Bungy*, the Conſtable.

Bull j. My Neighbour *Bungy!*

Bull ſ. Ay, Mr. *Dorant.*

Bull j. *Bungy* the Conſtable!

Bull ſ. The very ſame.

Bull j. That marry'd you and the Counteſs! Ha, ha, ha.

Bull ſ. Marry'd! Is that the cant Word for ſending a Man and a Woman together to this place?

Bull j. The cant Word for ſending a Man and a Woman together to this place! [*aſide*] Light-headed, by all that's good! Well! But if you and the Counteſs are link'd, I wiſh you joy, much joy of your Fetters, Mr. *Bull.*

Bull ſ. Look you, Mr. *Dorant*, don't rally your Friends in Adverſity, for that may breed ill Blood: I give you fair warning.

Bull j. [*aſide*] So! Marriage has ſo far loſt its Credit, that it is chriſten'd Adverſity; and now-a-days, if you wiſh a marry'd Man joy, he immediately thinks you rally him.

Bull ſ. Madam, this is a ſad place for Friends to meet in. I hope you'll excuſe ———

Bull j. Prithee honeſt Mr. *Bull*, no Apologies, for ſhe and I had as lieve ſee thee here, as in any place in *Chriſtendom*.

Bull ſ. Let me tell you, the *Preſs-yard* is but a ſad place to ſee a Friend in.

Bull j. The *Preſs-yard!* Why who has any Friend in the *Preſs-yard?*

Bull ſ. Why is there no body in the *Preſs-yard* whom you eſteem your Friend, and for whom you are concern'd?

Bull j. Look you, between you and me, Mr. *Bull*, I hope to ſee all the Friends I have in the *Preſs-yard* very fairly hang'd.

Bull ſ. [*aſide*] Damn'd unnatural Rogue! Hark you! A word in your ear, Sir. Are not you a Dog, to inſult over your poor Father in Affliction?

[*In the ear.*

Bull j. In Affliction!

Bull ſ. [*aſide.*] Ay, Sirrah! when you too are in the ſame Condition, and you don't know what may become of you.

Bull j. Become of me!

Bull ſ. Ay, Sirrah! As ſoon as I get out of this place, I ſhall remember this Behaviour with a vengeance. 'Tis true indeed, I am now in a Jail, and bound to my good Behaviour.

Bull j. Ha! His Skull's crack'd, by Heavens. [*Aſide.*

Bull ſ. But I ſhall not be always in *Newgate*.

Bull j. Stark ſtaring mad, let me periſh! [*aſide.*] Ha! I muſt humour his Frenzy: For when he was ſober, he would uſe me like a Football, if at any time

time I contradicted him: What will he do now he's mad? [*Aside.*

Bull ſ. I tell you, Sirrah, I ſhall have my liberty ſooner than you may imagine.

Bull j. Alas! I know it very well, Sir: The Keeper inform'd me of it as I came in but now.

Bull ſ. And how durſt you ſay then, that you hop'd all would be hang'd that were in the *Preſs-yard?*

Bull j. Lord, Sir, I thought the *Preſs-yard* had been on the other ſide *Newgate.*

Bull ſ. Oh! Did you ſo? Did the Keeper tell you how much I gave him?

Bull j. He ſaid nothing of that.

Bull ſ. Five thouſand Pound, you Dog! A ſwinging Sum! But mum, you Rogue! Gadsbud not a Syllable. Hark you, the Keeper makes his Eſcape with me. But upon your Life not a word! [*In the ear.*

Bull j. This is very ſtrange. He was well enough within this half hour, he talk'd as ſenſible as I my ſelf can do: But theſe things will happen.

Bull ſ. Madam!

Frisk. Sir.

Bull ſ. Don't be diſmay'd, don't be dejected.

Bull j. Hark you, my Dear, in your ear: Stark ſtaring mad, by Heavens! Humour him a little in his Frenzy, while I go fetch ſome to take care of him. [*Exit* Bull j.

Bull ſ. Look you, Madam, you ſhall not be in *Newgate* three days longer, aſſure your ſelf.

Frisk. In *Newgate*, Sir! Lord! How wildly he looks!

Bull ſ. No, for if ſome People make good their Promiſe to me, you may aſſure your ſelf that the firſt thing I ſhall do after I have my Liberty, ſhall be to take care of yours.

Frisk. I expect the appointed time, Sir.

Bull ſ. As for my own part, I deſign for *Flanders*; but if I have any Friends or Intereſt in the World,

I ſhall leave thoſe behind me, who ſhall ſollicit your Buſineſs powerfully.

Frisk. Well! this is very wild, and yet ſomething conſiſtent too. How do you find your ſelf, Sir?

Bull ſ. Why faith, Madam, pretty well in Body, but grievouſly troubled in Mind. A troubled Spirit is a grievous Burden, Madam. I am afraid I behave my ſelf after a mad rate: But you'll have the Goodneſs to excuſe all.

Frisk. He ſeems ſomething ſenſible of his Condition; a ſign that his Caſe is not deſperate.

Enter Belvil, Bull j. Baldernoe *and* Frowzy.

Bull j. [*to the reſt, who ſtop juſt by the Door*] Look you, ſay as I do, and I'll obſerve what you ſay: For, as you ſay, *Ned*, it is neceſſary that we ſhould make him ſenſible of his Condition, and cure him of this Conceit of his being in *Newgate*.

Belv. You muſt. For if, as you ſay, the Fear of hanging has ſeiz'd ſo ſtrongly upon him, as long as that continues, he'll grow worſe.

Bull j. But then, *Ned*, for fear, as you ſay, that as ſoon as he is convinc'd that he is not in *Newgate*, he ſhould grow unruly, and refuſe to undergo the Remedies which may be proper for him; we muſt e'en make him believe that he is *in Salva Cuſtodia* in another place.

Belv. And that his Friends, who ſtudy'd his Welfare, made uſe of the Addreſs of making him believe he was ſent to *Newgate*, only that they might convey him gently to that other place.

Bull j. Ay, ay, as *Bedlam* for example; but be ſure you ſay as I do. [*They go forward.*

Bull ſ. [*ſpying them*] Oh Nephew, where have you left your Miſtreſs?

Belv. In a place where ſhe has engagingly chang'd that Name for a kinder.

Bull ſ. [*to* Frowzy] Madam, I am ſorry to ſee you here, I hope the Jailor uſes you kindly.

Bull j.

Bull j. Jailor! What Jailor! Here's no Jailor.

Bull ſ. Where's no Jailor?

Bull j. Why not within a Mile of this Place.

Bull ſ. Hey day! What! I warrant there's no Jailor to *Newgate.*

Bull j. Newgate! Why there we have it again. *Newgate!* What *Newgate?* Rot me, here's no *Newgate.*

Bull ſ. This Fool ought to be ſhut up in *Bedlam.*

Bull j. Why there's it, the Fool is already ſhut up in *Bedlam.*

Bull ſ. What does the Fop mean?

Bull j. Why the Fop has no meaning at all, and therefore he was ſent hither. Look you, old Gentleman, I will touch this matter as gently as I can to you. Your Friends taking notice that you were grown ſomething fooliſh, whimſical, abſurd, and ſoforth, thought fit to have you ſent to the College here, that you might go thro a Courſe of Philoſophy, and be cudgel'd and firk'd into a little Wiſdom, by the ſurly Profeſſors of this Place.

Bull ſ. What can this Dog mean?

Bull j. But conſidering that you were always an obſtinate Scoundrel, they thought it might be convenient to make uſe of a little Addreſs with you. So taking you up for a ſham Plot, they had you before a ſham Magiſtrate, and inſtead of carrying you to *Newgate*, convey'd you to the Southſide of *Moorfields* here.

Bull ſ. Was ever ſuch a helliſh Raſcal heard of?

Bull j. Why look you, would any one but a Cit, who was out of his Senſes, call a Perſon of my Quality Raſcal to my Face?

Bull ſ. A Perſon of your Quality, you Rogue! Sirrah! What do I ſay or do like a Madman, that you dare to talk at this impudent rate to me?

Bull j. Every thing thou ſay'ſt or do'ſt, let me periſh. Will you put it to the Judgment of the Company?

Company? If thou canſt give but ſo much as a reaſonable Anſwer to any thing; if thou either knoweſt what thou art, or where thou art, or with whom thou art, then will I be contented to be thought mad, and dieted and flogg'd in thy ſtead.

Bull ſ. Say you ſo? Come on, Sir! I take you at your word.

Bull j. Come then, old Bully, anſwer to thy Catechiſm. What, and where art thou?

Bull ſ. Sirrah, to anſwer both in a Breath, if I were not in *Newgate*, I would quickly prove to thee by very weighty Arguments, that I am thy own natural Father.

Bull j. Exceedingly fooliſh, let me periſh! Come, come, Judgment, Judgment, the Judgment of the Company. Is this old Fellow in *Newgate* or in *Bedlam?*

Omn. In *Bedlam*, in *Bedlam.*

Bull j. Very good! Do you believe now that the Inſide of your Skull is a little out of repair, or no?

Bull ſ. I am ſo amaz'd, that I know not what to think.

Bull j. Oh, Oh, are you thereabouts? Now, let only this Lady anſwer. Madam, [*To* Friſk.] Do you own this old Fellow to be your Father or no?

Bull ſ. Sirrah! Did I ſay I was her Father?

Friſk. Sir, if you are his Father, you muſt be mine, for this is my Husband.

Bull ſ. Is he ſo? I am glad of that however. [*Aſide.*] Madam, he may be your Husband, but I'll make him know that he is my Son.

Bull j. Raving mad, let me periſh! Now, *Ned*, do you anſwer: What is this old Gentleman's Name?

Belv. Bull.

Bull j. Very good. And, Madam [*To* Frowzy] what is my Name?

Frowz. Dorant.

Bull j. A *Bethlemite*, a *Bethlemite*, a *Bethlemite!*

Bull

Bull ſ. [*To* Frowzy.] Tho his Name is *Dorant*, he is my Son. I ſhall ſatisfy your Ladyſhip about that Buſineſs another time.

Belv. Pray, Sir, who is that whom you call her Ladyſhip?

Bull ſ. Why, the Counteſs there.

Belv. The Counteſs! Ha, ha, ha! Why that is *Frowzy* the *Flanderkin.*

Bull j. The Counteſs! Ay, ay, this is *Frowzy* the *Flanderkin!* Well ſaid little *Ned*, [*Aſide to* Belvil] banter him *Ned.*

Belv. And this is *Friskit* her Daughter.]

Bull j. Ay, this is *Friskit* her Daughter. Ha, ha, ha! Well had ever Man ſuch Diverſion?

Bull ſ. Well, either this [*Aſide*] old Counteſs is a damn'd Jade, or elſe it is a moot Caſe, whether I am in *Newgate* or *Bedlam.* *Frowzy*, have a care what you ſay: Nephew! ſhe's a Bawd. This a Lady of Honour and Quality!

[Baldernoe, *who had kept behind all this while, comes and ſtands before him, while* Belvil *ſays what follows, and ſtares him in the face.*

Belv. For my part, I won't ſay this Reverend Gentlewoman is a Bawd. But ſhe's very famous for her Charity, I'll ſay that for her: A great Doer of good Offices, a Reconciler of Differences, and a Promoter of Chriſtian Union.

Bull ſ. [*To* Bald.] Oh, is your Lordſhip there? It ſeems you have accus'd me.

Bald. [*Grinning.*] Do you ſpeak to me, Sir?

Bull ſ. Ha! Are not you my Lord Marquiſs?

Bald. My Lord Marquiſs? Alas, poor Gentleman! Let me ſee (*Pulls out his Almanack*) Full Moon *March* the firſt, three quarters after ſeven at night.

Belv. Why this is my Man *Baldernoe*, Sir.

Bull ſ. Damnation! What do I hear? This is a Rogue. I both ſee him, and hear him, and ſmell him. Let me go, let me go, a Plague confound you all, let me go. [*They*

[*They ſtrive to hold him, he breaks from them, and runs towards the Door.*]

Now let me ſee a little whither they have brought me, whether this is *Newgate* or *Bedlam*. [*He runs to the Door, and looks out.*] Death and the Devil! I have been all this while in my own Houſe. But tho I am not at preſent in *Bedlam*, I am not like to be long out of it. Was ever Man ſerv'd as I have been? I have been us'd like a *Bartholomew* Cokes; I have been cheated of five thouſand Pound, have been made to paſs for a Madman; and my Son, in all likelihood, is marry'd to the worſt of Drabs. But hold, let me conſider a little. That Fop there is my Son, and in affirming the contrary they are miſtaken; and this is my own Houſe: In ſaying it is not, they lye. But that Raſcal yonder is not a Marquiſs: So far they are in the right. Now what that old Gentlewoman and her Daughter are, it lies upon me to examine: For tho my Son is an unnatural Rogue, yet I cannot wholly caſt off the Concern of a Father for him. Beſides, both my Credit and Intereſt will ſuffer in his Misfortune, and I am ſure I muſt be concern'd for thoſe, Madam!

Frowz. Sir!

Bull ſ. And are you the very Perſon that they ſay you are?

Frowz. The very Perſon, at your Service, Sir.

Bull ſ. Bleſs us! And is it your Daughter that my Son has married?

Frowz. Heav'ns! And is it your Son that my Daughter has married?

Bull ſ. Am I thus groſly impos'd upon?

Frowz. Am I thus baſely cheated?

Bull ſ. Is the Counteſs ſunk to this?

Frowz. Is the Viſcount dwindled to this?

Bull ſ. Have you that are a Bawd, and have known what Carting is, preſum'd to marry your Daughter to the Son of ſuch a Man as I am?

Frowz.

Frowz. Have you, that are a Cit, and have known what Cuckoldom is, dar'd to marry your Son to the Daughter of ſuch a Woman as I am?

Bull ſ. Gadsbud, the Boy's ruin'd.

Frowz. Faith and troth the Girl's undone.

Bull ſ. He'll quite loſe his Reputation.

Frowz. She'll be downright infamous.

Bull ſ. I deſign'd to make him one of the principal Merchants of *England*.

Frowz. I intended her for one of the topping Traders of the Kingdom.

Bull ſ. But he'll now be avoided by all ſubſtantial Dealers.

Frowz. She'll be now thrown off by all her luſty Lovers.

Bull ſ. As for my Daughter-in-law, I ſhall get her ſoundly whipt.

Frowz. As for my Son-in-law, I ſhall get him fairly pillory'd.

Bull j. [*To* Belv.] Hearkee *Ned*, prithee a word with thee: Is all this Raillery or no?

Bull ſ. Raillery, you ſenſleſs Puppy! Is this Raillery, [*Strikes him*] and this, and this, and this? Nephew, a word or two with you.

Belv. But without Paſſion, I beſeech you, Sir,

Bull ſ. Without Paſſion let it be then. Have you behav'd your ſelf in all this Buſineſs, think you, ſuitably to the Character which you bear in the World? Where's the Man of Senſe, and the Man of Honour in all this? Is it for a Man of Honour to be concern'd in a Cheat? Or for a Man of Senſe to bring Miſery and Infamy upon his Family, and Infamy too, which muſt reflect on himſelf. What is become of the Mony I gave you?

Belv. Why, to tell you the truth, I kept it as a Truſtee for Colonel *Medley*.

Bull ſ. Hah! Have you dar'd to do this? Gadſbud, I'll have you all indicted for Cheats.

Belv.

Belv. Why then *Baldernoe* here ſhall e'en produce his Pocket-Book.

Bull ſ. Ha!

Belv. Look you, Sir, it was agreed by Colonel *Medley* and me, that I ſhould be ſerviceable to him in the getting his Mony for him, and he ſhould be inſtrumental in the helping me to my Miſtreſs; the Lady I have got, and he ſhall have the Mony.

Bull ſ. He ſhall?

Belv. He ſhall. Yet to ſhew you that my Intentions were honourable, and that in what I have done, I have acted by a nobler Motive than Intereſt, if you will promiſe before this Company to forgive what's paſt, and to approve my Marriage, then I promiſe upon the word of a Gentleman to pay back the five thouſand Pound, and to pay the ſame Sum to the Colonel my Friend, out of my own Fortune.

Bull ſ. Ha! Say'ſt thou ſo? And canſt thou ſhow thy ſelf ſo much a Friend to one who is of a contrary Party?

Belv. I can never ceaſe to be a Friend to any one becauſe he's in an unhappy Error. For to err is human, and whatever is human may befal the beſt of us. I know the Colonel to be a Man of Honour, and Men of Honour in all Parties have the noble Relation.

Bull ſ. Well, Nephew! To ſhew you that this Generoſity has touch'd me, ſet but that intriguing Head upon Invention once more, and find out a way to rid me of this Beldame and her Daughter, ſo that I and my Son may never hear more of them, and the Town may never talk of the Buſineſs, and I here promiſe not only to approve your Marriage, but to pay the five thouſand Pound to the Colonel my ſelf immediately.

Belv. Why then, Sir, know, that as you at the time that you fancy'd your ſelf in *Newgate*, were

ry ſafe in your own Houſe here; ſo your Son, tho he imagines himſelf link'd in Wedlock, is ſtill the Maſter of his native Freedom: and as a ſham Magiſtrate committed you to an imaginary Priſon, ſo a counterfeit Prieſt betray'd him to a chimerical Marriage; and *Baldernoe* here, who was the Juſtice that committed you, was the Prieſt too who fetter'd your Son.

Bull ſ. Gadsbud, let me hug him for it.

Belv. And now, Sir, I hope you are ſatisfy'd, that I have been ſo far from engaging in a Cheat, that I have only oblig'd you to do Juſtice to my ſelf and my Friend.

Bull ſ. I acknowledge it.

Belv. And inſtead of bringing Miſery and Infamy upon my Family, I have endeavour'd, by opening your Eyes, to prevent your being cheated for the future, and conſequently to prevent your real Misfortunes, and your future Infamy. And firſt for you, Couſin, I hope what has happen'd will ſomething cool your Paſſion for Quality, which has ſo often run you into ſo many Inconveniences. For we have taken an effectual Courſe, to ſhew you that a bare Title is but an imaginary Excellence; which tho it ſometimes ſhows and adorns true Merit, yet it never gives it, and does not always ſuppoſe it.

Bull ſ. Sirrah! Lay this up in your Heart.

Belv. As for you, Sir, I have hopes that what is paſt may ſomewhat aſſuage your Itch of Caballing, and correct your Credulity. What has happen'd may ſerve to convince you, that there are, in all Parties, Perſons who find it their Intereſt to deceive the reſt, and that the one half of every Faction makes a Property in Fee-ſimple of the other: Therefore, if I may preſume to adviſe you, never believe any thing will or will not be, becauſe it is agreeable or contrary to your Humour, but becauſe it is in it ſelf likely or improbable. And that for the future,

you may be ſecure from more dangerous Attempts than mine, learn to check your Vanity, and to moderate that Heat, which you ſhow upon every Occaſion, and to humble your Pride. For Credulity in Men engag'd in a Party, proceeds oftner from Pride than Weakneſs: And it is the hardeſt thing in the World to impoſe upon an humble Man.

Few tricking Rogues would be believ'd,
  Unleſs their Sots by Self-Conceit
Were Acceſſaries in the Cheat,
  And by themſelves were firſt deceiv'd.

PRIEST

PRIESTCRAFT

Distinguish'd from

CHRISTIANITY.

The PREFACE.

THAT *the Doctrines which the* Clergy *preach to the People, and the Examples they give them, have an extraordinary Influence upon their Thoughts and* ctions; *is evident from Experience, and from* e very *Reason of the Institution of the Order.* hat *the Examples which too many of the Clergy* ve *lately given them, and the Doctrines which* ey *have preach'd to them, have been neither Chris-* n *nor Moral, is too evident from the dismal*

Conſequences of them; from the Diviſions which they have caus'd in their Hearers; from their groundleſs Fears and Jealouſies; from their Malice and their implacable Fury; from their Hatred and their Enmity, not only to each other, but to their Native Country, to their very Rights and Liberties; from the unfortunate Event of the late War, in ſpight of Succeſs, and an unparallel'd Series of Victories; from a Peace more calamitous than the moſt fatal War, and more deſtructive of Commerce; from the dreadful and horrible Dangers which we have ſo narrowly eſtaped by the immediate Hand of God, without any Thanks to our own Prudence and Vertue; and laſtly, from the Dangers and the Calamities which ſtill threaten us, and ſtill hang over us, and over all the reſt of the Chriſtian World.

To remove the Cauſes of all theſe Miſchiefs, that the Effects may ceaſe, it is neceſſary to lay down a plain and certain Rule, by which the very meaneſt of the People may be able to diſtinguiſh a Zealot *from an* Incendiary, *a Prieſt of* God *from a Prieſt of* Baal, *and the Precepts of the* Goſpel *from* Human Traditions *and the Doctrines of* Devils.

That I have diſcover'd and reprov'd the Vices of ſome of the Clergy by the very ſame Method by which They have caus'd our Miſeries; that I have done this by a Sermon, by a choſen Text, and by ſevere, but too juſt Reproaches, is, I hope, excuſable in me, or They are altogether inexcuſable. For whereas They have made uſe of Calumny and Defamation, I have kept ſtrictly within the Bounds

of a modeſt Satire, which ſpares the Perſons and attacks the Vices, and never cenſures the Deſerving, nor condemns the Innocent. And whereas They have had recourſe to Calumny and ungenerous Slanders, only in order to cauſe Diviſions, and to inflame Animoſities, I have endeavour'd by juſt Reproaches to revive and reſtore Charity.

The Author of the following Diſcourſe was born and bred in the Communion of the Church of England; *and nothing in the following Sheets is in the leaſt deſign'd by him to reflect on that Pious, Learned, and Numerous Body, who are truly* Chriſtian Prieſts *of the* Church of England. *But then he declares, that he cannot apprehend how any one can be a truly Chriſtian Prieſt, who makes it the entire Buſineſs of his Life to root Charity out from the Souls of Men, and by that means to drive from the Face of the Earth the very Life and Soul of Chriſtianity. And as he cannot conceive that any thing can be a Part or a Member of a Body, which has not a Communication with, and a Subordination to, the Head of that Body; as he cannot conceive that any one can be a Prieſt of the* Church of Rome, *who diſowns the* Papal *Supremacy, ſo he cannot believe that any one can be truly a Prieſt of the* Church of England, *but he, who being united to the Faithful and Obedient Part of the Clergy, does with them acknowledge King* GEORGE *alone for his Rightful Head, and his Supreme Eccleſiaſtical Governour.*

Prieſtcraft diſtinguiſh'd from Chriſtianity.

1 JOHN ii. part of the 18th Verſe.

Even now there are many Antichriſts.

THERE have been ſeveral wild and extravagant Explications, or rather Applications, of *Antichriſt*, by thoſe who have had a mind to fix it upon ſome particular Perſon, as upon the *Pope*, or *Mahomet*, or ſome other ſpiritual or ſecular Tyrants, according as they who apply'd it were corrupted, or miſguided, by Intereſt, or Malice, or Paſſion, or Fanatick Enthuſiaſm. But by Antichriſt, in the genuine Signification of the Word, may be meant every one who is thorowly and intirely oppoſed to the Lord's Anointed, *i. e.* to Chriſt. But becauſe there are no Creatures ſo oppos'd, and ſo contrary to him, as the Devil and his Angels, they are moſt properly the Antichriſts of whom the Apoſtle ſpeaks, who appear in ſundry ſhapes upon this earthly Globe, and make uſe of human Inſtruments and human Organs to accompliſh their infernal Deſigns. And as we

may find, by the Words of our Text, that many of them appear'd in the World, even in the moſt pure and primitive Times; who is ſo eaſy, as to believe that they are not more numerous in our days? In order then to the deſcribing and diſtinguiſhing them, ſo that they may be clearly known and diſcover'd, we intend in the enſuing Diſcourſe to handle theſe three Points.

Firſt, We ſhall give the general Marks of this thorow and intire Oppoſition of Antichriſt to Chriſt.

Secondly, We ſhall conſider the Deſigns, the Doctrines, the Examples, and the Influences of one and the other, according to thoſe general Marks of Oppoſition.

Thirdly, We ſhall reduce all theſe Marks to one grand Characteriſtical Mark: and when we have done this, it will be eaſy for you (Brethren) to make the Application your ſelves, and to point out theſe to one another; of whom it may be ſaid, in the Words of the Text, *viz. Even now there are many Antichriſts.*

Firſt then, As our Saviour was a Prieſt, and the beſt and holieſt of Prieſts; Antichriſt muſt be likewiſe a Prieſt, acting by the Suggeſtion of the Devil: for no one can be thorowly and intirely oppoſed to the beſt and the holieſt, but the moſt profligate and the vileſt of Prieſts.

2*dly*, As Chriſt is a King who is perfectly good and gracious; Antichriſt muſt be the worſt and moſt inſupportable of Tyrants.

3*dly*, As our Saviour was a Prophet, and an infallible Prophet, becauſe he could not but foretel the events which he himſelf had decreed; Antichriſt, in oppoſition to him, muſt be a Prophet, and for this reaſon a falſe and deluding Prophet, becauſe he has neither himſelf any power over the Future, nor is

influenc'd and enlighten'd by him who has. But now we come,

Secondly, To conſider the Deſigns, the Doctrines, the Examples, and the Influences of Chriſt and Antichriſt, in their Prieſthood, their Prophecies, and their Empire.

(1.) We ſhall begin with their Empire, becauſe Chriſt was a Prophet and a Prieſt, only to advance his Kingdom; and Antichriſt too is a Prophet, and a Prieſt, only to promote his Tyranny. Let us now ſee what ſort of Kingdom the one, and what ſort of Tyranny the other, came into the World to eſtabliſh.

Since then the Kingdom of Chriſt, or of the Meſſiah, is a Spiritual Kingdom, or the Kingdom of Heaven, the Tyranny of Antichriſt muſt be a Spiritual Tyranny, or the Tyranny of the Prince of Darkneſs.

Let us now inquire what this Kingdom of Heaven is, and in what it conſiſts; how it began and flouriſh'd; how it came to be impair'd, and how far our Saviour came to reſtore it: and we ſhall ſee, by making this Inquiry, what ſort of Tyranny the Tyranny of the Devil is; how it began, how it increas'd, how it came to be impair'd, and how far Antichriſt has a deſign to reſtore it.

The Kingdom of Heaven then is a Kingdom whoſe King propoſes the Happineſs of his Subjects, as the ultimate End of his reigning over them; for God is perfectly happy in himſelf, and wants not our Obedience nor our Service: A Kingdom whoſe King propoſes to make his Subjects eaſy and happy here, to prepare them for eternal Happineſs hereafter. Mat. 11. 28. *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you Reſt.* His Empire then muſt be an Empire of Reaſon and Law, and by conſequence an Empire of Liberty. St. *James*

1. 5

1. 5. *But whoſo looketh into the perfect Law of Liberty, that Man ſhall be bleſſed in his Deed.* 'Tis this Law of Liberty which eſtabliſhes the Rule of Reaſon, to reſtore the Kingdom of God, his Empire over the Soul and Conſcience, and frees Man from the Slavery into which he was brought by his Paſſions, which is the Empire and Tyranny of the Devil, and of Antichriſt his Son.

For this Tyranny of Antichriſt being in every thing oppoſite to the Kingdom of Chriſt, muſt deſign both the temporal and eternal Miſery of his Subjects; muſt deſign to make them unhappy here, in order to the making them eternally miſerable hereafter, and muſt not be a Rule of Reaſon and Law, but an Empire of Paſſion and Will; and muſt tend in every thing to ſubvert the Empire which Chriſt hath eſtabliſh'd upon Earth, and to reſtore the Tyranny of the Devil, whoſe Kingdom, as it began at firſt, ſo it hath ever ſince continu'd, in oppoſition to the Kingdom of Heaven. And as our Saviour teaches his Diſciples to renounce the World, the Fleſh, and the Devil, in order to advance his Kingdom upon Earth; Antichriſt obliges his to make uſe of all three, to promote his ſpiritual Tyranny.

The Kingdom of Heaven began with the Creation of Angels. God reign'd over thoſe bleſſed Spirits, who are intirely happy in their Obedience; and their great and comprehenſive Law was Love, the Love of God and their Fellow-Creatures. They loved God, becauſe they ſaw him as he is, all Beauty and all Attraction; and they loved their Fellow-Creatures, becauſe they ſaw them the Objects of their Creator's Love. John 15. 12. *This is my Commandment, That ye love another, as I have loved you.* 1 John 4. 11. *If God ſo loved us, we ought alſo to love one another.* And this Love was at once their Duty and their Happineſs; a Love attended with perfect Pleaſure, and with Joy unſpeakable.

But

But when afterwards the impious Aſpirer, *Lucifer*, drew off his Love from his Creator and his Fellow-Creatures, and placed it upon himſelf, that Self-love was immediately attended with Pride, and Rage, and Envy, and Hatred and Malice; Paſſions till then unknown in Heaven, as being inconſiſtent with perfect Happineſs.

Thus fell *Lucifer*; but alone he fell not: Millions of immortal Spirits he drew after him into Perdition. By his Lyes he ſeduced their Souls, defaced in their Minds the Love of their Creator, and of their Fellow-Creatures for their Creator's ſake, and planted the Love of themſelves there. With Divine Love away went all their Happineſs. Self-Love was immediately follow'd in them, as in their Seducer before, by Pride, and Rage, and Envy, and Hatred, and Malice; and they who while they were united to God by Love, were Angels, divided from him by Pride and Hate, became immediately Devils; and from the moſt glorious, moſt happy, moſt beautiful part of the Creation, became all on a ſudden the moſt execrable and the moſt horrible. And as before they fell, that Divine Love by which they were united to God, was at one and the ſame time their ſovereign Law, and their ſupreme Felicity; ſo when by Pride and Hatred, and the reſt of their diabolical Paſſions, they broke that Divine Union, their Pride, their Hatred, and the reſt of their tormenting Paſſions, became at once their Tranſgreſſion and their Hell.

'Twas after this that God created Man, to ſupply the room of the fallen Angels, and to plant the ſame Kingdom upon Earth, which remain'd among the bleſſed Spirits in Heaven. He created him little lower than the Angels; enlighten'd, innocent, happy, immortal. The Empire of his Maker was the ſame in him, that it was in thoſe bleſſed Spirits, an Empire of Reaſon and Law; and the ſame Law

was

was given to him, which made the Angels happy. That great and comprehenſive Law was Love; the Love of his Maker, and of his Fellow-Creatures for his Creator's ſake: *which* (as the Apoſtle of the Gentiles tells us) *is the fulfilling of all Law*; and which our Saviour had told us before, *John* 14. 23. *If a Man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.* And as long as this charming Law remain'd in the Heart of Man inviolated, it was always attended with Peace, and Joy, and inexpreſſible Happineſs.

But Satan, who in every thing by Divine Permiſſion oppoſes the Deſigns of God, attempted to deſtroy that Kingdom upon Earth, which he had before impair'd in Heaven. And what wonder if the Seducer of Angels ſucceeded in his Attempts upon Man; if he extinguiſh'd Divine Love in his Heart, and inflam'd it with Self-love; if he diſſolv'd that Union which Man had with God, and overturn'd his Dependance on him; deſtroy'd the Empire which Heaven had ſet up in his Soul, which was an Empire of Reaſon and Law, and eſtabliſh'd his own Tyranny there, an Empire of Will and Paſſion, of Pride and Rage, and Hatred and Malice, and all thoſe accurſed and damnable Paſſions, by which the Tormentor is himſelf tormented, to which the Tyrant is himſelf a Slave?

Thus Satan brought Sin, and Miſery, and Death upon Man; who was created innocent, happy, immortal: And the Kingdom which he eſtabliſh'd here upon Earth, in oppoſition to the Kingdom of Heaven, increas'd ſo faſt, and extended ſo wide, that Charity, which is the Love of God and our Neighbour, was almoſt extinguiſh'd upon Earth; that Men were miſerably divided from God, and from one another; and that all Mankind, to the reſerve of a ſmall Remnant, were become abandon'd Slaves

to

to the Devil, and to deviliſh Paſſions, when Jeſus Chriſt came into the World to reſtore the Kingdom of his Father, and to deſtroy the Tyranny of the Devil.

For this purpoſe the Son of God was manifeſted, *That he might deſtroy the Works of the Devil*, 1 John 3. 8. When the Son of God came into the World to deſtroy the Tyranny of the Devil, and to reſtore his own and his Father's Kingdom; that Kingdom of Love, and Peace, and Joy, which was by the Divine Permiſſion impair'd upon Earth by the Devil, at the Fall of Man, and under which the bleſſed Spirits are for ever happy in Heaven; in order to reſtore that Kingdom, he aſſum'd the Prieſthood. Not only becauſe there was a neceſſity for a Prieſt, who could make a propitiatory and ſatisfactory Sacrifice for the Sins of the World; but becauſe alſo there was a neceſſity for a Doctrine, which might incline and rectify the Wills of Men, by enlightning and convincing their Underſtandings; that as Man fell from Perfection freely and of his own choice, he might likewiſe be reſtor'd freely and of his own choice: ſince if the Change in him ſhould be wrought wholly by Grace, his Converſion would proceed from a Force as it were upon his Mind, and would not be the Action of a free Agent.

The Kingdom then that our Saviour came to reſtore, was the Empire of Charity, the Love of God, and of our Neighbour for the ſake of God. For wherever that Divine Love reigns, there is the Kingdom of Heaven; and wherever that Love is wanting, is Hell and outer Darkneſs. *Beloved* (ſays St. *John*) *let us love one another. Every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God: for God is Love.* 1 John 4. 7, 8. But here, by the way, we are to take notice, that this Love of our Neighbour is to be extended to all Mankind, even to our moſt cruel Enemies: and it ought to be more intenſe or remiſs, according to the

the different Relations in which Men ſtand to each other. We ought to love Chriſtians more than Infidels; our Parents and Kindred more than our Acquaintance; our Acquaintance more than Strangers, and our Countrymen more than Foreigners.

As the Law of Divine Love, in the Obſervation of which lay the Happineſs of the firſt Man, and the Perfection of his Nature, was ſubverted by Self-love, upon the Suggeſtion of the Devil; our Saviour, that he might re-eſtabliſh that Divine Love, endeavour'd to root out the Love of one's ſelf, by a Doctrine that was beſt adapted to the reaſonable Nature of corrupted Man. He attack'd it therefore in all the ſeveral Branches of it, Pride, Avarice and Luxury; or in the Words of St. *John*, *The Luſt of the Fleſh, the Luſt of the Eye, and the Pride of Life*: to which he oppos'd a profound Humility, a rigid Mortification, and a ſincere Diſintereſtedneſs. Not that fantaſtick Scorn of the World, which proceeds from a Stoical Pride, but that which is founded upon the moſt ſolid Foundation, the Intereſt that one has in God: For he to himſelf being ſelf-ſufficient, he who has him, has all things.

But as Pride is the moſt dangerous of the three foremention'd Sins, (for that is the continual Fever of the Mind, whereas the other attack it but by irregular Acceſſes; Pride inſolently intruding at the very Altar, where the others never dare to approach) there is no Virtue that our Saviour recommends more throughout the whole Goſpel, than Humility; nay, almoſt every Virtue which he recommends to his Diſciples, appears to be founded on that; as Poorneſs of Spirit, Meekneſs, Gentleneſs, Patience, Forbearance, Peace-making, Long-ſuffering, Mercy, Forgiveneſs: for nothing is more uſual than for the Proud to be ſwoln and drunk with Vanity; to be provoking, diſdainful, inſolent, fiery, impatient, intractable, cruel, revengeful, implacable.

That

That Sorrow and Remorſe, which is neceſſary to Repentance, implies a ſevere Mortification, upon a View of the Turpitude of Sin, and the Vileneſs of our own Natures. Even the three Cardinal Virtues of the Chriſtian Religion are founded upon Humility. Not only Charity, to which the other two are ſubordinate; for as Pride is the Effect of Self-love, Self-love is augmented by Pride: but Faith, which is an Aſſent to Truths above our Underſtanding, becauſe they are reveal'd by God to us, is an owning of the Weakneſs and Blindneſs of our Reaſon, as the Hope of Salvation by the Merits of Chriſt, is a manifeſt Confeſſion of the Depravity, and Corruption, and Impotence of our Wills.

As true Humility is the ſolid Foundation of every Chriſtian Virtue; a Foundation which extending as low as Hell, is the Baſis of a Fabrick which reaches to the very Heaven of Heavens: our Saviour's Doctrine attack'd Pride in all its numerous Offspring, Anger, Envy, Hatred, Malice; and in all their unrighteous Effects, *viz.* bitter and barbarous Invectives, preſumptuous and damnable Judgments, Debate, Contention, Strife, Revenge, and Murder: and oppoſed to them the contrary Virtues, Gentleneſs, Meekneſs, Patience, Forbearance, Peace-making, Mercy, Long-ſuffering, and Forgiveneſs; nay more, real and unfeigned Love to our moſt cruel Enemies. Thoſe who had the forementiond Graces, our Saviour pronounced bleſſed, and left it to be demonſtrated by Experience, how much accurſed they were, who were tormented by the Paſſions, and the Sins.

Thus our Saviour taught the Will of his Father, which deſcended from Heaven to Earth with him; and being for ever an High Prieſt after the Order of *Melchiſedec*, the Prince of Peace, an Order which is infinitely ſuperior to the *Aaronical* Order, infuſed into the Hearts of his Diſciples, not a windy contentious

tentious Zeal for the Obſervation of Forms and Ceremonies, and the Political Government of an Eſtabliſh'd Church; but Vertues and Graces, which no Philoſophy, and no Religion had ever taught before; *viz.* a profound Humility, and a Love Divine.

But tho this Doctrine was ever ſo conformable to the reaſonable Nature of corrupted Man, and tho it was confirm'd by Signs and Wonders, that manifeſted a Power which commanded Nature, and which made the very Devils obey; it would never have prevail'd over the Minds of Men, which are influenc'd ſo forcibly and conſtantly by their Senſes, if it had not been enforc'd by the Example of him who taught it. His Life and his Doctrine were all of a piece: and as the Deſign of his coming down from Heaven was by the means of Humility to reſtore Charity, to re-unite Mankind to God, and to one another; his Life and his Death, his Incarnation, his Birth, his Baptiſm, his Choice of the moſt abject of Men for his Diſciples, and his Submiſſion to the Death of the Croſs, were each of them ſo many eternal Leſſons of Humility, were all of 'em ſo many amazing Miracles of unparallel'd Condeſcenſion, and of Love Divine.

His very Miracles were of a piece with the reſt of his Life, and were ſo many Examples to that Doctrine of Charity which they confirm'd by their Power; as different in this from thoſe which were wrought by *Moſes*, as their Deſigns were different. For as the Deſign of *Moſes* was to ſeparate and diſtinguiſh one Nation from another, and to eſtabliſh one by the Extirpation of many; the Wonders which he wrought were anſwerable to that Deſign, attended by Terror, and follow'd by Deſtruction, wrought in favour of a few, comparatively ſpeaking, to the Plague, and Miſery, and Deſtruction of many.

But

But as the Deſign of our Saviour's deſcending from Heaven was to remove all Separation, and all Diſtinction, and to heal all Diviſions amongſt Men; as his Doctrine was adapted to all Nations, and to all Men, contrary in that to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Judaick Law; as it was framed to comprehend all, to unite all, and to make all its Followers eaſy here, and eternally happy hereafter: So likewiſe his Miracles, without Partiality and without Diſtinction, brought Help and Comfort to all. The *Roman* and the *Samaritan*, as well as the *Jew*, had nothing of Terror, had nothing of Deſtruction, in them; but were peaceful and gentle all of them, as the Dove that deſcended from Heaven upon him who wrought them.

If Men were hungry in deſart Places, he was at the expence of a new Creation to feed them; if they were languiſhing under Diſeaſes, by a ſupernatural Power he healed them: he healed them by that gentle and peaceful Power which calm'd the Winds and Seas that were about to deſtroy them; that Power that controul'd and rebuked the Devils that were buſied in tormenting them.

As our Saviour's Miracles were all of a piece with his Doctrine, his Delivery of that Doctrine was worthy of them both. It was with Power that penetrated to the inmoſt Soul, and aſtoniſh'd and confounded his moſt obdurate Hearers. St. *Luke*, Ch. 4. ver. 32. *And they were aſtoniſhed at his Doctrine; for his Word was with Power.* And St. *Matthew*, Ch. 7. ver. 29. *For he taught them as one having Authority, and not as the* Scribes. His Delivery of his Divine Doctrine was not like that of the cold, unconcern'd, and flegmatick Teachers of the Law: No, there was no leſs than God in his Voice, in his Mien, and in his every Action.

As Religion ſo far reſembles Civil Government, that it muſt be carry'd on by the ſame Methods by

which

which it firſt began; the Apoſtles, after our Saviour's Aſcenſion, continu'd to preach the very ſame Doctrine that he had taught before, confirm'd it by Miracles of the ſame kind, enforc'd it by an Imitation of their Maſter's Life, and by their own wonderful Delivery of it. When the Apoſtle of the *Gentiles* preached to the *Grecians*, his manner of ſpeaking appear'd as new to them as the Doctrine he taught: and as he ſpoke of things to them, which neither Eye had ſeen, nor Ear had heard, nor had it entred into their Hearts to conceive; ſo he ſpoke to them in ſuch a manner, as never Man had ſpoke to them. And there was ſomething in his Delivery, as far above the Thunder of their *Pericles*, and their *Demoſthenes*, as the things which he had ſaid to them were of infinitely more Importance, and more Concern to his Hearers. And he, who when he ſpoke of the things of this World, was ſo very cold, and ſo unconcern'd, that his bodily Preſence was weak, and his Speech contemptible; even this cold and unconcern'd Apoſtle, when he diſcours'd of Righteouſneſs, of Temperance, and of Judgment to come, was ſo ſtrangely animated, ſo wonderfully penetrated with the heavenly Truths which he utter'd, that the very Tyrant who came to judge him, and to condemn him, trembled at what his Priſoner ſpoke. *Acts* 24. 25.

Which naturally brings me to the Effect and Influence, which ſo divine a Doctrine, thus enforc'd, and thus deliver'd, had upon the Minds of its Hearers. Which is as much greater than the Impreſſions which the Diſcourſes of the *Grecian* Orators had upon their Aſſemblies, as Heaven is greater and higher than Earth. And whereas thoſe Orators thought they effected a mighty matter, if they changed the Opinions of their Aſſemblies, in relation to their own, their Friends, or their Country's Reputation and Intereſts; our Saviour and his Apo-

ſtles prevail'd upon thoſe who heard them, to contemn all earthly Reputation and Intereſts; to deſpiſe Riches, and Power, and Glory, and even Life it ſelf. And the working this Change in the Heart of corrupted Man, was a greater Miracle than the changing the Elements, the healing Diſeaſes, or the driving out Devils. Behold thouſands of Souls flaming with Charity, and loving their Creator with all their Might, and their Neighbours as themſelves. Behold them parting with all they have, and willing and contented to ſuffer Want, to relieve the Neceſſities of others! *Acts* 4. 31. to the end. Behold thouſands of Souls gladly chuſing, and joyfully embracing Poverty, and Infamy, and Sorrow, and Pain, and Death, to render themſelves acceptable to him whom they love! So much was the Kingdom of God reſtored, and the Tyranny of the Devil impaired in the Hearts of Men!

Such were the Effects of our Saviour's Doctrine, ſuch was the Influence it had on the Minds of Men; at which Satan alarm'd, contriv'd by a Maſterpiece of infernal Malice, to make this very Religion, by which Chriſt deſign'd to unite Men to God and to one another, the Occaſion of introducing a more dangerous and deſperate Diviſion between them, than ever had appear'd upon any worldly account; of making Self-love to take a deeper Root, and ſpread with more luxuriant Branches; of kindling in Mens Hearts a ſpiritual Pride, more fierce and more fiery than had ever appear'd before; a Pride attended with a more implacable Anger, a more inveterate Malice, and a more irreconcilable Hatred. And in order to ſucceed in this deviliſh Deſign, he who knows by himſelf, who ruins Man by ſoothing and by pleaſing him, that there is no Enemy like the Traitor-Friend, and that ſo Divine a Doctrine could not be reſiſted effectually, if it were oppoſed openly; attempts to deſtroy it, by a Pretence

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to propagate it; delegates his ſpiritual Tyranny to ſome Chriſtian Prieſts, and prevails upon them, in order to extend it and eſtabliſh it, to divide, and weaken, and ruin the Church, by a pretended, impudent, obſtreperous Zeal for its Unity; to teach his Will for the Will of the moſt High, and by a height of Wickedneſs, which would be incredible, if we had not ſo often ſeen it, to prove the Doctrine of the Devil by the Word of God, miſerably wreſted to the Perdition of the perfidious Teachers, and the credulous Hearers. 1 Tim. 4. 1. *Now the Spirit ſpeaketh expreſly, That in the latter times ſome ſhall depart from the Faith, giving heed to ſeducing Spirits, and to Doctrines of Devils.*

Theſe are the Antichriſts mention'd in the Text; who to promote their own and the Devil's ſpiritual Tyranny, preach not the Doctrine of Jeſus Chriſt, but the Devil's and their own. 'Tis not their buſineſs to preach up Charity, or to teach Humility, or any of the Virtues that produce or maintain Charity; as Gentleneſs, Meekneſs, Patience, Forbearance, Peace-making, Mercy, Long-ſuffering, and Forgiveneſs. If at any time they take notice of the Doctrine of Chriſt, in order to mingle it with their own, and make the latter paſs unſuſpected, they do it after ſuch a manner, as ſhews very plainly, that it is not that they eſpouſe; as ſhall be further obſerv'd in its proper place. Their Buſineſs is to preach Diviſion and Diſſenſion, a Spirit of Party and of Faction, and to incite and inflame thoſe Paſſions that create or nouriſh Diviſion; as Anger, Envy, Hatred, Malice, evil Speaking, evil Surmizings, impudent and opprobrious Invectives, preſumptuous and damnable Judgments, pretended Diſtruſts and groundleſs Jealouſies, audacious and provoking Threatnings, Debate, Contention, Strife, Revenge, Confuſion, Riot, Murder. 'Tis their Buſineſs to incenſe and exaſperate their Diſciples againſt all who contradict

their Opinions; not what they pretend to believe as to the *Credenda* of Chriſtianity, but the Faith they profeſs as to their own Traditions, and the Doctrines of Devils. And therefore 'tis their Buſineſs to inflame their Diſciples, not againſt Infidels (whether *Jews* or *Turks*) or againſt Pagans, but againſt thoſe of the Chriſtian Faith; nor againſt thoſe, who while they have only the name of Chriſtians, are either Deiſts or downright Atheiſts by an open avow'd Profeſſion, or are thought to be ſuch at leaſt in their Hearts, by the horrible Sins in which they live impenitent; but againſt true and ſincere Believers, againſt thoſe who are under the Fear of God, and the ſacred Power of Conſcience. Theſe they account their mortal Enemies, againſt whom they exaſperate and inflame their Diſciples, exhorting them, both by Voice and Example, ſometimes to laugh, ſometimes to rail with unmannerly frontleſs Invectives, at all the moſt venerable Chriſtian Virtues which ſhine ſo bright in the others, as Humility, Meekneſs, Moderation, Union, Charity; to hate them with an irreconcilable Hatred, to keep no Faith with them, to hold no Truſt inviolable, to be bound by neither Vows nor Oaths, but as often as they find Opportunity, to purſue them to the Deſtruction of their Reputation, Liberty, Goods, and Life it ſelf; and to break thro all Bonds, both Divine and Human, to oppreſs them and deſtroy them.

And as the Power of this World is neceſſary for the ſupporting their ſpiritual Tyranny, they never fail to inſinuate into their Diſciples, that 'tis their Duty to throw as much of it into their Hands, as they are able to graſp; to perſuade them, that they are bound to eſpouſe the Cauſe of thoſe temporal Tyrants, with whom they their Paſtors have made an implicite Contract for the mutual enſlaving of Mankind. And the more theſe temporal Tyrants are the Devil's Vicegerents, the more they trample

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upon Law, and Reaſon, and Equity, which are Bonds of Peace and Union to Mankind; that 'tis ſtill more their Duty to extol them, to obey them, to ſerve them, and to adore them. And if theſe Tyrants are the Rulers of the native Countries of theſe Antichriſts and their Diſciples, theſe Teachers induſtriouſly inform their Hearers, that they are abſolutely and indiſpenſably bound to obey them, whatever exorbitant things they enjoin, or to ſuffer whatever they are graciouſly pleas'd to inflict; and this, contrary to Nature's original Law (the firſt and ſtrongeſt Precept of which is Self-Preſervation, and in order to it Self-Defence) that Law which our Saviour came to reſtore and to fulfil, and which none but the Devil and his Diſciples can ever come to deſtroy. And to induce them to this blind and impious Obedience, they endeavour to prove, that theſe Tyrants are their Lords by virtue of Fatherhood, and their Sovereigns by Right Divine; tho as good, as wiſe, and as forcible Arguments may be brought to prove, that the Devil is a Lord by virtue of Fatherhood, and a Monarch by Right Divine, and conſequently that he ought always to be obey'd, and never to be reſiſted.

And as theſe Antichriſts teach their Diſciples to hate and perſecute thoſe Chriſtians moſt, who are under the Fear of God, and the Power of Conſcience; of all their Countrymen and Fellow-Subjects, they inſtruct them to hate and malign them moſt, who are the moſt zealous for the maintenance of their native Rights, and the Validity and Power of Law.

But if the aforemention'd ſecular Tyrants are the Rulers of foreign Nations, and are mortal Enemies to the native Countries of theſe Antichriſtian Teachers, and of their Diſciples; they are ſo far from being diſcourag'd by this, that they are animated and encourag'd the more to prevail upon their

Hearers to eſpouſe them and to aſſiſt them, to rejoice at their Succeſſes, and to mourn at their Calamities, and to declare themſelves Enemies to their native Country, and their native Rights, and Traitors to their lawful Prince, and to their very God, in ſpight of the moſt ſacred and binding Oaths which they have taken to the contrary. Nay, they exhort and prevail upon thoſe Diſciples to take the moſt ſolemn and binding Oaths to be true to their Prince, their Country, their Religion, and their Liberty, only that they may oppreſs them with the greater Security, and betray them more effectually.

Nor is the Doctrine of Antichriſt more remov'd from Charity, than his Life, which is the moſt contrary to it that poſſibly can be imagin'd. He divides from his Brethren of the Prieſthood, as ſoon as he finds that they are oblig'd to profeſs peaceful and Chriſtian Virtues, and that he cannot with them compaſs his ſpiritual Tyranny. And St. *John*, in the words of the Context, makes this very Diviſion one diſtinguiſhing Mark of Antichriſt. 1 Epiſt. of St. *John*, Chap. 2. ver. 18, 19. *Little Children, it is the laſt time: and as ye have heard that Antichriſt ſhall come, even now are there many Antichriſts; whereby ye may know that it is the laſt time.* Ver. 19. *They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continu'd with us: but they went out, that they might be made manifeſt, that they were not all of us.* He lives, converſes with none, preaches to none, but ſuch as profeſs Diviſions; divides from all who are under the Power of the Goſpel, or the Power of Law: Is a Foe, not only to good Subjects, but to good Princes, and a Friend to Tyrants alone: A Traitor not only to his Prince, but to his Country, whoſe Conſtitution he attacks by his enſlaving Doctrines, and his more wretched abject Politicks of abſolute Non-Reſiſtance, unconditional Obedience, the moſt inſuffera-

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ble kind of High Treaſon. For if he ſo juſtly ſuffers Death, who only attempts the Executive Power, what may he not deſerve, who audaciouſly attacks not only all the Legiſlative, (which includes the Executive) but the very Law? He not only hates both Princes and Subjects, who govern by, and declare for Law; but hates them with a more envenom'd Hatred, a more felonious Rancour, than ever has been known upon a mere ſecular Account: Reviles, reproaches, miſrepreſents, calumniates them, and, as far as lies in his power, oppreſſes, ruins, curſes, kills, and damns them.

Inſtead of a profound and a Chriſtian Humility, he manifeſts a more than human Pride; exalts himſelf above all that the World calls Great, with his independent Power, his uninterrupted Succeſſion, his indelible Character, and his Right Divine. And that Pride is attended, againſt all who oppoſe it, with a Rage, an Envy, a Hatred, a Malice inhuman and diabolical: but above all, a diſdainful ridiculous Fury, and an unheard of Cruelty; a Cruelty that ſpares no Age, no Sex, and no Degree; that has deſtroy'd entire Nations, the People and their Kings together.

Inſtead of the abject contemptible Condition of our Saviour and his Diſciples, behold his Oppoſite with pompous Titles, and pompous Equipages, and an Ambition ſtill inſatiable. Inſtead of their Poverty and their Diſintereſtedneſs, behold him loaded with Benefices, Sinecures, Pluralities, Dignities; flowing with Wealth, yet pining ſtill with Avarice. Inſtead of their rigid Mortifications, behold him indulging himſelf in Faſts, more luxurious than the Feaſts of others; behold him meditating a lazy, a refin'd, and a temperate Luxury, that pampers and indulges Nature inſtead of oppreſſing her; that keeps all her Appetites ſharp and keen, and raiſes all her Luſts and Paſſions high.

As his Doctrine is confirm'd by his Example, it is extremely enforc'd by his manner of delivering it. But becauſe he is oblig'd to mix the Doctrine of the Goſpel with his own, in order to make the latter paſs by virtue of the former, let us diſtinguiſh what he preaches, into, (1.) The Doctrine of Chriſt: (2.) Human Traditions and human Inventions: And, (3.) The Doctrines of Devils.

1. Then, He is oblig'd to preach the Doctrine of our Saviour, in order to make his own paſs: And that Doctrine comprehends, (1.) The Duties; and, (2.) The Myſteries of Chriſtianity. Theſe Duties likewiſe are either, [1.] Purely Moral; or, [2.] Chriſtian. For thoſe that are purely Moral, he preaches them coldly, enforces them feebly, dehorts from the contrary Vices faintly; ſcarce ever mentions thoſe which are moſt raging and moſt epidemical, or if at any time he does mention them, he has nothing in his Air, in his Tone, in his Action, that ſhews an ardent Concern for the Glory of God, for the Proſperity of the State that he lives in, or for the Salvation of the Souls of Men.

For the Chriſtian Virtues, and eſpecially thoſe of Charity and Humility, his Hearers can never have any Notion of them from him. Charity, in his mouth, dwindles to mere giving of Alms, which is but a poor and inconſiderable Branch of that Divine Virtue. He ſeems to be afraid to let his Diſciples ſo much as hear of the Love of God, and of all Mankind for the ſake of God; or if he does at any time mention it, even that ardent Virtue grows cold in his Mouth, and expires upon his Antichriſtian Tongue, ſcarce ever reaching the Ears of his Hearers, much leſs piercing their Hearts. His Soul is an utter Stranger to thoſe Heavenly Emotions, thoſe Divine Raptures that inflame the Hearts of the raviſh'd Hearers with Seraphick Love. He never ſo much as preaches one Sermon, never ſo

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much as writes one Treatise of that attractive Virtue, Humility, the soft and tender Nurse of Charity. He either says nothing of Patience, Submission, Forbearance, Long-suffering; or he preaches them after such a manner, that in his Mouth they produce Tumult, Fury, Faction, Riot, and Rebellion, and all those Diabolical Passions and Diabolical Vices, which are so destructive to the Temporal and Eternal Happiness of Men.

And all these Duties, both Moral and Christian, are but feebly and faintly enforc'd by the Mysteries, even those stupendous Mysteries, that are capable of supplying him with the most moving and sublimest Eloquence, with a more than human Force and Fire, and with a Vehemence irresistable; those Mysteries so wonderfully important to himself and to his Hearers, which no Man can believe and speak of as he ought to do, but he must alarm and alter Nature in the Hearts of all who listen to him; raise the most transporting Joy on the one side, or the most dreadful Astonishment, the most amazing Horror on the other; those very Mysteries are spoke of by him after so cold and languishing a manner, as causes Unbelievers to turn Scorners, and Believers to become Apostates. How does the Deist smile, and the Atheist laugh, to see this Preacher discourse of Death and Judgment, of Heaven and Hell, calmly and without Emotion, who the moment afterwards falls into a Flame upon an empty Dispute, of turning to the East, or bowing to an insensate Altar!

But he who is so unconcern'd for the Salvation of the Souls of Men, for the Honour of God, and the Interest of Religion, comes immediately to be warm and eager, when his own Reputation and his own Interest are ever so little concern'd. And he who daily with Phlegm and Temper hears the Name of his Maker profan'd, his Mysteries revil'd, his

his Threatnings defy'd, his Protection renounc'd, nay, and his very Being deny'd, contends warmly and eagerly for human Traditions and human Inventions; for Forms, and Rites, and Habits, and Ceremonies, and whatever ſerves to nouriſh his ſpiritual Pride, and indulge his Luſt of Power.

But when in order to extinguiſh Charity, to divide Mankind, and to increaſe his own and his Father's ſpiritual Tyranny, he preaches the Doctrine of Devils, preaches Rage, and Hatred, and Envy, and Malice, then is his Delivery becoming of his Doctrine; then you may behold him burning with Fury, and diſtorted with Convulſions, and both Body and Soul intirely poſſeſs'd with the ſame infernal Paſſions, which he would excite in his Hearers.

Let us now conſider the Influence which ſuch Doctrines, ſuch Examples, and ſuch a Delivery has upon the Minds of Men. We have already hinted, that the Deſign of the Devil by Antichriſt, is, to take occaſion from the Chriſtian Religion, by which our Saviour deſign'd to unite Mens Affections to himſelf and to one another, to introduce a more dangerous and deſperate Diviſion among them, than ever had been known before: And now we ſhall ſhew, that he ſo far obtain'd his Deſign, that there was a more general Vertue among Men in the groſſeſt Times of Paganiſm, than there has been ſince our Saviour came into the World, excepting the firſt and moſt primitive Times of Chriſtianity; that is, thoſe Times when the Supreme Magiſtrate was not as yet Chriſtian, and Chriſtian Prieſts were yet undebauch'd by worldly Power and Greatneſs: and, 2. That there is at this time a more general Vertue in other places, than there is in the Chriſtian World: and, 3. That this Deficiency and theſe Corruptions among Chriſtians, have proceeded, and do proceed from the Antichriſtian Lives and Doctrines of ſeveral among their Clergy.

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1. There was a more general Vertue in the times of Paganism, than ever there has been since our Saviour came into the World. In those times of Idolatry, there were more free Nations in the World, than ever there have been since the Establishment of the Christian Religion. And since there was more Liberty then, there was more Union, more Justice, more Fortitude, more Publick Spirit. For Antichrist, in order to extinguish Charity, and to raise Divisions among Men, makes it his business, with all his might, every where to establish Tyranny. For as Civil Liberty is founded upon Vertue, and Reason, and Law; Tyranny is establish'd upon Will, and Passion, and Vice: And as Mankind is united by Reason, and Vertue, and Law, they are divided by Humour, and Passion, and Vice. Among those Free States that flourish'd in the times of Paganism, there were two more illustrious than the rest; who before Corruption crept in amongst them, had the moral Vertues in so high a degree, as no Christian Nation has ever been able to boast of. There was a successive Race of Heroes among them, who had not only a Temperance and Justice, a Valour, but even a Disinterestedness, and Magnanimity, and a Height of Heroick Fortitude, which made them as much superiour to other Men, as other Men are to Beasts. Nay, without being taught Charity by Divine Revelation, or sustain'd in it by the Greatness of the Christian Hope, they practis'd a very good degree of it, either by the Force of Reason and Nature, or by some secret Inspiration. For they had a publick Vertue and publick Spirit, which the Christian World has thought more proper for its Wonder than Imitation. They loved Liberty and their Country more than Life, hated Slavery more than Death, look'd upon all who favour'd Tyrants as so many Monsters and Parricides, and pursu'd Tyranny with extreme Vengeance, even

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in their neareſt Friends and their deareſt Relations. They laid down their Lives with the greateſt Alacrity, for their Country and the Publick Liberty, and never uſed their Valour againſt either. They never had any Faction or Diviſion upon a Religious Account, had but few Civil Wars among them, and not one Religious, except the *Egyptians*, who had degenerated into ſo beſtial a Fanaticiſm, as made them contemptible to the reſt of the World; which eaſily underſtood by the Force of Reaſon, that Religion was deſign'd to unite and compoſe, and not to divide and embroil the World.

If from antient *Rome* or *Athens* we turn our eyes upon our own Nation, and upon our own Times, where ſhall we find the leaſt Footſteps of their general publick, or private Vertue? That we have not ſo much as the Shadow of their general publick Vertue, is plain, even to Senſe; for we ſee Thouſands among us diſclaiming all Pretence to it. We ſee Thouſands that ſpeak and act with impunity againſt their Sovereign, their Country, their Liberty, and their Laws; Perſons againſt whom thoſe Laws have made no proviſion, becauſe that our Anceſtors never believ'd that there could be ſuch Monſters and Parricides in nature. We ſee Thouſands openly threatning Deſtruction to their Country, their Friends, their Relations, and to every thing that ought to be moſt dear to them; and contriving Succeſs to the mortal Enemy, of all that ought to be valuable, of all that ought to be ſacred to them. Since then we have not the general publick Vertue, nor publick Spirit, which render'd thoſe antient States ſo illuſtrious; it follows, that we have not their general private Vertue. For publick Spirit is founded upon private Vertue, and is the neceſſary Reſult of that; ſo that through whatever Nation publick Spirit is ſpread, through that Nation private Vertue muſt be generally diffuſed. And therefore

if we daily ſee ſo many attempting the Ruin of their Country, 'tis becauſe their Pride, their Avarice, their Neceſſity, and their Luxury, have made their preſent Condition inſupportable, and any Change deſirable. But if any one thinks thoſe antient States ow'd their general Vertue to the Forms of their Government, which were both Republicks; to him we anſwer, That no modern Republick either hath, or has had, the Vertue which thoſe antient States had: beſides, that *Rome* was vertuous under its Kings, and ſo was *Sparta* and *Macedon* among the *Grecians*, as likewiſe *Perſia* in the times of its firſt Monarchs.

But, 2. If we conſider only our own Times, we ſhall find a more general Vertue, both publick and private, in any Civiliz'd Nation upon the Globe, than in thoſe of the Chriſtian World. Caſt your eyes, for example, among the *Mahometans*, you ſhall find among them leſs Ambition, leſs Avarice, leſs Luxury, leſs Fraud, leſs Injuſtice, leſs Perjury, leſs Perfidiouſneſs, than you ſhall meet with among Chriſtians. You ſhall find, that while every Chriſtian State is at preſent engaged againſt ſome other Chriſtian Nation in a deſperate bloody Contention, that theſe Infidels at the ſame time have no Wars with thoſe of their own Religion; but that *Mahometans* with *Mahometans*, the *Ottoman* with the *Perſian*, the *Perſian* with the *Mogul*, living in Friendſhip and a profound Peace, liſten with aſtoniſh'd Ears to the numberleſs endleſs Quarrels of the Sons of Charity. What Opinion muſt they conceive of our Religion, when they find, that the only Perſons who profeſs the Practice of Charity, are they who live in endleſs Wars with thoſe of their own Faith? That they are not only eternally engaged in Civil Wars, which are ſo rare among themſelves, but even in Wars unheard of among the Infidels, and which they cannot think of without horrour; I mean,

mean, in Wars of Religion? What Opinion muſt they conceive of the Chriſtian Religion, and of the Faith of thoſe who pretend to teach others Charity, when they find that our very Prieſts, thoſe Dove-like Meſſengers of the Prince of Peace, have been the Cauſes, the Abettors, and the Incendiaries of all thoſe Foreign, and Domeſtick, and Religious Wars among Chriſtians? When they hear that it was a Prieſt who firſt laid the Plan of the *French* Univerſal Monarchy, which has been the cauſe of ſhedding ſo much Blood, and of ſuch horrible Devaſtation in theſe Weſtern Parts of *Europe*? That it was a Prieſt who firſt began the Deſign of the *French* Succeſſion to the *Spaniſh* Monarchy, and that it was another Prieſt who finiſh'd it; which has let out another Deluge of Blood, to overflow the Chriſtian World? That it was a Prieſt who put our firſt King *Charles* upon thoſe violent Meaſures, that occaſion'd the Civil Wars of *England*? That it was a Prieſt that involv'd *Poland* in all that Miſery and Devaſtation in which it now lies waſte? That they were Prieſts who gave up the Liberties of *France*, and afterwards thoſe of *Denmark*? That they are Prieſts who are at preſent doing their utmoſt Endeavour to deliver up our own? What muſt they think of the Chriſtian Faith, when the very vile Prieſts, even of all the vile ones which we have mention'd above, thoſe Prieſts who put a late unfortunate Prince upon breaking through all thoſe Bonds Divine and Human, which united him to his Subjects; thoſe Incendiaries of Souls, thoſe perfidious Peſts of Societies, and common Diſturbers of the Chriſtian World, are call'd by the Name of the bleſſed Founder of our Religion, as the moſt profligate Lay-Man that ever was upon the Earth is ever titled the moſt Chriſtian?

But, 3. If we conſider only our own Nation, and our own Times, compared with thoſe of our Anceſtors,

ceſtors, we ſhall find that there was among them a more general publick and private Vertue, than we our ſelves can boaſt of; and that Prieſtcraft and Atheiſm, Eccleſiaſtical Hypocriſy and Laical Deiſm, Right Divine and Socinianiſm, Non-Reſiſtance and Publick Treaſon, Paſſive-Obedience and unnatural prodigious Luxury, have grown up and increas'd together.

Since then there neither is, nor has been, among Chriſtians, the general publick and private Vertue, that there was in the groſſeſt Times of Paganiſm; nor is there now in the Chriſtian World the ſame degree of Vertue that is to be found in ſome other parts of the Globe; nor have we, in our own Nation, as much general publick and private Vertue as our Anceſtors formerly had; and we yet profeſs a Religion more pure than our Anceſtors formerly knew; a Religion that teaches a more perfect and exalted Vertue, than the Religion, or the Philoſophy of the *Grecians* and *Romans* taught, or than is taught by any Religion that is at preſent eſtabliſh'd out of the Chriſtian World: It follows, that the want of general Vertue among modern Chriſtians, muſt proceed from the Hearers or the Teachers of Chriſtianity. But from the Hearers it cannot proceed: for Men are by Nature the ſame that they were formerly, have the ſame Force of Underſtanding, the ſame paſſionate and ardent Deſire to be rightly inſtructed, and to be truly happy; and are the more adapted and prepared for Inſtruction and for Happineſs, by a greater Light of Knowledge, and a greater Experience of Things.

The Fault being neither in the Doctrine, nor in the Hearers, it follows, that the want of general Vertue muſt proceed from ſome of the Teachers, who contaminate the Doctrine of Chriſt by their own Inventions and the Doctrines of Devils. But that the want of general Vertue among us, and our deplo-

deplorable Corruption of Manners, does principally proceed from the foreſaid Cauſe, is evident from that which follows.

A general Vertue depends upon Religion; for all Vertue proceeds from good Senſe, or is the Reſult of Religion: But not one Man in fifty having good Senſe, a general Vertue muſt be the Reſult of Religion; which is likewiſe proved by Experience. For all States, through which a general Vertue has been ſpread, have been at the ſame time Religious.

But here we ought to obſerve, that the Religion upon which a general Vertue depends, muſt be a Reveal'd Religion: for Natural Religion ſpeaks to cultivated Reaſon, which is ſo rarely found among ns; but Revelation ſpeaks to Senſe, which is common to all Men.

But of all Revelations, the Chriſtian Religion is moſt proper, even without the help of ſupernatural Aſſiſtance, to eſtabliſh a general (both publick and private) Vertue: The publick, becauſe 'tis the only Religion that teaches Charity; which Divine Vertue is the very Height and Perfection of publick Spirit: The private, becauſe every Vertue is comprehended in Charity, and becauſe the Chriſtian Religion has provided the moſt effectual Remedies for the three chief Cauſes of the Corruption of Manners; which are, in the words of the Apoſtle, *Luſt of the Fleſh, the Luſt of the Eye, and the Pride of Life*.

Now every Religion, like every Government, humanly ſpeaking, maintain'd by the very ſame Methods by which that particular Religion was at firſt eſtabliſh'd; as that of *Mahomet*, which began by the Sword, was maintain'd and carry'd on by the Sword; and the modern *Roman* Religion is maintain'd by the ſame Force and the ſame Fraud to which it ow'd its Origin. And every Religion loſes its Force by the contrary Methods to those which at firſt eſtabliſh'd it.

As then the Chriſtian Religion was at firſt eſtabliſh'd by the Doctrine of Charity, and by the great Examples of Charity which our Saviour and his Apoſtles gave through the whole Courſe of their Lives, as it was maintain'd by the ſame Methods: ſo Chriſtian Piety can only decay, by the Antichriſtian Lives, and Antichriſtian Doctrines, of thoſe who pretend to teach it.

Since then a general Vertue in every Nation depends upon the Revelation eſtabliſh'd there, whether true or pretended; and the Revelation eſtabliſh'd in every Nation is maintain'd by the ſame Methods to which it ow'd its Origin, and loſes its Force by the contrary Methods, as far as it can humanly loſe it: And ſince the Chriſtian Revelation owes its Eſtabliſhment to the Doctrine and Examples of Charity, which ſhone in its firſt Teachers; it follows, that the want of a general Vertue, and that deplorable Corruption of Manners that reigns among us, are owing to the uncharitable Doctrines and Examples of ſome of the modern Teachers of Chriſtianity.

Thus we have done our Endeavour to ſhew how Antichriſt ſtands oppoſed to Chriſt, in his Prieſthood, and in his Tyranny. We ſhall only ſay one word of his Oppoſition to him as a Prophet. And becauſe we have reaſon to fear that we have been already tedious, we ſhall paſs by the other Prophetical Functions, which are ſo nearly ally'd to thoſe of the Prieſthood, and only juſt ſay ſomething of his Predictions. Our Saviour foretold the Deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*, and of the ſecond Temple, to confirm the Faith of Chriſtians, and to augment their Charity, by ſhewing how little dependance is to be had upon the Pomp and Glories of this World, and upon outward and appearing Sanctity. Antichriſt foretels the Fall of the third Temple, which our Saviour has aſſur'd us ſhall never fall, only that he may divide

and embroil the World, and extinguiſh Charity. For the Danger of the Church has now for ſome time been the general Outcry. But may we not have leave to ask thoſe many Antichriſts, when they ſay the Church is in danger, What they mean by the Church, and of whom it is compos'd? What the Danger is, with which it is threaten'd? Or, from whom or whence it muſt come? May we not have leave to ask them one plain Queſtion? Are the Souls of Men to whom they preach in danger? If they are not, why do they preach to them? But if they are, is that the Danger they ſpeak of, when they ſay the Church is in danger? Or, is it another Danger? If they ſay 'tis another Danger, can any thing be more ridiculous? Can any thing be more abſurd, when the grand Concern, nay the only Concern, the very All of thoſe to whom they ſpeak lies at ſtake, to alarm them with Trifles? For what, compared to that, is not a Trifle? There is not one of them that preaches to a very numerous Congregation, but every Sermon which he preaches is the laſt to ſome of them, to one of them at leaſt. And who knows, when they are aſſembled, who that one may be? Who knows how near he himſelf is to Death and final Judgment? How near to a Danger horrible even to conceive? And can this fooliſh, this trifling, this impudent Preacher pretend to alarm them with another Danger, a Peril of ſomething more remote, a Peril perhaps in Fancy or in Fiction only; a Danger, be it what it will, that is not worth a Moment's Thought, compared to this ſtupendous Danger? Is not this like putting a Man in mind, who is about to periſh in a Storm, a thouſand Leagues off from Shore, juſt in the moment that the Ocean opens its dreadful Abyſs to ſwallow him, putting him, I ſay, in mind of ſome trifling Loſs that he is like to ſuſtain on ſhore? Would not this be a barbarous, would not this be a mon-

ſtrous

strous mocking of him, just in the terrible moment that he is about to perish? Would it not be, by so much the more barbarous, by so much the more monstrous, in that it should come from one who must be about to perish with him?

But if by this Danger he means the Danger of Damnation, which the Souls are in to whom he preaches; from what or whence is this Danger fear'd? Is it from the actual and habitual Sins of his Hearers? Or have they so few of both, that they are at leisure to apprehend Damnation from something more foreign and more remote? If 'tis from their actual and habitual Sins, and that extreme Corruption which reigns in the Congregation to which he preaches; for in what Congregations at present does not extreme Corruption reign? is not this a foolish, is not this an impudent insulting of them? Have some certain Preachers brought them into this Danger? And is it in their power to help them out of it? And are they contented with barely threatning it? Has it not been made most clear and most perspicuous, that the extreme Corruption of the Laity proceeds from the Antichristian Doctrines, proceeds from the Antichristian Practices of some certain Preachers? Let but those Preachers reform their Doctrines, and reform their Practices, and I'll engage that the wretched Laity shall reform immediately.

But alas! the Danger that those Preachers threaten, is not from the Sins of the People to whom they preach; is not from the extreme Corruption of Manners that reigns in their Congregations. For when have these Prophets ever inveigh'd against their most predominant Vices? By what Sermons have they ever signaliz'd themselves against their Ambition, against their Avarice, against their Oppressions, their publick and private Rapines, against their new, their unheard-of, their unnatural Luxu-

ries? Did they ever threaten them with Danger from theſe? Are they really in no Danger from theſe? Are they not in a thouſand times more Danger from theſe, than they can be from any thing elſe in the World? If they are, why are they not told ſo? If they are not, from what wonderful, what unconceivable thing is it, from which they are more in Danger?

From what has been ſaid, 'tis plain that by the Danger of the Church theſe Preachers mean not the Danger of Damnation which their Hearers are in from their numerous and crying Sins. It follows then, that they mean ſomething that is of no Concern to their Hearers: for if they would ſpeak of things that are of any Concern to them, why not their main, their whole, their tremendous Concern? Why do they omit that, and threaten them with Trifles? Why do they either not mention it, or while they mention, ſpeak of it ſo very coldly; they who while they ſpeak of the Danger of the Church, declaim ſo very warmly? Is it not ſhrewdly to be ſuſpected, that by the Church they mean themſelves, mean their own Intereſts and their own Power? O fooliſh and miſerable Laity! to be ſo much alarm'd, and deluded, and divided by theſe, who are ſo cool, ſo unconcern'd for you; ſo very warm, and ſo very much concern'd for themſelves! who not only neglect your real Dangers, but by falſly alarming you with imaginary ones, bring you into the only real, the only dreadful Danger. For let me ask you once more, What is this pretended Danger of the Church? Is it the Danger of the Catholick Church, againſt the which our Saviour has told us, that *the Gates of Hell ſhall not prevail?* Is not this Aſſurance enough, that it ſhall not fall? Or are ſome Prieſts more dangerous than the Devil? Or, by the Danger of the Church, do they mean the Diſcipline and the Government of ſome particular Church? as for example,

ple, the Diſcipline and the Government of the National Church of *England?* Are theſe in danger to be alter'd? Suppoſing they were: Theſe are Things, by the Confeſſion of all, of no neceſſity to Salvation; and Things, by the Confeſſion of all but themſelves, at liberty to be alter'd in every Nation, at the Will of their Legiſlators. And conſequently, if this Danger were real, it would be of no ſignificancy to their Hearers. But this Danger is not real; and no Shadow of Proof has been brought to ſhew, that the Diſcipline and Government of the Church are in any manner of peril; nay, unanſwerable Arguments have been brought to prove, that they are not in danger. O fooliſh and wretched People! to be thus incenſed and exaſperated againſt each other, by the vain Fear of a fictitious Danger; which, were it true, would be ten thouſand times leſs than the Danger into which it brings you; a Danger, which, by the Confeſſion of all, is the moſt real, and moſt horrible of all Dangers; the Danger of Eternal Damnation from your want of Charity.

The exacteſt Diſcipline of the moſt perfect Church is only in order to the ſaving of Souls. The Deſign of our Saviour's coming into the World, was to ſave Souls, and not to eſtabliſh Diſcipline: For where is the Diſcipline which our Saviour eſtabliſh'd? Can any thinking Man believe, that our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, who came to pull down the Partition-Wall that was between the *Jews* and the *Gentiles*, by aboliſhing the Ceremonial Law, and the Eccleſiaſtick Diſcipline of the *Jewiſh* Nation, could ever deſign another certain Diſcipline, and other certain Ceremonies, which he could not but foreſee would create a Diviſion among his future Diſciples? But Antichriſt deſigns, by deſtroying Charity, to damn Souls, that he may preſerve Diſcipline. 'Tis the Danger that Eccleſiaſtical Diſcipline is in, at which he is conſtantly alarm'd. O vain and impu-

dent Pretence! For ſuppoſe the Danger true, as it is certainly moſt falſe, how very fooliſh muſt that Preacher be, who pretends to be alarm'd at any thing more, than the Danger of thoſe Souls which alone he preaches to ſave, than the Danger of thoſe Souls for which alone our Saviour died? How many of thoſe miſerable Souls have been for ever loſt, while they have been hearkning to the Danger of the Church; and dying impenitent in Hatred and in deviliſh Malice, by the Inſtigation of theſe their Paſtors againſt their innocent Brethren, have, to their everlaſting Confuſion, found in Hell that the Church is not in danger!

Thirdly, Thus I have given you the Marks by which Antichriſt ſtands oppos'd to Jeſus Chriſt, as a King, a Prieſt, and a Prophet. I ſhall now ſum up all thoſe Marks in one grand Characteriſtical Mark, that as we have ſhewn above that Antichriſt is a Prieſt, ſo it may be plain to the meaneſt Capacity who theſe Prieſts are, of whom it may be ſaid, in the words of the Text, *Even now there are many Antichriſts.*

Every Prieſt then, who, when he preaches, does apparently and maliciouſly wreſt the Goſpel, or the Epiſtles which explain the Goſpel, to ſay ſomething that is quite contrary to the great Deſign of our Saviour, that Prieſt is Antichriſt. Now the great Deſign of our Saviour in preaching the Goſpel of his Kingdom, was to do principally two things: *1ſt*, To reſtore the Law of Nature; and *2dly*, To revive and reſtore Charity.

1ſt, The great Deſign of our Saviour's coming into the World, was to reſtore and fulfil the Law of Nature. Mat. 5. 17. *Think not that I came to deſtroy the Law and the Prophets; I am not come to deſtroy, but to fulfil.* And ver. 18. *For verily I ſay unto you, till Heaven and Earth paſs, one jot or one tittle ſhall in*

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no wiſe paſs from the Law, till all be fulfilled. Now, what was the Law that our Saviour came to fulfil? Not the Ceremonial Law, for that he came to diſannul: *Heb.* 6. 18. *For there is verily a diſannulling of the Commandment going before, for the Weakneſs and Unprofitableneſs thereof.* V. 19. *For the Law made nothing perfect.* And what Law is it which our Saviour ſays muſt remain to the end of the World? Not the Ceremonial Law, for that is already aboliſh'd. *Heb.* 10. 8, 9. *Above, when he ſaid, Sacrifice, and Offering, and Burnt-offering, thou wouldſt not, neither hadſt pleaſure therein, which are offered by the Law: Then he ſaid, Lo, I come to do thy Will, O God! He taketh away the firſt, that he may eſtabliſh the ſecond.* Now what is this Second Law which our Saviour came to eſtabliſh? What but the Law of Nature, or the Moral Law; as appears by the foremention'd Chapter, ver. 16. *This is the Covenant that I will make with them, After thoſe Days, ſaith the Lord, I will put my Laws into their Hearts, and in their Minds will I write them.* Since then the great Deſign of our Saviour's Doctrine was to reſtore the Law of Nature, every Prieſt who wreſts the Goſpel, or the Epiſtles which explain the Goſpel, to ſay any thing which offends againſt the Law of Nature, that Prieſt is Antichriſt. Now the eldeſt of Nature's Laws, and that which Man is the hardeſt brought to violate, by the unanimous Confeſſion of all who have treated of it, is Self-Preſervation. But this is moſt evident, that without Self-Defence the Law of Self-Preſervation cannot be kept inviolated; and that without Reſiſtance there can be no Self-Defence. Whatever Prieſt then pretends to make the Scripture ſay any thing againſt any manner of Reſiſtance of unjuſt Violence, that is neceſſary to Self-Preſervation, this eldeſt Law of Nature, this Law which God has put in our Hearts, and has writ in our Minds, and which only the Devil and his Diſciples can ever de-

ſign to deface; that Prieſt is as much oppoſed to our Saviour, as any thing poſſibly can be oppoſed; and is therefore one of the many of whom we may ſay in the Words of the Text, *Even now there are many Antichriſts.*

But 2*dly*, The other great Deſign of our Saviour's Doctrine was to reſtore Charity. Goſpel of St. *John*, Ch. 15. ver. 12. *This is my Commandment, that ye love one another.* And this great Deſign comprehends the other, *viz.* the reſtoring of the Law of Nature: *Gal.* 4. 15. *For all the Law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou ſhalt love thy Neighbour as thy ſelf.* And *Rom.* 13. 8, 9, 10. *Owe no Man any thing, but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the Law.* V. 9. *For this, thou ſhalt not commit Adultery, thou ſhalt not kill, thou ſhalt not ſteal, thou ſhalt not bear falſe Witneſs, thou ſhalt not covet; and if there be any other Commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this Saying, Thou ſhalt love thy Neighbour as thy ſelf.* V. 10. *Love worketh no Ill to his Neighbour: therefore Love is the fulfilling of the Law.* Thus Charity includes the Law of Nature. But it likewiſe includes a great deal more. For by the Law of Nature, as it ſtands now, is meant only that which can be gather'd by the Light of Reaſon: but the Law of Charity includes more than what can be gather'd from the Light of corrupted Reaſon, and is the firſt Law of Nature which was given to *Adam* in his State of Perfection, 1 *John* 3. 11. *For this is the Meſſage that ye have heard from the beginning, that we ſhould love one another.* Charity is the greateſt of all the Chriſtian Vertues; by which alone our Saviour tells us, *Mat.* 25. *That Men will be ſaved at the laſt Day*; and for want of which alone he tells us, *they will be damned*; than which nothing can be more reaſonable and more juſt: For all other Vertues are but in order to, and as it were the ſcaffolding of that; and are included in that. When that is perfect,

fect, the reſt ſhall ceaſe to be; and all ſhall at laſt be ſwallow'd up in Charity: which ſhall make the Felicity of the Bleſſed ten thouſand Ages, after Temperance, Prudence, and Fortitude, nay, after Faith and Hope themſelves ſhall have been no more. Now Charity being the only Vertue that reigns in Heaven, he who has not been habituated to it on Earth, would go thither like a Stranger to a remote Country, whoſe Language and Cuſtoms are both unknown to him, and entirely different from his own; and where by conſequence he could neither keep any Company, nor find any Pleaſure. The Advancement of Charity then was the great Deſign of our Saviour's coming into the World; for the Advancement of Charity is the Salvation of Souls: And therefore, that Prieſt who wreſts the Scripture to ſay any thing deſtructive of that, is emphatically Antichriſt.

St. *Paul*, by what he has ſaid of Charity in the 13th Chapter of the firſt Epiſtle to the *Corinthians*, has ſet before us ſeveral Marks to know when the Scripture is wreſted to the Deſtruction of that Divine Vertue.

Charity, ſays he, ver. 4. *ſuffereth long, and is kind; Charity envieth not; Charity vaunteth not it ſelf, is not puffed up:* V. 5. *Doth not behave it ſelf unſeemly; ſeeketh not her own; is not eaſily provoked; thinketh no Evil:* V. 6. *Rejoiceth not in Iniquity, but rejoiceth in the Truth:* V. 7. *Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.* From which it is plain, that whatever Prieſt makes uſe of the Scripture to ſtir up Diviſion amongſt Men, to nouriſh their Malice, their Envy, their Pride; to raiſe groundleſs Fears and Jealouſies amongſt them, and to deſtroy the Confidence which Members of Societies mutually have in each other, and to compaſs all this by impudent ill-manner'd Invectives, and a ſort of Eccleſiaſtical *Billinſgate*; that Prieſt wreſts the Scripture

ture to ſay ſomething that is very deſtructive of Charity, and is emphatically Antichriſt.

Nothing can be more ſeaſonable, than here to conſider what the Apoſtle St. *James* ſays of the Tongues of ſuch Men, and themſelves, Ch. 3. ver. 6. *The Tongue is a Fire; a World of Iniquity: So is the Tongue among the Members, that it defileth the whole Body, and ſetteth on fire the Courſe of Nature, and is ſet on fire of Hell.* V. 7. *For every kind of Beaſts, and of Birds, and of Serpents, and of things in the Sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of Mankind.* V. 8. *But the Tongue can no Man tame: it is abundantly evil; full of deadly Poiſon.* V. 9. *Therewith bleſs we God, even the Father; and therewith curſe we Men, which are made after the Similitude of God.* V. 10. *Out of the ſame Mouth proceedeth Bleſſing and Curſing. My Brethren, theſe things ought not ſo to be.* V. 11. *Doth a Fountain ſend forth at the ſame time ſweet Water and bitter?* V. 12. *Can the Fig-tree, my Brethren, bear Olive-berries? either a Vine Figs? So can no Fountain yield both ſalt Water and freſh.* And the Apoſtle declares in the following Verſes, that theſe Church-Incendiaries, who make it their buſineſs to curſe, when 'tis their Duty to bleſs, who are agitated with Rage, and Envy, and Malice, have a Spirit in them that is directly contrary to the Spirit of the Goſpel: Ver. 13. *Who is a wiſe Man, and endued with Knowledge among you? Let him ſhew out of a good Converſation, his Works, with Meekneſs of Wiſdom.* Ver. 14. *But if ye have bitter Envying and Strife in your Hearts, glory not, and lye not againſt the Truth.* Ver. 15. *This Wiſdom deſcendeth not from above, but is earthly, ſenſual, deviliſh.* Ver. 16. *For where Envying and Strife is, there is Confuſion and every evil Work.* After that the Apoſtle has, in ſeveral of the foreſaid Verſes, ſhewn you the Spirit of Antichriſt; in the following Verſes he deſcribes the Spirit of the Goſpel: Ver. 17. *But the Wiſdom that is from above, is firſt pure, then peaceable, gentle, and eaſy*

eaſy to be intreated, full of Mercy and good Fruits, without Partiality, and without Hypocriſy. And in the next Verſe he tells us the Effects of it; Ver. 18. *And the Fruit of Righteouſneſs is ſown in Peace of them that make Peace.* But, alas! how little is there of this Wiſdom, this Spirit, and this Fruit among ſome modern Preachers!

Thus St. *James* declares Railing to be contrary to the Spirit of Charity, and conſequently of Chriſtianity. And this is the unanimous Senſe both of the Apoſtles, and of the Evangeliſts: and that it is never to be allow'd of againſt any Perſon or Perſons, upon any Pretence or Occaſion whatever, let the Crime be ever ſo great, or ſo horrible. The greateſt Crime that ever was committed, was the firſt; the Apoſtacy of *Lucifer* from his Creator; the greateſt of Sins, excepting the Sin againſt the Holy Ghoſt, and equal even to that: like that ſo great, that it was never to be aton'd for by any Repentance, and never to be forgiven. Yet *Michael* the Archangel, when contending with the Devil he diſputed about the Body of *Moſes*, durſt not bring againſt him a railing Accuſation, but ſaid, *The Lord rebuke thee.* The greateſt Crime next to theſe, was the murdering of the Lord of Life: And yet we find not in any of the Apoſtles, or in any one of the Evangeliſts, the leaſt Invective, or the leaſt Bitterneſs againſt *Judas* who betray'd him, or the High Prieſt who condemn'd him, or *Pilate* who deliver'd him to the Soldiers, or the Soldiers who mock'd, and ſcourg'd, and crucify'd him. And will our modern Antichriſts after this pretend to take Occaſion from the Goſpel of Peace to rail? Will they yet further defend their Railing, by wreſting the Scriptures ſtill more to their own Deſtruction, and the Deſtruction of their credulous Hearers? Shall the fourth Chapter of St. *Paul*'s Epiſtle to *Titus* be brought to juſtify this Spirit of Antichriſt? *I charge*

thee

thee therefore before God (ſays St. *Paul* to *Titus*, Ch. 4. ver. 1.) *and the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, who ſhall judge the Quick and the Dead, at his appearing, and his Kingdom:* Ver. 2. *Preach the Word, be inſtant in Seaſon, out of Seaſon; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all Long-ſuffering and Doctrine.* To what is it that the Apoſtle in this Chapter exhorts *Titus?* Why, to preach the Word in Seaſon and out of Seaſon, that is, to preach the Son of God, and the Doctrine of Charity. And ſhall this be made uſe of to juſtify preaching up Diviſion, Diſſenſion, Sedition, and the Doctrines of Devils? Shall the Apoſtle's Exhortation to reprove, and to rebuke, be made uſe of to vindicate want of Manners, and ſuch Rudeneſs as better becomes a drunken Bully than a ſober Divine, and a Midnight Tavern than a Pulpit? eſpecially when St. *Jude*, in the 9th Verſe of his Epiſtle mention'd above, has as it were oppos'd Rebuking to Railing, telling us, that the Archangel *Michael* durſt not bring a railing Accuſation againſt the Devil, but only ſaid, *The Lord rebuke thee.* And St. *Paul* tells *Titus* in this very Verſe, *that his Rebuking, and Reproving, and Exhorting, muſt be with all Long-ſuffering, and with Doctrine*; that is, with Charity. The true Chriſtian is certainly the beſt well-manner'd Man in the World, if that be the trueſt good Breeding, which makes a Man moſt eaſy both to himſelf and others; and no Man who calls himſelf a Chriſtian ever wanted Manners, but that Man at the ſame time wanted both Faith and Charity. But if no manner of Railing, in order to excite Envy, and Hatred, and Rage, and Malice, is allow'd of by the Chriſtian Religion, then certainly the moſt criminal of all Railings muſt be that which is pretended to be drawn from this very Religion, which by its principal Commands, a Command comprehenſive of all its Commands, obliges us to hate no Man, and to rail at no Man. But as the Railing

of

of our modern Preachers can by no means be juſtify'd by St. *Paul's* exhorting, rebuking, and reproving; can the grievous Sufferings of that Apoſtle for the ſake of Righteouſneſs, and the preaching of the Goſpel of Chriſt, be compar'd to a juſt and a moderate Puniſhment inflicted by an offended Legiſlature, for the preaching Diviſion and Sedition, and the Doctrine of Devils? eſpecially when this very Apoſtle has told us, 1 Cor. 13. 3. *Tho I give my Body to be burn'd, and have not Charity, it profiteth me nothing.* From which we may conclude, that many a Martyr has gone to Hell, and paſs'd from one Flame to another. Is there no Difference between a light Suffering and a heavy one, a nominal one and a real one, a juſt one and an unjuſt one? Is there no Difference between doing the Work of Chriſt, and the Work of the Devil and his Angels? With whom I will not ſay, according to their own charitable Chriſtian way of Dealing, that I will leave theſe well-natur'd Preachers, tho 'tis with the Company they have always kept, as, I believe, has been made pretty plain; but I humbly pray to Almighty God to deliver them out of the hands of their old Acquaintance, who firſt ſeduc'd them and debauch'd them, and whom, as is manifeſt by their Works, they ſtill frequent continually; and of whoſe Houſe and Family they may moſt properly be ſaid to be: 1 John 3. 10. *In this the Children of God are manifeſted, and the Children of the Devil; whoſoever doth not Righteouſneſs, is not of God, nor he who loveth not his Brother.* We pray to God to deliver them from theſe wicked Spirits by a ſincere Repentance, for all the Miſchief which they have done themſelves, and for all which they have been the Occaſion of in others; for all the Antichriſtian Hatred, that is, for all the Murder of which they have been guilty themſelves; and of which ſo many Thouſands have been guilty by the Suggeſtion of them and the Devil. For St. *John* tells

tells us in the 15th Verſe of the forementioned Chapter, *Whoſo hateth his Brother, is a Murderer.* The Reaſon is plain, becauſe whoever hates another would kill him, if he were not reſtrain'd by the Fear of corporal Puniſhment. For this is evident, that he is not reſtrain'd by the Law of Nature, nor by the poſitive Law of God: not by the Law of Nature, becauſe that obliges him not to hate him, by its great and comprehenſive Rule of doing as one would be done by, for no Man is willing to be hated by another; nor is he reſtrain'd by the poſitive Law of God, becauſe that obliges him not to hate him. It follows then, that he is only aw'd by the fear of corporal Puniſhment. And how often has this religious Hatred, this Hatred excited by Antichriſt and the Devil, broke out in Wars, in Murders, in Burnings, and in Maſſacres? How near did it come to theſe Confuſions and theſe Horrours lately? How ſoon would it yet come to them, if it were not reſtrain'd by the Wiſdom of our Legiſlators? We humbly beſeech Almighty God, to cleanſe the Hearts of all theſe Antichriſts by a ſevere Repentance, for the numberleſs Murders of which they have certainly contracted the malicious Guilt, and for perfidiouſly ſapping, at the ſame time, the Foundations of our Conſtitution, and the Fundamentals of Chriſtianity. We humbly beſeech thee, O God, to pour into their Hearts thy Spirit of Peace, of Meekneſs, and of Charity, that they may be deliver'd from every evil Work, and preſerv'd unto thine own Kingdom. To whom be Glory for ever and ever. *Amen.*

THE

THE Grounds of Criticiſm IN POETRY.

CHAP. I.

The Deſign of the following Treatiſe, is the Re-eſtabliſhment of Poetry.

THE Deſign of the enſuing Treatiſe, whether we conſider the Importance or the Extent of it, is perhaps the greateſt in this kind of Writing, that has been conceiv'd by the Moderns; for 'tis no leſs than an Attempt to reſtore and re-eſtabliſh the nobleſt Art in every Branch of it: an Art, that by the Barbarity of the Times, is fallen and ſunk in them

them all, and has been driven and baniſh'd from every Country excepting *England* alone; and is even here ſo miſerably fallen for the moſt part by the Extravagance of its Profeſſors, and by the Unskilfulneſs of its Admirers, that we have reaſon to apprehend it to be departing from hence too.

That Poetry is the nobleſt of all Arts, and by conſequence the moſt inſtructive and moſt beneficial to Mankind, may be prov'd by the concording Teſtimony of the greateſt Men, who have liv'd in every Age; the greateſt Philoſophers, the greateſt Heroes, and the greateſt Stateſmen, who have, as it were, unanimouſly cheriſh'd, eſteem'd, admir'd it: and never has it been diſeſteem'd or neglected by any but ſome Pretenders to Wiſdom, and by ſome contemptible Politicaſters, Perſons who have got into the Management of Affairs only by the Weakneſs of thoſe who have employ'd them, and who have utterly wanted Capacity to know what a glorious Uſe may be made of it, for the Benefit of Civil Society. But in the Sequel of this Diſcourſe, by diſcovering the Nature of Poetry in general (which ſeems to me to have been hitherto but little underſtood) I ſhall clearly ſhew its Excellence, and the Importance of this Undertaking. And by laying down either the general Rules of it, or by tracing out that ſublime Art, which to make uſe of *Milton's* Expreſſion, teaches what the Laws are of a true Epick Poem, what of a Dramatick, what of a Lyrick, what Decorum is, what is the grand Maſterpiece to obſerve; I ſhall not only lay a good Foundation for the judging of the Performance of the ſeveral Poets, whoſe Works I have undertaken to examine, but ſhall, as *Milton* ſays in his Treatiſe of Education to Mr. *Hartlip*, ſoon make the World perceive what deſpicable Creatures our common Rhymers and Play-wrights are, and ſhew them what religious, what glorious, and magnificent Uſe may

may be made of Poetry, both in Divine and in Human Things.

CHAP. II.

That Poetry is to be eſtabliſh'd, by laying down the Rules.

THAT an Art, ſo Divine in its Inſtitution, is ſunk and profan'd, and miſerably debas'd, is a thing that is confeſs'd by all. But ſince Poetry is fallen from the Excellence which it once attain'd to, it muſt be fallen either by the want of Parts, or want of Induſtry, or by the Errors of its Profeſſors. But that it cannot be for want of Parts, we have ſhewn clearly in the Advancement of modern Poetry; nor can it be ſuppos'd to be for want of Induſtry, ſince ſo many of its Profeſſors have no other Dependance. It remains then that it muſt have fallen by their Errors, and for want of being guided right. Since therefore 'tis for want of knowing by what Rules they ought to proceed, that Poetry is fallen ſo low, it follows then that it is the laying down of thoſe Rules alone, that can re-eſtabliſh it. In ſhort, Poetry is either an Art, or Whimſy and Fanaticiſm. If it is an Art, it follows that it muſt propoſe an End to it ſelf, and afterwards lay down proper Means for the attaining that End: For this is undeniable, that there are proper Means for the attaining of every End, and thoſe proper Means in Poetry we call the Rules. Again, if the End of Poetry be to inſtruct and reform the World, that is, to bring Mankind from Irregularity, Extravagance, and Confuſion, to Rule and Order, how this ſhould be done by a thing that is in it ſelf irregular and extravagant, is difficult to be conceiv'd. Beſides, the

Work of every reaſonable Creature muſt derive its Beauty from Regularity; for Reaſon is Rule and Order, and nothing can be irregular either in our Conceptions or our Actions, any further than it ſwerves from Rule, that is, from Reaſon. As Man is the more perfect, the more he reſembles his Creator; the Works of Man muſt needs be more perfect, the more they reſemble his Maker's. Now the Works of God, tho infinitely various, are extremely regular.

The Univerſe is regular in all its Parts, and it is to that exact Regularity that it owes its admirable Beauty. The Microcoſm owes the Beauty and Health both of its Body and Soul to Order, and the Deformity and Diſtempers of both to nothing but the want of Order. Man was created, like the reſt of the Creatures, regular, and as long as he remain'd ſo, he continu'd happy; but as ſoon as he fell from his Primitive State, by tranſgreſſing Order, Weakneſs and Miſery was the immediate Conſequence of that univerſal Diſorder that immediately follow'd in his Conceptions, in his Paſſions and Actions.

The great Deſign of Arts is to reſtore the Decays that happen'd to human Nature by the Fall, by reſtoring Order: The Deſign of Logick is to bring back Order, and Rule, and Method to our Conceptions, the want of which cauſes moſt of our Ignorance, and all our Errors. The Deſign of moral Philoſophy is to cure the Diſorder that is found in our Paſſions, from which proceeds all our Unhappineſs, and all our Vice; as from the due Order that is ſeen in them, comes all our Virtue and all our Pleaſure. But how ſhould theſe Arts re-eſtabliſh Order, unleſs they themſelves were regular? Thoſe Arts that make the Senſes inſtrumental to the Pleaſure of the Mind, as Painting and Muſick, do it by a great deal of Rule and Order: Since therefore

Poetry

Poetry comprehends the Force of all these Arts of Logick, of Ethicks, of Eloquence, of Painting, of Musick; can any thing be more ridiculous than to imagine, that Poetry it self should be without Rule and Order?

CHAP. III.

What Poetry is, and that it attains its End by exciting of Passion.

WE have said above, that as Poetry is an Art, it must have a certain End, and that there must be Means that are proper for the attaining that End, which Means are otherwise call'd the Rules: But that we may make this appear the more plainly, let us declare what Poetry is. Poetry then is an Art, by which a Poet excites Passion (and for that very Cause entertains Sense) in order to satisfy and improve, to delight and reform the Mind, and so to make Mankind happier and better: from which it appears that Poetry has two Ends, a subordinate, and a final one; the subordinate one is Pleasure, and the final one is Instruction.

First, The subordinate End of Poetry is to please, for that Pleasure is the Business and Design of Poetry is evident; because Poetry, unless it pleases, nay and pleases to a height, is the most contemptible thing in the World. Other things may be borne with if they are indifferent, but Poetry, unless it is transporting, is abominable: nay, it has only the name of Poetry, so inseparable is Pleasure from the very nature of the Thing.

But, *Secondly*, The final End of Poetry is to reform the Manners: As Poetry is an Art, Instruction must be its final End; but either that Instruction

muſt conſiſt in reforming the Manners, or it cannot inſtruct at all, and conſequently be an Art; for Poetry pretends to no other Inſtruction as its final End. But ſince the final End of Poetry is to reform the Manners, nothing can be according to the true Art of it, which is againſt Religion, or which runs counter to moral Virtue, or to the true Politicks, and to the Liberty of Mankind: and every thing which is againſt the laſt, tends to the Corruption and Deſtruction of Mankind; and conſequently every thing againſt the laſt, muſt be utterly inconſiſtent with the true Art of Poetry.

Now the proper Means for Poetry, to attain both its ſubordinate and final End, is by exciting Paſſion.

1*ſt*, The ſubordinate End of Poetry, which is to pleaſe, is attain'd by exciting Paſſion, becauſe every one who is pleas'd is mov'd, and either deſires, or rejoices, or admires, or hopes, or the like. As we are mov'd by Pleaſure which is Happineſs, to do every thing we do, we may find upon a little Reflection, that every Man is incited by ſome Paſſion or other, either to Action, or to Contemplation; and Paſſion is the Reſult either of Action or of Contemplation, as long as either of them pleaſe; and the more either of them pleaſes, the more they are attended with Paſſion. The Satisfaction that we receive from Geometry it ſelf, comes from the Joy of having found out Truth, and the Deſire of finding more. And the Satiety that ſeizes us upon too long a Lecture, proceeds from nothing but from the Wearineſs of our Spirits, and conſequently from the Ceſſation or the Decay of thoſe two pleaſing Paſſions. But,

2*dly*, Poetry attains its final End, which is the reforming the Minds of Men, by exciting of Paſſion. And here I dare be bold to affirm, that all Inſtruction whatever depends upon Paſſion. The moſt Philoſophers themſelves, even the dryeſt of them

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can never inſtruct and reform, unleſs they move; for either they make Vice odious and Virtue lovely, or they deter you from one by the Apprehenſion of Miſery, or they incite you to the other by the Happineſs they make you expect from it; or they work upon your Shame, or upon your Pride, or upon your Indignation. And therefore Poetry inſtructs and reforms more powerfully than Philoſophy can do, becauſe it moves more powerfully: And therefore it inſtructs more eaſily too. For whereas all Men have Paſſions, and great Paſſions of one ſort or another; and whereas thoſe Paſſions will be employ'd, and whatever way they move, they that way draw the Man; it follows, that Philoſophy can inſtruct but hardly, becauſe it moves but gently: for the violent Paſſions not finding their account in thoſe faint Emotions, begin to rebel and fly to their old Objects; whereas Poetry, at the ſame time that it inſtructs us powerfully, muſt reform us eaſily; becauſe it makes the very Violence of the Paſſions contribute to our Reformation. For the Generality of Mankind are apparently ſway'd by their Paſſions, nay, and perhaps the very beſt and wiſeſt of them. The greateſt Philoſophers and the greateſt Princes are influenc'd by their Favourites, and ſo are the wiſeſt Magiſtrates. And 'tis for this reaſon that not only the Devil, who muſt be ſuppos'd to underſtand human Nature, corrupts Mankind by their Paſſions; (for Temptation is nothing but the inclining Men to ſuch and ſuch Actions, by the raiſing ſuch and ſuch Paſſions in them) but God himſelf, who made the Soul, and beſt underſtands its Nature, converts it by its Paſſions. For whereas Philoſophy pretends to correct human Paſſions by human Reaſon, that is, things that are ſtrong and ungovernable, by ſomething that is feeble and weak; Poetry by the force of the Paſſion, inſtructs and reforms the Reaſon: which is the Deſign of the true Religion, as we have

ſhewn in another place. So that we have here already laid down one great Rule, neceſſary for the ſucceeding in Poetry: for ſince it can attain neither its ſubordinate nor its final End, without exciting of Paſſion, it follows, That where there is nothing which directly tends to the moving of that, there can be no Poetry; and that conſequently a Poet ought to contrive every thing in order to the moving of Paſſion, that not only the Fable, the Incidents and Characters, but the very Sentiments and the Expreſſions, ought all to be deſign'd for that. For ſince Poetry pleaſes and inſtructs us more even than Philoſophy it ſelf, only becauſe it moves us more, it follows, That the more Poetry moves, the more it pleaſes and inſtructs: and it is for this reaſon that Tragedy, to thoſe who have a Taſte of it, is both more pleaſing and more inſtructing than Comedy. And this naturally brings us to the dividing Poetry into the greater and the leſs.

1. The greater Poetry is an Art by which a Poet juſtly and reaſonably excites great Paſſion, that he may pleaſe and inſtruct; and comprehends Epick, Tragick, and the greater Lyrick Poetry.

2. The leſs Poetry is an Art by which a Poet excites leſs Paſſion for the foremention'd Ends; and includes in it Comedy and Satire, and the little Ode, and Elegiack and Paſtoral Poems. But firſt we ſhall treat of the former.

CHAP. IV.

What the greater Poetry is, what Enthuſiaſm is.

THE greater Poetry then, is an Art by which a Poet juſtly and reaſonably excites great Paſſion, in order to pleaſe and inſtruct, and make Mankind

kind better and happier; ſo that the firſt and grand Rule in the greater Poetry is, that a Poet muſt every where excite great Paſſion: but in ſome Branches of the greater Poetry, it is impoſſible for a Poet every where to excite in a very great degree, that which we vulgarly call Paſſion: as in the Ode, for example, and in the Narration of the Epick Poem. It follows then, that there muſt be two ſorts of Paſſion: *Firſt*, That which we call Vulgar Paſſion; and *Secondly*, Enthuſiaſm.

Firſt, Vulgar Paſſion, or that which we commonly call Paſſion, is that which is moved by the Objects themſelves, or by the Ideas in the ordinary Courſe of Life; I mean, that common Society which we find in the World. As for example, Anger is moved by an Affront that is offer'd us in our preſence, or by the Relation of one; Pity by the Sight of a mournful Object, or the Relation of one; Admiration or Wonder, (the common Paſſion, I mean; for there is an Enthuſiaſtick Admiration, as we ſhall find anon) by the Sight of a ſtrange Object, or the Relation of one. But,

Secondly, Enthuſiaſtick Paſſion, or Enthuſiaſm, is a Paſſion which is moved by the Ideas in Contemplation, or the Meditation of things that belong not to common Life. Moſt of our Thoughts in Meditation are naturally attended with ſome ſort and ſome degree of Paſſion; and this Paſſion, if it is ſtrong, I call Enthuſiaſm. Now the Enthuſiaſtick Paſſions are chiefly ſix, Admiration, Terror, Horror, Joy, Sadneſs, Deſire, caus'd by Ideas occurring to us in Meditation, and producing the ſame Paſſions that the Objects of thoſe Ideas would raiſe in us, if they were ſet before us in the ſame light that thoſe Ideas give us of them. And here I deſire the Reader to obſerve, that Ideas in Meditation are often very different from what Ideas of the ſame Objects are, in the courſe of common Converſation.

As for example, the Sun mention'd in ordinary Converſation, gives the Idea of a round flat ſhining Body, of about two foot diameter. But the Sun occurring to us in Meditation, gives the Idea of a vaſt and glorious Body, and the top of all the viſible Creation, and the brighteſt material Image of the Divinity. I leave the Reader therefore to judge, if this Idea muſt not neceſſarily be attended with Admiration; and that Admiration I call Enthuſiaſm. So Thunder mention'd in common Converſation, gives an Idea of a black Cloud, and a great Noiſe, which makes no great Impreſſion upon us. But the Idea of it occurring in Meditation, ſets before us the moſt forcible, moſt reſiſtleſs, and conſequently the moſt dreadful Phænomenon in Nature: So that this Idea muſt move a great deal of Terror in us, and 'tis this ſort of Terror that I call Enthuſiaſm. And 'tis this ſort of Terror, or Admiration, or Horror, and ſo of the reſt, which expreſs'd in Poetry make that Spirit, that Paſſion, and that Fire, which ſo wonderfully pleaſe.

Thus there are two ſorts of Paſſions to be rais'd in Poetry, the Vulgar and the Enthuſiaſtick; to which laſt, the Vulgar is preferable, becauſe all Men are capable of being moved by the Vulgar, and a Poet writes to all: But the Enthuſiaſtick are more ſubtle, and thouſands have no feeling and no notion of them. But where the Vulgar cannot be moved in a great degree, there the Enthuſiaſtick are to be rais'd. Therefore in thoſe parts of Epick Poetry, where the Poet ſpeaks himſelf, or the eldeſt of the Muſes for him, the Enthuſiaſtick Paſſions are to prevail, as likewiſe in the greater Ode. And the Vulgar Paſſions are to prevail in thoſe parts of an Epick and Dramatick Poem, where the Poet introduces Perſons holding Converſation together. And perhaps this might be one Reaſon, for which *Ariſtotle* might prefer Tragedy to Epick Poetry, becauſe

cauſe the Vulgar Paſſions prevail more in it, and are more violently moved in it; and therefore Tragedy muſt neceſſarily both pleaſe and inſtruct, more generally than Epick Poetry. We ſhall then treat of the Vulgar Paſſions when we come to ſpeak of Tragedy, in which Poem they ought moſt to prevail: we ſhall then more particularly ſhew the ſureſt and moſt powerful ways of raiſing Compaſſion and Terror, which are the true Tragical Paſſions.

We ſhall at preſent treat of the Enthuſiaſtick Paſſions, and how they are to be rais'd. We have taken notice above, that they are to be mov'd by Ideas occurring in Contemplation; that they are to be mov'd in a great degree, and yet juſtly and reaſonably. We ſhall now ſhew, that the ſtrongeſt Enthuſiaſtick Paſſions, that are juſtly and reaſonably rais'd, muſt be rais'd by religious Ideas; that is, by Ideas which either ſhew the Attributes of the Divinity, or relate to his Worſhip. And this we ſhall endeavour to prove, *1ſt*, By Reaſon: *2dly*, By Authority: *3dly*, By Examples.

1ſt, We ſhall endeavour to prove it by Reaſon. Since the foreſaid Paſſions are to be mov'd in a great degree, and are to be mov'd by their Ideas, it follows, that to be juſtly and reaſonably mov'd, they muſt be mov'd by great Ideas. And therefore the ſtronger the Enthuſiaſm is, the greater muſt the Ideas be. Now thoſe Ideas are certainly the greateſt, which are worthieſt to move the greateſt and the wiſeſt Men: for there the Enthuſiaſtick Paſſions in Poetry are truly admirable, when the greater and more violent they are, the more they ſhow the largeneſs of Soul, and Greatneſs of Capacity of the Writer. For Men are mov'd for two Reaſons, either becauſe they have weak Minds and Souls, that are capable of being mov'd by little Objects, and conſequently by little and ordinary Ideas; or becauſe they have Greatneſs of Soul and Capacity,

to

to diſcern and feel the great ones: for the Enthuſiaſtick Paſſions being caus'd by the Ideas, it follows, that the more the Soul is capable of receiving Ideas whoſe Objects are truly great and wonderful, the greater will the Enthuſiaſm be that is caus'd by thoſe Ideas. From whence it follows, that the greater the Soul is, and the larger the Capacity, the more will it be mov'd by religious Ideas; which are not only great and wonderful, but which almoſt alone are great and wonderful to a great and wiſe Man; and which never fail to move very ſtrongly, unleſs it is for want of due Reflection, or want of Capacity in the Subject.

Since therefore the Enthuſiaſm in the greater Poetry, is to hold proportion with the Ideas; and thoſe Ideas are certainly the greateſt, which are worthieſt to move the greateſt and the wiſeſt Men: and Divine Ideas, or Ideas which ſhew the Attributes of God, or relate to his Worſhip, are worthieſt to move the greateſt and the wiſeſt Men; becauſe ſuch Ideas belong to Objects which are only truly above them, and conſequently truly Admirable, Deſirable, Joyful, Terrible, &c. it follows, That the greateſt and ſtrongeſt Enthuſiaſm that can be employ'd in Poetry, is only juſtly and reaſonably to be deriv'd from Religious Ideas.

But here we deſire the Reader's leave to make this Obſervation, That ſince Religious and Divine Ideas, or Ideas which ſhew the Attributes or relate to the Worſhip of the Divinity, are the worthieſt to move the greateſt and the wiſeſt Men; and the greater and wiſer the Men are, the more they muſt move and raiſe them; as for example, the greater and more comprehenſive the Soul is, which reflects upon the Idea of God, the more that Idea muſt fill that Soul with Admiration: it follows, That as great Paſſion only is the adequate Language of the greater Poetry, ſo the greater Poetry is only the ade-

quate

quate Language of Religion; and that therefore the greateſt Paſſion is the Language of that ſort of Poetry, becauſe that ſort of Poetry is the worthieſt Language of Religion.

But, *2dly*, We ſhall proceed to prove by Authority, That the ſtrongeſt Enthuſiaſtick Paſſions in Poetry are only juſtly and reaſonably to be rais'd by Religious Ideas: And this we ſhall ſhow by the Authority of the greateſt Criticks among the Antients, *Ariſtotle*, *Hermogenes*, and *Longinus*.

(1.) *Ariſtotle* ſays, in the third Book of his Rhetorick, *cap.* 2, & 3. That the frequent Uſe of Metaphors, Dialects, Epithets, is a great deal fitter for Poetry than it is for Proſe, becauſe they are the Language of Paſſion; and Poetry is more Paſſionate or more Enthuſiaſtick than Proſe, for this Reaſon, becauſe the Perſons and the Things of which Poetry treats, are many degrees above thoſe which are the Subjects of Proſe. Now all the World knows, that the *Grecians* treated of the greateſt human Perſons and Things in their Proſe, but that Poetry was a Language which they reſerv'd for their Gods, and for the Things which related to them. And I am apt to believe, that Poetry from hence was call'd the Language of the Gods, becauſe whenever the *Grecians* in the Poetical Times introduced their Gods ſpeaking, they were ſure to ſpeak in Verſe. But,

(2.) *Hermogenes*, in the ſixth Chapter of the firſt Book of his Treatiſe, concerning the Forms of Speech, tells us, that there are four kinds of Thoughts or Ideas, or Conceptions, which were proper to give that Elevation and Gravity to a Diſcourſe, which by their Union compoſe that Quality in Writing which we call Majeſty.

1. The firſt and principal of them are all ſuch Thoughts or Ideas of God, as are worthy of the Divinity; not like ſome of the *Homerical* Conceptions of *Jupiter*, which, ſays *Hermogenes*, being more

Human

Human than Divine, and unworthy of the Divinity, are contrary to true Majesty.

2. Next to these the Conceptions which give Elevation and Gravity, and consequently Majesty to a Discourse, are such Thoughts or Ideas concerning the Works of God, as are worthy the Divine Workmanship.

3. The third sort of Conceptions are, of such Things as are indeed themselves Divine, but they are such Emanations of Divinity, as are to be seen in Men; as Justice, Temperance, Fortitude, Nature, Law, and the like; to which may be added, Number, Power and Might.

4. The fourth sort are, of Things that indeed are Human, but are reputed Great and Illustrious, as Conquest, Riches, Nobility, *&c.* But here I desire the Reader to observe, that *Hermogenes* is here speaking concerning Pieces of Eloquence, and such Discourses as are writ in Prose; for it is certain, that these last Ideas, as they are of Things that are merely Human, can never afford the greatest Spirit that can be employ'd in Poetry. For as the Objects themselves are not truly great, because, as *Longinus* says, a Man who has it in his power to possess them, shows himself great by contemning them; it is impossible that a Spirit that is very great, can flow from these Ideas, because the Spirit that is very great must hold proportion with its Ideas, as the Ideas must with their Objects: and therefore these Ideas cannot be great, because their Objects are not great.

We ought now, in the third place, to proceed to the Authority of *Longinus*. But that we may diversify this Treatise the more, and make it the more entertaining, we shall first shew Examples of the several Kinds of the forementiond Thoughts, producing that sort of Spirit in Poetry which we call Enthusiastick Admiration: and that we may shew the Reader more plainly how that Spirit is

produc'd,

produc'd, we ſhall ſet before him as near as we can, ſuch kind of Thoughts as inſpire the Soul with Admiration alone, uncomplicated with Terror, or any other Paſſion.

Theſe Thoughts, or Ideas, which produce that Enthuſiaſm which we call Admiration, are Thoughts or Ideas which hold ſome proportion with ſuch Objects, as in their nature are truly admirable. Thoſe Thoughts or Ideas are of two ſorts, Ideas of Sounds, and Ideas of Things. We ſhall then have occaſion to treat of Ideas of Sounds, when we come to ſpeak of Terror, and ſome of the other Enthuſiaſtick Paſſions: we ſhall at preſent treat of ſuch Ideas of Things, as arē proper to excite Admiration.

We have ſhown that *Hermogenes*, in the firſt Rank of theſe, reckons thoſe Thoughts and Ideas of God, that are worthy of the Creator: Such is the Invocation of *Milton*, in the beginning of *Paradiſe Loſt*.

And chiefly Thou, O Spirit! that doſt prefer
Before all Temples, th' upright Heart and pure,
Inſtruct me, for Thou knowſt, Thou from the firſt
Waſt preſent, and with mighty Wings o'erſpread,
Dove-like ſat'ſt brooding on the vaſt Abyſs,
And mad'ſt it pregnant; what in me is dark,
Illumine, what is low raiſe and ſupport,
That to the Height of this great Argument
I may aſſert Eternal Providence,
And juſtify the Ways of God to Men.

And that it was theſe Divine Ideas, that rais'd his Soul, and fill'd it with Admiration, and with a noble Greatneſs, (which Paſſion expreſs'd, makes the Greatneſs of the Spirit) the Reader who goes back to the beginning of the Poem, will find no manner of room to doubt. For *Milton*, like a Maſter, begins with a gentle Spirit, which he continues for the twelve firſt Lines: In the thirteenth, where he ſpeaks of the Boldneſs of his Attempt, he begins to riſe;

riſe; and in the nineteenth, where he talks of the Power of the Holy Ghoſt, he is quite upon the Wings.

Inſtruct me, for Thou know'ſt, Thou from the firſt

And ſuch are the Thoughts concerning God, which are ſpread thro that Divine Dialogue between God and *Adam*, in the eighth Book of the ſame Poem: I believe the Reader will pardon the length if I repeat it, which I am very much inclin'd to do, not only becauſe I challenge the moſt zealous Admirers of Antiquity to produce any thing like it, from among all the Dialogues in *Homer* and *Virgil*, that are between either a God or a Man, or between one God and another; but becauſe the Reader who ſees the Inequalities in it, will eaſily ſee that it derives its Greatneſs and its Sublimity from the becoming Thoughts which it has of the Deity. That the Reader may thorowly underſtand it, without turning to the Book, the occaſion of it is this: *Adam*, relating the Hiſtory of the Creation to the Angel *Raphael*, tells him, how after he had given Names to the Birds and the Beaſts, which God had brought before him for that purpoſe; he who underſtood their Natures, and ſaw none of them was fit for his Converſation, deſir'd of God in the following Words a Partner fit for Human Society.

Oh by what Name, for Thou above all theſe,
Above Mankind, or ought than Mankind higher
Surpaſſeſt far my naming, how may I
Adore Thee? Author of this Univerſe,
And all this Good to Man, for whoſe Well-being
So amply, and with Hands ſo liberal,
Thou haſt provided all things. But with me
I ſee not who partakes; in Solitude

What

What Happineſs? Who can enjoy alone?
Or all enjoying, what Contentment find?
Thus I preſumptuous; and the Viſion bright,
As with a Smile more brightned, thus reply'd.

Here by the way I deſire the Reader to obſerve, how the Spirit of the Poem ſinks, when *Adam* comes from God to himſelf; and how it riſes again, when he returns to his Creator. But let us proceed to God's Reply.

What call'ſt thou Solitude? Is not the Earth
With various living Creatures, and the Air
Repleniſh'd; and all theſe at thy Command,
To come and play before thee? Know'ſt thou not
Their Language and their Ways? They alſo know,
And reaſon not contemptibly; with theſe
Find Paſtime, and bear Rule, thy Realm is large.
So ſpake the Univerſal Lord, and ſeem'd
So ordering: I with leave of Speech implor'd,
And humble Deprecation, thus reply'd.

Let not my Words offend Thee, Heavenly Power,
My Maker be propitious while I ſpeak:
Haſt not thou made me here thy Subſtitute,
And theſe inferior far, beneath me ſet?
Among Unequals what Society
Can ſort? What Harmony or true Delight,
Which muſt be mutual in proportion due,
Given and receiv'd; but in diſparity
The one intenſe, the other ſtill remiſs,
Cannot well ſuit with either, but ſoon prove
Tedious alike? Of Fellowſhip I ſpeak,
Such as I ſeek fit to participate
All rational Delight; wherein the Brute
Cannot be human Conſort: They rejoice
Each with their Kind, Lion with Lioneſs;
So fitly them in Pairs thou haſt combin'd:
Much leſs can Bird with Beaſt, or Fiſh with Fowl

So

So well converſe; nor with the Ox the Ape;
Worſe then can Man with Beaſt, and leaſt of all.
Whereto the Almighty anſwer'd, not diſpleas'd;
A nice and ſubtle Happineſs, I ſee,
Thou to thy ſelf propoſeſt, in the choice
Of thy Aſſociates, *Adam*, and wilt taſte
No Pleaſure, tho in Pleaſure ſolitary:
What think'ſt thou then of me, and this my State?
Seem I to thee ſufficiently poſſeſt
Of Happineſs or not, who am alone
From all Eternity? For none I know
Second to me, or like, equal much leſs:
How have I then, with whom to hold Converſe,
Save with the Creatures which I made, and thoſe
To me inferior infinite Deſcents
Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?

The Reader may eaſily ſee, that here is all that is great and ſublime in Reaſon, expreſs'd with the Spirit of that juſt Admiration, with which ſuch worthy Thoughts of the Deity muſt naturally fill the Soul. But now let us ſee *Adam*'s Anſwer.

He ceas'd. I lowly anſwer'd, To attain
The Height and Depth of thy Eternal Ways,
All Human Thoughts come ſhort: Supreme of Things,
Thou in thy ſelf art perfect; and in Thee
Is no Deficience found: not ſo is Man,
But in degree, the Cauſe of his Deſire
By Converſation with his Like to help
Or ſolace his Defects: no need that Thou
Shouldſt propagate, already Infinite,
And thro all Numbers abſolute, tho One:
But Man by Number is to manifeſt
His ſingle Imperfection, and beget
Like of his Like, his Image multiply'd,
In Unity defective, which requires
Collateral Love and deareſt Amity.

Thou in thy Secrecy altho alone,
Beſt with thy ſelf accompany'd, ſeek'ſt not
Social Communication; yet ſo pleas'd,
Canſt raiſe thy Creature to what height thou wilt,
Of Union, or Communion deify'd:
I by converſing cannot theſe erect
From prone, nor in their ways Complaiſance find.

What *Milton* ſaith of the Son of God hymn'd by the Angels, in the third Book of that Poem, is very lofty and elevated.

Thee next they ſang, of all Creation firſt
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whoſe conſpicuous Countenance, without Cloud
Made viſible, the Almighty Father ſhines,
Whom elſe no Creature can behold; on Thee
Impreſs'd th' Effulgence of his Glory abides,
Transfus'd on Thee his ample Spirit reſts:
He Heaven of Heavens, and all the Powers therein,
By Thee created, and by Thee threw down
Th' aſpiring Dominations; Thou that Day
Thy Father's dreadful Thunder didſt not ſpare,
Nor ſtop thy flaming Chariot-Wheels that ſhook
Heaven's everlaſting Frame, while o'er the Necks
Thou drov'ſt of warring Angels diſarray'd.

I have the rather mention'd theſe Verſes, to ſhow that *Milton* was a little tainted with Socinianiſm, for by the firſt Verſe 'tis evident, that he look'd upon the Son of God as a created Being. The laſt thing that I ſhall mention, is, what God ſays of Himſelf, in the Seventh Book; for ſpeaking of Chaos, he ſays, that is boundleſs becauſe He is infinite.

Boundleſs the Deep, becauſe I Am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the Space;
Tho I uncircumſcrib'd my ſelf retire,
And put not forth my Goodneſs, which is free

To act or not; Neceſſity and Chance
Approach not Me, and what I will is Fate.

I could add an infinite Number of Examples, if it were not altogether needleſs; for what has been ſaid may ſuffice to ſhow, that a Poet, who intends to give that Elevation and that Gravity to his Poem, which compoſe Majeſty, can fetch his Ideas from no Object ſo proper as from God. For as great Elevation muſt be produced by a great Admiration, as every Paſſion which the Poet excites ought to be juſt and reaſonable, and adapted to its Object, it is impoſſible that any one, who is not ſtupid, can ſeriouſly contemplate his Maker, but that his Soul muſt be exalted and lifted up towards its Primitive Objects, and be fill'd and inſpired with the higheſt Admiration. For 'tis then that the Enthuſiaſm in Poetry is wonderful and divine, when it ſhows the Excellence of the Author's Diſcernment, and the Largeneſs of his Soul: now all the Ideas of God are ſuch, that the more large and comprehenſive the Soul of a Poet is, and the more it is capable of receiving thoſe Ideas, the more is it ſure to be raiſed, and filled, and lifted to the Skies with Wonder: The Spirit or the Paſſion in Poetry ought to be proportion'd to the Ideas, and the Ideas to the Object, and when it is not ſo, it is utterly falſe. And therefore whenever in Poetry there is a great Spirit which is derived from Ideas, whoſe Objects are unworthy to move the Soul of a great and a wiſe Man, there that Spirit is either falſe, or at leaſt has nothing ſublimely admirable in it. But nothing but God, and what relates to God, is worthy to move the Soul of a great and a wiſe Man. But let us proceed to conſider the glorious Works of the Creator, which, next to Himſelf, are worthy to move with Admiration all who are worthy to be called wiſe; becauſe theſe, when they are reflected upon by the

Great

Great and the Wise, never fail to declare his Eternal Power and Godhead. Our Religion tells us, that the first, the greatest, and most glorious of his Works, are the Angels; who whether we consider their Power, their Swiftness, their Science, or their Sanctity, are fit Objects of our Admiration, and consequently of lofty and elevated Poetry. Let us see then how *Tasso* describes the Angel *Gabriel*, and his Descent, in the first Canto of the *Hierusalemme*.

Stan. XIII.

Cosi parlogli, & Gabriel s' accinse
Veloce ad essequir l' imposte cose.
La sua forma inuissibil d' Aria cinse,
Et al senso mortal la sottopose.
Humane membra, aspetto human si finse;
Ma di celeste maestà il compose,
Tra Giouane, e fanciullo età confine
Prese, & ornò di raggi ill biondo crine.

Stan. XIV.

Ali bianche uesti, c'han d'or le cime
Infaticabilmente agili, e preste
Fende i uenti, e le nubi, e ua sublime
Soura la Terra, e soura il Mar con queste.
Cosi uestito indirizzossi a l' ime
Parti del mondo il Messaggier Celeste,
Pria sul Libano monte ei si ritenne,
E si libro su l' adeguate penne.

And thus it is translated by *Fairfax*, who tho he by no means sheweth all the Spirit and Beauty of the Original, yet even in his Antiquated Version he discovers something of them.

Stan. XIII.

This said, the Angel swift himself prepar'd
To execute the Charge impos'd aright,
In form of airy Members fair embar'd,
His Spirits pure were subject to our Sight;

Like to a Man in ſhew and ſhape he far'd,
But full of heavenly Majeſty and Might,
A Stripling ſeem'd he thrice five Winters old,
And radiant Beams adorn'd his Locks of Gold.

Stan. XIV.

Of Silver Wings he took a ſhining Pair,
Fringed with Gold, unweary'd, nimble, ſwift,
With theſe he parts the Winds, the Clouds, the Air,
And over Seas and Earth himſelf doth lift:
Thus clad he cut the Spheres and Circles fair,
And the pure Skies with ſacred Feathers cleft,
On *Libanon* at firſt his Foot he ſet,
And ſhook his Wings with roary *May*-Dews wet.

But let us now conſider *Michael*'s Deſcent in the Night, in the ninth Canto of the *Hieruſalemme*.

Stan. LXII.

Venia ſcotendo con l'eterne piume
La Caligine denſa, e i cupi horrori;
S'indoraua la notte al diuin lume,
Che ſpargea ſcintillando il uolto fuori;
Tale il Sol ne le nubi ha per coſtume,
Spiegar dopo la pioggia i bei colori;
Tal ſuol fendendo il liquido ſereno
Stella cader de la gran madre in ſeno.

Which in *Engliſh* is as follows:

And as he flew, the Darkneſs of his way,
And the black Horrors of the dreary Sky,
He ſhaking his Eternal Wings, diſpers'd;
Old Night illuſtrated her dusky Face
With Rays, which his Celeſtial Eyes diffus'd.
Thus breaking thro a Storm, the Lord of Day
The Clouds with Purple and with Gold adorns;
And thus a Star from the Nocturnal Heav'n,
Into the Lap of our great Mother falls.

Where the Reader may take notice, that the Compariſon of the Sun to *Michael* the Prince of the Arch-

Arch-Angels, is extremely Juſt and Noble, becauſe the top of the viſible is admirably liken'd to the top of the inviſible Creation: But in the two laſt Verſes, *Taſſo* has injudiciouſly been guilty of an Anticlimax. But now let us ſee how *Milton* deſcribes the Deſcent of *Raphael* to Paradiſe, in the fifth Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*.

Down thither prone in Flight
He ſpeeds, and thro the vaſt Etherial Sky
Sails between Worlds and Worlds, with ſteddy Wing;
Now on the Polar Winds, then with quick Fan
Winnows the buxom Air, till within Soar
Of tow'ring Eagles, to all the Fowls he ſeems
A Phœnix, gazed by all, as that ſole Bird
When to enſhrine his Relicks in the Sun's
Bright Temple, to *Egyptian Thebes* he flies.
At once on th' Eaſtern Cliff of Paradiſe
He lights, and to his proper Shape returns:
A Seraph wing'd: ſix Wings he wore to ſhade
His Lineaments Divine; the Pair that clad
Each Shoulder broad came mantling o'er his Breaſt
With Regal Ornament; the middle Pair
Girt like a Starry Zone his Waiſt, and round
Skirted his Loins and Thighs with downy Gold,
And Colours dipt in Heaven; the third his Feet
Shadow'd from either Heel with feather'd Mail,
Sky-tinctured Grain: like *Maia*'s Son he ſtood,
And ſhook his Plumes, that heavenly Fragrance fill'd
The Circuit wide.

Thus the Reader may ſee, by what has been ſaid, that the Ideas of Angels are exceeding proper to raiſe Enthuſiaſtick Admiration, as being the moſt glorious and admirable Beings of the Creation, and which lead the Soul immediately to its Creator. Next to theſe come the other Creatures of the immaterial World, as Demons, Apparitions of all

ſorts, and more particularly the Spirits of Men departed: then follow Prophecies, Viſions, Miracles, Enchantments, Prodigies, and all things which have an immediate Relation to the Wonders of another World; of moſt of which we ſhall give Examples, when we come to ſpeak of Terror, becauſe they are rather wonderful, than they are admirable. We name thoſe things wonderful, which we admire with fear.

The next Ideas that are moſt proper to produce the Enthuſiaſm of Admiration, are the great Phænomena of the Material World; becauſe they too lead the Soul to its Maker, and ſhew, as the Apoſtle ſays, his eternal Power and Godhead: As the Heavens and Heavenly Bodies, the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, and the Immenſity of the Univerſe, and the Motions of the Heaven and Earth. Witneſs what *Milton* ſays of the Sun, when he deſcribes the Deſcent of Satan from Heaven-Gates to Paradiſe, *lib.* 3.

Above them all,
The golden Sun, in Splendour likeſt Heaven,
Allur'd his Eye; thither his Courſe he bends
Thro the calm Firmament, but up or down
By Center, or Eccentrick, hard to tell,
Or Longitude, where the great Luminary
Aloof, the vulgar Conſtellations thick,
That from his lordly Eye keep Diſtance due,
Diſpenſes Light from far; they as they move
Their Starry Dance in Numbers, that compute
Days, Months, and Years tow'rds his all-chearing Lamp,
Turn ſwift their various Motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetick Beam, that gently warms
The Univerſe.

But to ſhow how very much theſe fall ſhort of the immaterial Creation, a Poet, that he may make them

them more admirable, contrives to give Spirit and Soul to them.

Where the great Luminary
Aloof, the vulgar Conſtellations thick,
That from his lordly Eye keep Diſtance due,
Diſpenſes Light from far.

And in that noble Apoſtrophe to the Sun, the Devil makes in the beginning of the third Book.

O thou that with ſurpaſſing Glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole Dominion like the God
Of this new World, at whoſe ſight all the Stars
Hide their diminiſh'd Heads, *&c.*

And in that admirable Paſſage in the ſeventh Book, where *Adam* deſires the Angel to give him an Account of the Creation.

If unforbid thou mayſt unfold
What we, not to explore the Secrets, ask,
Of his Eternal Empire; but the more
To magnify his Works, the more we know:
And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
Much of his Race, tho ſteep, ſuſpenſe in Heaven,
Held by thy Voice, thy potent Voice he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His Generation, and the riſing Birth
Of Nature, from the unapparent Deep.

And in the Apoſtrophe to the Sun in the fourth Æneid.

Sol, qui Terrarum Flammis Opera omnia luſtras.

Which is in *Engliſh*;

Great God of Day, that with thy flaming Beams
View'ſt and illuminat'ſt at once a World.

And in what *Milton* ſays of the Moon, in the fourth Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*.

Heſperus, that led
The Starry Hoſt, rode brighteſt, till the Moon,
Riſing in clouded Majeſty, at length
Apparent Queen unveil'd her peerleſs Light,
And o'er the Dark her ſilver Mantle threw.

For the Stars, and the Immenſity of the Univerſe, I deſire the Reader would give me leave to bring an Example, from the Paraphraſe upon the *Te Deum*, where thus the Angel ſpeaks to God.

Where'er at utmoſt Stretch we caſt our Eyes,
Thro the vaſt frightful Spaces of the Skies,
Ev'n there we find thy Glory, there we gaze
On thy bright Majeſty's unbounded Blaze:
Ten thouſand Suns, prodigious Globes of Light,
At once in broad Dimenſions ſtrike our Sight;
Millions behind, in the remoter Skies,
Appear but Spangles to our weary'd Eyes:
And when our weary'd Eyes want farther Strength
To pierce the Void's immeaſurable Length,
Our vigorous tow'ring Thoughts ſtill further fly,
And ſtill remoter flaming Worlds deſcry:
But even an Angel's comprehenſive Thought,
Cannot extend ſo far as thou haſt wrought;
Our vaſt Conceptions are by ſwelling, brought,
Swallow'd and loſt in Infinite, to nought.

The Idea of the World's Immenſity is very proper to produce Admiration, as leading us to the Glory of the Creator; the Uſe that *Milton* makes of it, in the eighth Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*.

And for the Heavens wide Circuit, let it ſpeak
The Maker's high Magnificence, who built
So ſpacious, and his Line ſtretch'd out ſo far,
That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
An Edifice too large for him to fill,

Lodg'd

Lodg'd in a ſmall Partition, and the reſt
Ordain'd for Uſes to his Lord beſt known.

And *Taſſo* finely makes uſe of that noble Idea, to repreſs the Pride and Ambition of Man. 'Tis in the 14th Canto of the *Hieruſalemme*, where *Hugo* bids *Godfrey*, who had been rapt up to Heaven in a Viſion, look down from the Firmament to the Earth.

Stan. IX.

China, poi diſſe, e gli additò la Terra,
Gli occhi a ciò, che quel globo ultimo ſerra.

X.

Quanto e uil la cagion, ch'a la uirtude
Humana e cola giù premio, e contraſto:
In che picciolo cerchio, e fra che nude
Solitudini e ſtretto il uoſtro faſto.
Lei come Iſola, il mare intorno chiude,
E lui, c' hor Ocean chiamat'e, hor maſto
Nulla eguale a tai nomi ha in ſe di magno,
Ma e baſſa palude, e breue ſtagno.

Stan. XI.

Coſi l' un diſſe e l' altro in giuſo i lumi
Volſe, quaſi ſdegnoſo, e ne ſorriſe;
Che uide un punto ſol, mar, terre, e fiumi,
Che qui paion diſtinti in tante guiſe,
Et ammiro, che pur a l'ombre, a i fumi,
La noſtra folle humanita s' affiſe,
Seruo Imperio cercando, e muta fama,
Ne miri il ciel, ch' a ſe n' inuita, e chiama.

The following Verſes of *Milton*, in the eighth Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, concerning the Magnitude and the Motions of the Heavens and Earth, derive a lofty Spirit from their Subject; for there ſays *Adam*,

When I behold this goodly Frame, this World,
Of Heaven and Earth conſiſting, and compute
Their Magnitudes, this Earth a Spot, a Grain,
An Atom with the Firmament compar'd

And

And all her numbred Stars, that ſeem to roll
Spaces incomprehenſible (for ſuch
Their Diſtance argues, and their ſwift Return
Diurnal)

I could here bring Examples of the ſame kind of Spirit, deriv'd in due Proportion from Ideas of Sublunary Things; as of the four Elements, Water, Earth, Air, Fire; Winds and Meteors of all ſorts, Seas, Rivers, Mountains: but I am afraid of running into length, and heaping too many Citations one upon another. Beſides, it will be very convenient to make two or three Remarks here.

Firſt, That the Wonders of the Univerſe afford the more admirable Ideas, and a more admirable Spirit, the more they ſhew the Attributes of the Creator, or relate to his Worſhip. *Secondly*, That Natural Philoſophy is abſolutely neceſſary to a Poet, not only that he may adorn his Poem with the uſeful Knowledge it affords, but becauſe the more he knows the immenſe Phænomena of the Univerſe, the more he will be ſure to admire them. For the more we know of Things that are never to be comprehended by us, the more that Knowledge muſt make them appear wonderful. The third Remark that I ſhall make is this, That they to whom Nature has given that happy Elevation of Thought, which alone can make a great Poet, will often be directed by that Tendency to Greatneſs, which they have within them to Ideas, from which they may derive a lofty Spirit; yet I ſhall ſhew, by the Example of *Milton*, that they may often very groſly fail, for want of a certain Knowledge of the Objects from which they are to draw their Ideas: for 'tis for want of that Knowledge that *Milton* has done the moſt unartful thing that perhaps ever was done, in the two or three laſt Books of the greateſt Poem that ever was written by Man. For whereas in the firſt

eigh

eight Books, he had by the Mouth of God or Angels, or of Man the Companion of Angels, divinely entertain'd us with the wondrous Works of God; in the latter end of his Poem, and more particularly, in the laſt Book, he makes an Angel entertain us with the Works of corrupted Man. From which it is very plain, by what has been deliver'd above, concerning the nature of Enthuſiaſtick Paſſion, that that Angel could draw no ſort of Enthuſiaſm, and leaſt of all that of Admiration and Terror, which give the principal Greatneſs and Elevation to Poetry. For how flat, how low, and unmuſical is the Relation of the Actions of fallen Man, in the tenth Book, tho deliver'd by the Voice of Divinity?

On *Adam* laſt thus Judgment he pronounc'd;
Becauſe thou haſt hearkned to the Voice of thy Wife,
And eaten of the Tree, concerning which
I charg'd thee, ſaying, Thou ſhalt not eat thereof,
Curs'd is the Ground for thy ſake, thou in Sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the Days of thy Life;
Thorns alſo, and Thiſtles it ſhall bring thee forth
Untill'd, and thou ſhalt eat the Herb of the Field.
In the Sweat of thy Face ſhalt thou eat Bread,
Till thou return unto the Ground, for thou
Out of the Ground waſt taken; know thy Birth,
For Duſt thou art, and ſhalt to Duſt return.

The late Mr. *Dryden*, with a great deal of Injuſtice, us'd to attribute the Flatneſs of *Milton*, in this and ſome other Paſſages, to his getting into a Track of Scripture, as he was pleas'd to expreſs himſelf: Whereas the thing that made him ſink, was plainly the Poorneſs and Lowneſs of the Ideas. For how could the Works of corrupted Man afford any other to God or Angels? But what lofty, what glorious Ideas does a religious Mention of the Works of God afford to Man in his Primitive State, in that incomparable

incomparable Hymn in the fifth Book of the ſame *Paradiſe Loſt*? A Hymn, which tho it is intirely taken from Scripture, for it is apparently the 148th Pſalm, yet will always ſtand alone, the Phœnix of lofty Hymns; and nothing equal to it, no nor ſecond to it, can ever be produc'd from the *Grecian* Writers of Hymns. It is impoſſible I can do a greater pleaſure to the Reader, who either has not read or does not remember *Milton*, than to inſert it here.

These are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good,
Almighty, thine this Univerſal Frame,
Thus wondrous fair, thy Self how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable; who ſit'ſt above theſe Heavens,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt Works; yet theſe declare
Thy Goodneſs beyond Thought, and Power Divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye Sons of Light,
Angels, for ye behold him, and with Songs
And Choral Symphonies, Day without Night
Circle his Throne rejoicing, ye in Heaven
On Earth join all the Creatures, to extol
Him firſt, Him laſt, Him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of Stars, laſt in the Train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
Sure Pledge of Day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling Morn
With thy bright Circlet, praiſe him in thy Sphere,
While Day ariſes, that ſweet Hour of Prime.
Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soul,
Acknowledge Him thy Greater, ſound his Praiſe
In thy eternal Courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when High-Noon haſt gain'd, and when thou
fall'ſt.
Moon, that now meets the Orient Sun, now fly'ſt
With the fix'd Stars, fix'd in their Orb that flies;
And ye five other wandring Fires, that move
In myſtick Dance not without Song, reſound

His Praiſe, who out of Darkneſs call'd up Light.
Air and ye Elements, the eldeſt Birth
Of Nature's Womb, that in Quaternion run
Perpetual Circle multiform, and mix
And nouriſh all things, let your ceaſleſs Change
Vary to our great Maker ſtill new Praiſe.
Ye Miſts and Exhalations that now riſe,
From Hill or ſteaming Lake, dusky or grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold,
In honour to the World's great Author riſe,
Whether to deck with Clouds th' uncolour'd Sky,
Or wet the thirſty Earth with falling Showers;
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his Praiſe.
His Praiſe, ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every Plant, in ſign of Worſhip wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious Murmurs, warbling tune his Praiſe.
Join Voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds
That ſinging up to Heaven-Gates aſcend,
Bear on your Wings, and in your Notes, his Praiſe.
Ye that in Waters glide, and ye that walk
The Earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep,
Witneſs if I be ſilent Morn or Even,
To Hill or Valley, Fountain or freſh Shades,
Made vocal by my Song, and taught his Praiſe.
Hail Univerſal Lord, be bounteous ſtill,
To give us only Good; and if the Night
Have gather'd ought of Evil or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now Light diſpels the Dark.

'Tis eaſy to diſcern here, with how much more Divinity *Milton* makes a Man ſpeak concerning the Works of God, than he makes even the Creator himſelf ſpeak concerning the Works of Man. But here if the Reader will pardon a Digreſſion, I ſhall make an Obſervation which may not be diſagreeable to him. The Obſervation is this,

That

That all the Paſſages in *Paradiſe Loſt*, where God is introduced ſpeaking, are flat to the reſerve of thoſe in which he ſpeaks of himſelf. Upon inquiring into the Reaſon of it, I found, that according to the Account which I have given of Poetical Enthuſiaſm, or of the Spirit of Poetry, it is nothing but that Admiration and Terror, and the reſt of thoſe Enthuſiaſtical Paſſions which are produced by their proper Ideas, and which are to hold proportion with their Ideas, as their Ideas muſt with their Objects. Now nothing is more impoſſible than that God ſhould either fear or admire his own Creatures. But where *Milton* makes him ſpeak concerning himſelf, or his infinite Power, there he makes him ſpeak with a great Spirit, as in that Paſſage of the ſixth Book where he ſpeaks to his Son.

Go then thou mightieſt in thy Father's Might,
Aſcend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheels,
That ſhake Heaven's Baſis, bring forth all my War,
My Bow and Thunder, my Almighty Arms.

'Tis plain that here the Poet is guilty of a Miſtake, but indeed a Miſtake that is almoſt unavoidable; for 'tis the Admiration and Terror that make the Spirit in the preceding Verſes; and it is impoſſible to conceive the Ideas without feeling the Paſſions: ſo that *Milton*, while he was rapt with Admiration, and moved with Terror by the Ideas which he had conceiv'd, ſhifts Perſons inſenſibly, and forgetting who ſpeaks, expreſſes himſelf with thoſe Paſſions which indeed are proper enough in the Poet, but never can be ſo in the Deity. For neither his Bow, nor his Almighty Arms, his Thunder, nor the rapid Wheels that ſhake Heaven's Baſis, can be in the leaſt admirable or terrible to the Divinity; ſo that Mr. *Cowley* is certainly in the right in his Notes upon his *Davideis*, where he tells us, that God is to be introduced ſpeaking ſimply. And this puts

puts me in mind of an extraordinary Argument of Monſieur *Paſchal*, proving the Divinity of our Saviour by the Simplicity of his Stile; for, ſays he, our Saviour ſpeaks of the ſublimeſt Subjects, even the Glories of the Kingdom of Heaven, without being moved at all, which ſhews that he was really God: for ſuppoſe a Peaſant, ſays he, or an ordinary Man ſhould be carry'd to the Court of ſome Prince, as for example the Great Mogul, and there be ſhewn all his Riches, his Pomp, and his Power; this Peaſant at his return would certainly ſpeak of theſe things in extravagant terms, in terms that would ſufficiently declare his Tranſport. But if the Mogul himſelf was to ſpeak of them, he who had been always uſed to them, would ſpeak without any Emotion. So, ſays Monſieur *Paſchal*, if any one elſe had deliver'd any thing concerning the Glories of the Kingdom of Heaven, he would certainly have done it with Tranſport, nay tho he had been a Fanatick or an Impoſtor: for let thoſe Divine Ideas come how they will, 'tis impoſſible for Man to think of them without being raviſh'd by them. But our Saviour, who was God, and who conſequently had been uſed to them from all Eternity, ſpoke of them unconcern'd.

But let us come to the third ſort of Thoughts, which, *Hermogenes* ſays, are proper to give Elevation and Gravity to a Diſcourſe; and thoſe are things which indeed are divine, ſays he, but are often beheld in Men. Theſe Emanations of Divinity are the Virtues, ſuch as Temperance, Juſtice, Fortitude, Magnanimity; or Nature, Law, Power, and the like. And we ſhould never make an end, if we ſhould give Examples of all the Paſſages, whoſe Greatneſs of Spirit is deriv'd from theſe Ideas. But for the Reader's Entertainment, we ſhall mention a few.

The Power of ruling our own Minds, which may be refer'd to Temperance, gives noble Ideas, and con-

conſequently a noble Spirit, as we may ſee by the ſecond Ode of the ſecond Book of *Horace*.

Latius regnes avidum domando
Spiritum, quam ſi Lybiam remotis
Gadibus jungas, & uterque Pœnus
Serviat uni.

Which in *Engliſh* is thus:

Thou a more abſolute Command ſhalt gain,
A larger nobler Empire ſhalt obtain,
If thy wild Luſt of Pow'r thou canſt reſtrain;
Than if to *Spain* thy conqu'ring Troops ſhould join
The *Moors*, that fry beneath the parching Line,
And both the *Carthaginians* ſhould be thine.

And the Idea of Fortitude affords too a noble Spirit, as we may ſee in the twelfth of the *Æneis*, where *Turnus* replies to *Æneas*, who upbraids him with Fear.

——Non me tua fervida terrent
Dicta ferox. Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hoſtis.

'Tis true, I am afraid, but not of thee,
Nor thy vain threatning Words, inſulting Man:
The Gods alone can frighten me, and *Jove*
Who now declares againſt me.

And that is a very remarkable Paſſage in the fifteenth Stanza of the fourth Canto of the *Hieruſalemme*; for after *Pluto* had demanded of the aſſembled Fiends, if they will ſtand idle and ſuffer the Chriſtian Armies to throw down their Altars, and deſtroy their Worſhip; he adds,

Ah non fia uer, che non ſono anco eſtinti
Gli ſpirti in uoi di quel ualor primiero,
Quando di ferro, e d'alte fiamme cinti
Pugnammo gia contra il celeſte Impero;
Fummo (io no'l nego) in queſto conflitto vinti,

Pur

Pur non mancò uirtute al gran penſiero,
Hebbero i piu felici al hor uittoria
Rimaſe a noi d' inuitto ardir la gloria.

Which in *Engliſh* is thus:

Ah never let it be, ye aſſembled Gods!
For ſtill, we ſtill th' unconquer'd Spirit feel
Of that eternal Valour, when of old
Begirt with ſhining Arms and brighter Flames,
Againſt th' Omnipotent we daring fought.
'Tis true, we loſt the Day, but not for want
Of Valour equal to the vaſt Deſign;
Fortune gave him the Field, th' immortal Fame
Was ours of having made the brave Attempt:
Th' immortal Fame was ours, who ſtill retain'd
That Fire invincible with which we fought,
And dar'd what never Angels durſt before.

From which *Milton* has apparently borrow'd part of *Lucifer*'s Speech in the firſt Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*.

What tho the Field be loſt?
All is not loſt; th' unconquerable Will,
And Study of Revenge, immortal Hate,
And Courage never to ſubmit or yield.

And in *Armida*'s Speech to *Godfrey*, Canto 4. Stan. 63. *Taſſo* derives a noble Spirit from *Godfrey*'s Power and Juſtice.

Tu, cui coceſſe il Cielo e dielti in fato
Voler' il giuſto, e poter cio, che uuoi.

Which is in *Engliſh*;

Then for whom dooming Heav'n has made it Fate,
That thy Deſigns ſhould ſtill be juſt, and thou
Shouldſt ne'er want Power to act thoſe vaſt Deſigns.

And from the Magnanimity of *Rinaldo*, in the fourteenth Stanza of the fifth Canto.

Onde coſi riſpoſe, i primi gradi
Piu meritar, che conſeguir deſio,
Ne pur, che me la mia uirtu ſublimi
Di ſcettri altezza inuidiar degg'io.

In *Engliſh:*

Rinaldo anſwer'd thus, The foremoſt Rank
I rather would deſerve, than would obtain;
And can contemn the Scepters held by all
Whoſe Fame to my ſuperiour Virtue yields.

The fourth ſort of Thoughts which *Hermogenes* mentions, as Riches, Nobility, Place, Office, Rank, and the like; we ſhall purpoſely paſs by, without giving Examples of them, becauſe we ſhall have a particular occaſion to do it hereafter. Let us now paſs to the next Enthuſiaſtick Paſſion, which is Terror; than which, if it is rightly managed, none is more capable of giving a great Spirit to Poetry. This Paſſion ſcarce ever goes by it ſelf, but is always more or leſs complicated with Admiration. For every thing that is terrible, is great at leaſt to him to whom it is terrible. 'Tis now our buſineſs to ſhew two things: Firſt, what this Enthuſiaſtick Terror is; and, Secondly, from what Ideas it is chiefly to be deriv'd.

Firſt, let us ſhow what this ſort of Enthuſiaſm is; and in order to that, let us ſhew as briefly as we can, what the common Paſſion is, which we call Terror. Fear then, or Terror, is a Diſturbance of Mind proceeding from an Apprehenſion of an approaching Evil, threatning Deſtruction or very great Trouble either to us or ours. And when the Diſturbance comes ſuddenly with ſurprize, let us call it Terror; when gradually, Fear. Things then that are powerful, and likely to hurt, are the Cauſes of common Terror; and the more they are powerful and likely to hurt, the more they become the

Cauſes

Causes of Terror: which Terror, the greater it is, the more it is join'd with Wonder, and the nearer it comes to Astonishment. Thus we have shewn what Objects of the Mind are the Causes of common Terror, and the Ideas of those Objects are the Causes of Enthusiastick Terror.

Let us now shew from what Ideas this Enthusiastick Terror is chiefly to be derived. The greatest Enthusiastick Terror then must needs be deriv'd from Religious Ideas: for since the more their Objects are powerful, and likely to hurt, the greater Terror their Ideas produce; what can produce a greater Terror, than the Idea of an angry God? Which puts me in mind of that admirable Passage of *Homer*, about the Fight of the Gods, in the twentieth of the Iliads, cited by *Longinus* in his Chapter of the Loftiness of the Conception.

Δεινὸν δ' ἐβρόντησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε, θεῶν τε,
ὑψόθεν· αὐτὰρ ἔνερθε Ποσειδάων ἐπέναξε
μακρὴν ἀπειρετέλευτον, ὀρέων τ' αἰπεινὰ κάρηνα·
πᾶσαι δ' ἐσείοντο πόδες πολυπιδάκου Ἴδης,
καὶ κορυφαί. Τρώων τε πόλις, καὶ νῆες Ἀχαιῶν
ἐσσεύοντο δ' ὑπένερθεν ἄναξ ἐνέρων Αἰδωνεύς,
θῶκος δ' ἐκ δρόνου ἆλτο, καὶ ἴαχε μὴ ὁί ὕπερθε
γαῖαν ἀναρρήξειε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,
ὄφρα δὲ θνητοῖσι, καὶ ἀθανάτοισι φανείη,
ἀργαλέα, εὐρώεντα τὰ τε στυγέουσι θεοί περ.

Which in *English* is thus:

Jove flung his dreadful Thunder from on high,
Mean while Majestick *Neptune* from below
The reeling Globe with his huge Trident strook,
Shook its vast Plains, and made its Mountains smoke;
Mount *Ida* trembled from his hoary Top,
And from his nethermost Foundations shook,
Troubling a thousand Springs that from him flow:

Pluto, from loweſt Hell both heard and felt,
And ſhivering ſtarted from his burning Throne;
Then ſtriking his infernal Breaſt, cry'd out,
Leſt wrathful *Neptune* with another Stroke
Of his dread Trident ſhould the Globe divide,
Should too, to the gaping Center let in Light,
To Mortals and Immortals ſhould diſplay
The dreadful Secrets of his dire Domain;
At the bare Thought of which, ev'n Gods are wont to ſhake.

Behold here, ſays *Longinus*, the Earth laid open to the very Center, and Hell about to be expos'd to view, and all the vaſt Machine of the World demoliſh'd and overturn'd, to ſhew that in that important Conflict both Heaven and Hell, both mortal and immortal things, every thing in nature engaged with the Gods, and nothing was free from Danger.

And now I mention *Longinus*, this is the properest place to ſhew, by his Authority, that Religious Ideas are the moſt proper to give Greatneſs and Sublimity to a Diſcourſe. And this I ſhall ſhew, Firſt, by his Examples; and, Secondly, by his Precepts.

Firſt, by his Examples. All the Examples which he gives of Sublimity in his Chapter of the Loftineſs of the Conceptions, of which the above-mention'd Paſſage is one, are taken from the *Grecian* Religion, as this.

Iliad V.

Ὅσσον δ' ἠεροειδὲς ἀνὴρ ἐσάν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
Ἥμενος ἐν σκοπιῇ, λεύσσων ἐπὶ οἶνοπα πόντον.
Τόσσον ὀπιθοδόμησι θεῶν ὑψηχέες ἵπποι.

Which in *Engliſh* is thus:

As far as one, who tow'rd the Ocean looks,
Can from ſome lofty Promontory ſpy
Through the va ſt D ſtarts of a cloudleſs Sky;

So

So far th' immortal Gods ſonorous Steeds
Can at one Leap advance.

Where, ſays *Longinus*, he meaſures the Length of their Leap by the Extent of the World. Who is it then, ſays he, that might not with reaſon cry out, that if the Horſes of the Gods would take a ſecond Leap, they would not find Space enough in the Univerſe?

And what follows concerning *Neptune*, deſcending from a Mountain in *Thrace*,

Iliad XIII.

Τρέμε δ' ὕρεα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλη,
Ποσσὶν ὑπ' ἀθανάτοιιν Ποσειδάωνος ἰόντος.

As from the ſhaggy Mountain he deſcends,
The Mountain trembles, and the Foreſt bends.

And a little beyond:

Ἐν δ' ἐπιβήσετο δίφρου·
Βῆ δ' ἐλάαν ὑπὲρ κύματ'· ἄπαλλε δὲ κήτε ὑπ' αὐτοῦ
Πάντοθεν ἐκ χώρων, οἳ ἴσαν ἀγνοίησεν ἄνακτα·
Γηθοσύνη δὲ θάλασσα διίστατο.

In *Engliſh* thus:

His golden Chariot *Neptune* now aſcends;
And as he drives along the watry Plain,
Huge Whales, and all the Monſters of the Main,
Wallowing around him with unwieldy Gate,
Tempeſt the Ocean to ſalute their King;
Ocean rejoicing, yawns before his March,
And lets him through a dreadful Chaſm.

And it was from this Paſſage, I make no doubt, that *Spencer* drew his admirable Picture of *Neptune*, in the eleventh Canto of the third Book of his *Fairy Queen*.

Stan. XL.

Next unto him was *Neptune* pictured,
In his Divine Reſemblance wondrous like;
His Face was rugged, and his hoary Head
Dropped with brackiſh Dew; his three-fork'd Pike
He ſternly ſhook, and therewith fierce did ſtrike
The raging Billows, that on ev'ry ſide
They erembling ſtood, and made a long broad Dyke,
That his ſwift Chariot might have Paſſage wide,
Which four great *Hippodames* did draw, in Teem-wiſe ty'd.

Stan. XLI.

His Sea-Horſes did ſeem to ſnort amain,
And from their Noſtrils blow the briny Stream,
That made the ſparkling Waves to ſmoke again,
And flame with Gold; but the white foamy Cream
Did ſhine with Silver, and ſhoot forth her Beam.

I now come to the Precepts of *Longinus*, and pretend to ſhew from them, that the greateſt Sublimity is to be deriv'd from Religious Ideas. But why then, ſays the Reader, has not *Longinus* plainly told us ſo? He was not ignorant that he ought to make his Subject as plain as he could. For he has told us in the beginning of his Treatiſe, that every one who gives Inſtruction concerning an Art, ought to endeavour two things: The firſt is to make his Reader clearly underſtand what that is which he pretends to teach: The ſecond is to ſhew him how it may be attain'd. And he blames *Cecilius* very ſeverely for neglecting the laſt; how then, ſays the Objector, comes he himſelf to have taken no care of the firſt? Is it becauſe *Cecilius* had done it before him? If ſo, it was a very great Fault in *Longinus* to publiſh a Book which could not be underſtood but by another Man's Writings; eſpecially when he ſaw that thoſe Writings were ſo very defective, that they would not probably laſt. But what, continues the Objector, if *Cecilius* had not done it before him? For

Long-

Longinus tells us, that *Cecilius* makes uſe of a multitude of Words to ſhew what it is; now he who knows any thing clearly, may in a few Words explain it clearly to others; and he who does not, will make it obſcure by many.

To this I anſwer, that tho *Longinus* did by long Study and Habitude know the Sublime when he ſaw it, as well as any Man, yet he had not ſo clear a Knowledge of the nature of it, as to explain it clearly to others. For if he had done that, as the Objector ſays, he would have defin'd it; but he has been ſo far from defining it, that in one place he has given an account of it that is contrary to the true nature of it. For he tells us in that Chapter which treats of the Fountains of Sublimity, that Loftineſs is often without any Paſſion at all; which is contrary to the true nature of it. The Sublime is indeed often without common Paſſion, as ordinary Paſſion is often without that. But then it is never without Enthuſiaſtick Paſſion: For the Sublime is nothing elſe but a great Thought, or great Thoughts moving the Soul from its ordinary Situation by the Enthuſiaſm which naturally attends them. Now *Longinus* had a notion of Enthuſiaſtick Paſſion, for he eſtabliſhes it in that very Chapter for the ſecond Source of Sublimity. Now *Longinus*, by affirming that the Sublime may be without not only that, but ordinary Paſſion, ſays a thing that is not only contrary to the true nature of it, but contradictory to himſelf. For he tells us in the beginning of the Treatiſe, that the Sublime does not ſo properly perſuade us, as it raviſhes and tranſports us, and produces in us a certain Admiration, mingled with Aſtoniſhment and with Surprize, which is quite another thing than the barely pleaſing, or the barely perſuading; that it gives a noble Vigour to a Diſcourſe, an invincible Force, which commits a pleaſing Rape upon the very Soul of the Reader;

that whenever it breaks out where it ought to do, like the Artillery of *Jove*, it thunders, blazes, and ſtrikes at once, and ſhews all the united Force of a Writer. Now I leave the Reader to judge, whether *Longinus* has not been ſaying here all along that Sublimity is never without Paſſion.

That the foremention'd Definition is juſt and good, I have reaſon to believe, becauſe it takes in all the Sources of Sublimity which *Longinus* has eſtabliſh'd. For, firſt, Greatneſs of Thought ſuppoſes Elevation, they being ſynonymous Terms: And, ſecondly, the Enthuſiaſm or the Pathetique, as *Longinus* calls it, follows of courſe; for if a Man is not ſtrongly mov'd by great Thoughts, he does not ſufficiently and effectually conceive them. And, thirdly, the figurative Language is but a Conſequence of the Enthuſiaſm, that being the natural Language of the Paſſions. And ſo is, fourthly, the Nobleneſs of the Expreſſion, ſuppoſing a Man to be Maſter of the Language in which he writes. For as the Thoughts produce the Spirit or the Paſſion, the Spirit produces and makes the Expreſſion, which is known by Experience to all who are Poets; for never any one, while he was wrapt with Enthuſiaſm or ordinary Paſſion, wanted either Words or Harmony, as is ſelf-evident to all who conſider that the Expreſſion conveys and ſhows the Spirit, and conſequently muſt be produc'd by it.

Thus the Definition which we have laid down being, according to *Longinus*'s own Doctrine, the true Definition of the Sublime, and ſhewing clearly the thing which he has not done, nor given any Definition at all of it; it ſeems plain to me, that he had no clear and diſtinct Idea of it; and conſequently Religion might be the thing from which 'tis chiefly to be deriv'd, and he but obſcurely know it: but that Religion is that thing from which the Sublime is chiefly to be deriv'd, let us ſhew by the Marks

Marks which he has given of the latter; which will further ſtrengthen our Definition. 1. Says he, that which is truly Sublime has this peculiar to it, that it exalts the Soul, and makes it conceive a greater Idea of it ſelf, filling it with Joy, and with a certain noble Pride, as if it ſelf had produc'd what it but barely reads.

Now here it is plain, that the higheſt Ideas muſt moſt exalt the Soul, but Religious Ideas are the higheſt.

The more the Soul is moved by the greateſt Ideas, the more it conceives them; but the more it conceives of the greateſt Ideas, the greater Opinion it muſt have of its own Capacity. By conſequence the more it is moved by the Wonders of Religion, the more it values it ſelf upon its own Excellences. Again, the more the Soul ſees its Excellence, the more it rejoices. Beſides, Religious Ideas are the moſt admirable; and what is moſt admirable according to the Doctrine of *Ariſtotle*, is moſt delightful. Beſides, Religious Ideas create Paſſion in ſuch a manner, as to turn and incline the Soul to its primitive Object. So that Reaſon and Paſſion are of the ſame ſide, and this Peace between the Faculties cauſes the Soul to rejoice; of which we ſhall have occaſion to ſay more anon.

2. The ſecond Mark that *Longinus* gives of the Sublime, is, when a Diſcourſe leaves a great deal for us to think. But now this is certain, that the Wonders of Religion are never to be exhauſted; for they are always new, and the more you enter into them, the more they are ſure to ſurprize.

3. The third Mark is, when it leaves in the Reader an Idea above its Expreſſion. Now no Expreſſions can come up to the Ideas which we draw from the Attributes of God, or from his wondrous Works, which only the Author of them can comprehend.

4. The

4. The fourth Mark is, when it makes an Impreſſion upon us, which it is impoſſible to reſiſt.

God, who made Man for himſelf, and for his own Glory, and who requires chiefly his Heart, muſt by conſequence have form'd him of ſuch a nature, as to be moſt ſtrongly moved with Religious Ideas, if once he enters into them. So that the Impreſſions which they make, are impoſſible to be reſiſted.

5. The fifth Mark is, when the Impreſſion laſts, and is difficult to be defaced. Now that the Impreſſions which Religion makes upon us are difficult to be defaced, is plain from this, that they who think it their Intereſt to deface them, can never bring it about.

6. The ſixth Mark is, when it pleaſes univerſally, People of different Humours, Inclinations, Sexes, Ages, Times, Climates. Now there is nothing ſo agreeable to the Soul, or that makes ſo univerſal an Impreſſion, as the Wonders of Religion. Some Perſons are moved by Love, and are not touch'd by Ambition; others are animated by Ambition, and only laugh at Love. Some are pleas'd with a brave Revenge, others with a generous Contempt of Injuries; but the Eternal Power, and the Infinite Knowledge of God, the Wonders of the Creation, and the beautiful Brightneſs of Virtue, make a powerful Impreſſion on all.

I muſt confeſs I have wonder'd very much, upon Reflection, how it could happen that ſo great a Man as *Longinus*, who whenever he met a Paſſage in any Diſcourſe that was lofty enough to pleaſe him, had Diſcernment enough to ſee that it had ſome of the preceding Marks, ſhould miſs of finding ſo eaſy a thing as this, that never any Paſſage had all theſe Marks, or ſo much as the Majority of them, unleſs it were Religious.

But to return to Terror, we may plainly ſee by the foregoing Precepts and Examples of *Longinus*, that

that this Enthuſiaſtick Terror contributes extremely to the Sublime; and, ſecondly, that it is moſt produced by Religious Ideas.

Firſt, Ideas producing Terror, contribute extremely to the Sublime. All the Examples that *Longinus* brings of the Loftineſs of the Thought, conſiſt of terrible Ideas. And they are principally ſuch Ideas that work the Effects, which he takes notice of in the beginning of his Treatiſe, *viz.* that raviſh and tranſport the Reader, and produce a certain Admiration, mingled with Aſtoniſhment and with Surprize. For the Ideas which produce Terror, are neceſſarily accompany'd with Admiration, becauſe ev'ry thing that is terrible, is great to him to whom it is terrible; and with Surprize, without which Terror cannot ſubſiſt; and with Aſtoniſhment, becauſe every thing which is very terrible, is wonderful and aſtoniſhing: and as Terror is perhaps the violenteſt of all the Paſſions, it conſequently makes an Impreſſion which we cannot reſiſt, and which is hardly to be defaced: and no Paſſion is attended with greater Joy than Enthuſiaſtick Terror, which proceeds from our reflecting that we are out of danger at the very time that we ſee it before us. And as Terror is one of the violenteſt of all Paſſions, if it is very great, and the hardeſt to be reſiſted, nothing gives more Force, nor more Vehemence to a Diſcourſe.

But, ſecondly, it is plain from the ſame *Longinus*, that this Enthuſiaſtick Terror is chiefly to be deriv'd from Religious Ideas. For all the Examples which he has brought of the Sublime, in his Chapter of the Sublimity of the Thoughts, conſiſts of moſt terrible and moſt religious Ideas; and at the ſame time every Man's Reaſon will inform him, that every thing that is terrible in Religion, is the moſt terrible thing in the World.

But

But that we may ſet this in a clearer Light, let us lay before the Reader the ſeveral Ideas which are capable of producing this enthuſiaſtick Terror; which ſeem to me to be thoſe which follow, *viz.* Gods, Dæmons, Hell, Spirits and Souls of Men, Miracles, Prodigies, Enchantments, Witchcrafts, Thunder, Tempeſts, raging Seas, Inundations, Torrents, Earthquakes, Volcanos, Monſters, Serpents, Lions, Tygers, Fire, War, Peſtilence, Famine, *&c.*

Now of all theſe Ideas none are ſo terrible as thoſe which ſhew the Wrath and Vengeance of an angry God; for nothing is ſo wonderful in its Effects; and conſequently the Images or Ideas of thoſe Effects muſt carry a great deal of Terror with them, which we may ſee was *Longinus*'s Opinion, by the Examples which he brings in his Chapter of the Sublimity of the Thoughts. Now of things which are terrible, thoſe are the moſt terrible which are the moſt wonderful; becauſe that ſeeing them both threatning and powerful, and not being able to fathom the Greatneſs and Extent of their Power, we know not how far and how ſoon they may hurt us.

But further, nothing is ſo terrible as the Wrath of infinite Power, becauſe nothing is ſo unavoidable as the Vengeance deſign'd by it. There is no flying nor lying hid from the great univerſal Monarch. He may deliver us from all other Terrors, but nothing can ſave and defend us from him. And therefore Reaſon, which ſerves to diſſipate our Terrors in ſome other Dangers, ſerves but to augment them when we are threatned by infinite Power; and that Fortitude, which may be heroick at other times, is downright Madneſs then.

For the other Ideas, which we mention'd above, they will be found to be more terrible as they have more of Religion in them. But we ſhall have ſo many neceſſary Occaſions of giving Examples of them, in the Sequel of this Treatiſe, that it will be altogether

altogether needleſs to do it now. But here it will be convenient to anſwer an Objection: For how come ſome of the forementiond Ideas, which ſeem to have but little to do with Religion, to be terrible to great and to wiſe Men? as it is plain that ſuch, when they read the Deſcriptions of them in *Homer* and *Virgil*, are terrify'd.

To which we anſwer, That the Care, which Nature has inrooted in all, of their own Preſervation, is the Cauſe that Men are unavoidably terrify'd with any thing that threatens approaching Evil. 'Tis now our Buſineſs to ſhew how the Ideas of Serpents, Lions, Tygers, *&c.* were made by the Art of thoſe great Poets, to be terrible to their Readers, at the ſame time that we are ſecure from their Objects.

'Tis very plain that it is the Apprehenſion of Danger which cauſes that Emotion in us which we call Terror, and it ſignifies nothing at all to the purpoſe whether the Danger is real or imaginary; and 'tis as plain too, that the Soul never takes the Alarm from any thing ſo ſoon as it does from the Senſes, eſpecially thoſe two noble ones of the Eye and the Ear, by reaſon of the ſtrict Affinity which they have with the Imagination; and the Evil always ſeems to be very near, when thoſe two Senſes give notice of it; and the nearer the Evil is, the greater ſtill is the Terror. But now let us ſee how thoſe two Poets did, by virtue of their Ideas, bring even abſent terrible Objects within the reach of thoſe two noble Senſes. Firſt then, to bring an abſent terrible Object before our Sight, they drew an Image or Picture of it; but to draw an Image or Picture of a terrible Object, ſo as to ſurprize and aſtoniſh the Soul by the Eye, they never fail'd to draw it in violent Action or Motion; and in order to that, they made choice of Words and Numbers, which might beſt expreſs the Violence of that Action

tion or Motion. For an abſent Object can never be ſet before the Eye in a true Light, unleſs it be ſhewn in violent Action or Motion; becauſe unleſs it is ſhewn ſo, the Soul has leiſure to reflect upon the Deceit. But violent Motion can never be conceiv'd without a violent Agitation of Spirit, and that ſudden Agitation ſurprizes the Soul, and gives it leſs time to reflect; and at the ſame time cauſes the Impreſſions that the Objects make to be ſo deep, and their Traces to be ſo profound, that it makes them in a manner as preſent to us, as if they were really before us. For the Spirits being ſet in a violent Emotion, and the Imagination being fir'd by that Agitation; and the Brain being deeply penetrated by thoſe Impreſſions, the very Objects themſelves are ſet as it were before us, and conſequently we are ſenſible of the ſame Paſſion that we ſhould feel from the things themſelves. For the warmer the Imagination is, the leſs able we are to reflect, and conſequently the things are the more preſent to us of which we draw the Images; and therefore when the Imagination is ſo inflam'd, as to render the Soul utterly incapable of reflecting, there is no difference between the Images and the Things themſelves; as we may ſee, for example, by Men in raging Fevers. But thoſe two great Poets were not ſatisfy'd with ſetting abſent Objects before our Eyes, by ſhewing them in violent Motion; but if their Motion occaſion'd any extraordinary Sounds that were terrifying, they ſo contriv'd their Numbers and Expreſſions, as that they might be ſure to ring thoſe Sounds in the very Ears of their Readers.

We ought now to treat of the other Enthuſiaſtick Paſſions, as Horror, Grief, Joy, and Deſire: But to the end that we may diverſify this Treatiſe as much as we can, and not tire out the Reader with too much Speculation at a time, we ſhall omit ſpeaking of them till we come to the Epick Poets.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Recapitulation; and that Religion is the Baſis and Foundation of the greater Poetry.

BUT now let us recapitulate: We have ſhewn in the foregoing part of this Diſcourſe, that Paſſion is the Characteriſtical Mark of Poetry, and that all Poetry is pathetick; and then we divided it into two kinds, the greater and the leſs; and ſhew'd that the greater Poetry comprehends Epick, Tragick, and the greater Lyrick, and that our Deſign was in the firſt place to treat of it. Then we proceeded to ſhew, that as Paſſion is the Characteriſtical Mark of Poetry, great Paſſion muſt be the Characteriſtical Mark of the greater Poetry, and conſequently that this laſt muſt have every where great Paſſion; but that ſince what we commonly call Paſſion cannot be every where, there muſt be ſomething diſtinct from ordinary Paſſion, and that muſt be Enthuſiaſm. Then we endeavour'd to diſcover what Enthuſiaſm is, and how many ſeveral ſorts there are of it; and that Admiration and Terror make the principal Greatneſs of Poetry, and are the chief of the Enthuſiaſtick Paſſions; that thoſe two Paſſions are to bear proportion with the Ideas from which they are deriv'd, and that conſequently the greateſt muſt flow from religious Ideas. We ſhall ſhew too in the Sequel of this Diſcourſe, that not only the remaining Enthuſiaſtick Paſſions, Horror, Sadneſs, Joy, and Deſire; but that even the ordinary Paſſions, which contribute moſt to the Greatneſs of Poetry, as Admiration, Terror, and Pity, are chiefly to be deriv'd from Religion; but that the Paſſions of both ſorts muſt, for the moſt part, flow

ſlow greater from Revelation than from Natural Religion; becauſe all Reveal'd Religion, whether true or pretended, ſpeaks to the Senſes, brings the Wonders of another World more home to us, and ſo makes the Paſſions which it raiſes the greater.

The fundamental Rule then that we pretend to lay down, for the ſucceeding or excelling in the greater Poetry, is, That the Conſtitution of the Poem be religious, that it may be throughout pathetick.

And we pretend to prove undeniably, that not only the Gentlemen, whoſe Works we deſign to examine, have ſucceeded and excell'd no further than their Poems have been ſo conſtituted; but that never any Poets of any Nation, or any Age, ever did or can excel without it. I have already prov'd in the Advancement of modern Poetry, beyond all manner of doubt, to thoſe who have Capacity enough to comprehend the Arguments, that the antient Poets excell'd the Moderns in the Greatneſs of Poetry, for no other reaſon, but becauſe their Subjects were religious in their Conſtitution: And therefore all that I ſhall ſay of it here, is, That Poetry is the natural Language of Religion, and that Religion at firſt produc'd it, as a Cauſe produces its Effect. In the firſt Ages of writing among the *Grecians*, there was nothing writ but Verſe, becauſe they wrote of nothing but Religion, which was neceſſary for the cementing the Societies which in thoſe times were but juſt united; and Nature had taught them, that Poetry was the only Language in which they could worthily treat of the moſt important Parts of Religion, or worthily perform its moſt important Duties. But as ſoon as Religion was ſufficiently imprinted in the Minds of Men, and they had leiſure to treat of human things in their Writings, they invented Proſe, and invented it in imitation of Verſe, as *Strabo* tells us in the firſt Book of his Geography; but after that Proſe was invented by

by them, never any of them treated of their Gods or their religious Matters in Proſe, before the Age of *Socrates*, becauſe they found that that way of Writing was by no means proper for it. For the Wonders of Religion naturally threw them upon great Paſſions, and great Paſſions naturally threw them upon Harmony and figurative Language, as they muſt of neceſſity do any Poet, as long as he continues Maſter of them. Which is known by Experience to all who are Poets; for never any one, while he was wrapt with Enthuſiaſm, or with ordinary Paſſion, wanted either Words or Harmony; and therefore Poetry is more harmonious than Proſe, becauſe it is more pathetick: Even in Proſe your Orators, and all who pretend to move the Paſſions, have more harmonious Periods than they who barely ſpeak to the Reaſon. And in Poetry, they who write with a great deal of Paſſion, are generally very harmonious; whereas thoſe who write with but little, are not ſo muſical. *Horace* is an illuſtrious Example of this: No Man, who has read his Odes, can doubt of the Fineneſs and the Delicacy of his Ear; and therefore his Satires are often harſh and rugged, becauſe the Spirit in them is mean and little. No Man can believe that *Juvenal* had a finer Ear than *Horace*, but yet his Satires are more muſical, becauſe they have a greater Spirit in them. At the ſame time 'tis a little odd to conſider, that Paſſion, which diſturbs the Soul, ſhould occaſion it to produce Harmony, which ſeems to imply the Order and Compoſure of it. Whether this proceeds from the ſecret Effort that the Soul makes to compoſe it ſelf, or whatever the Cauſe is, the Effect is certain. But as Paſſion, which is the Diſorder of the Soul, produces Harmony, which is Agreement; ſo Harmony, which is Concord, augments and propagates Paſſion, which is Diſcord. All who are ac-

quainted with Poetry or Muſick; muſt be as ſenſible of this, as Mr. *Waller* was fully convinc'd of it.

Well ſounding Verſes are the Charm we uſe,
Heroick Thoughts and Virtue to infuſe;
Things of deep Senſe we may in Proſe unfold,
But they move more in lofty Numbers told;
By the loud Trumpet which our Courage aids,
We learn that Sound as well as Senſe perſuades.

Thus we may ſee by Mr. *Waller*, that Numbers are proper to move Paſſion, and for that reaſon are inſeparable from Poetry, which has no other Deſign. But we ſhall have occaſion to treat of Harmony more at large, when we come to the particular ſorts of Poems; in the mean time let us return to the Buſineſs from which we may ſeem to have digreſs'd.

As we have formerly undeniably prov'd, in the Advancement of modern Poetry, that the antient Poets deriv'd that Advantage which they have over the Moderns, to the conſtituting their Subjects after a religious manner; ſo I ſhall make it appear, in the Sequel of this Diſcourſe, that it was owing to the ſame thing that the antient Poets very often excell'd themſelves.

And I have reaſon to believe, that one of the principal Reaſons that has made the modern Poetry ſo contemptible, is, That by diveſting it ſelf of Religion, it is fallen from its Dignity, and its original Nature and Excellence; and from the greateſt Production of the Mind of Man, is dwindled to an extravagant and a vain Amuſement. For the modern Poetry being for the moſt part profane, has either very little Spirit; or if it has a great one, that Spirit is out of Nature, becauſe it bears no manner of Proportion to the Ideas from which it is forcibly deriv'd, nor the Ideas very often to the Objects from which they are taken: for as Mr. *Waller* ſays,

In

In boundleſs Verſe the Fancy ſoars too high
For any Object but the Deity:
What Mortal can with Heav'n pretend to ſhare
In the Superlatives of Wiſe and Fair?
A meaner Object when with theſe we grace,
A Giant Habit on a Dwarf we place.

But that the modern Poetry, as miſerably as it is fallen from the Dignity of its original Nature, might glorioufly ariſe and lift up its Head, ſurpaſſing even that of the Antients, if the Poets would but conſtitute their Subjects religious, I have formerly clearly ſhewn, in the ſecond Part of the *Advancement of modern Poetry*; by ſhewing that the Deſign of the Chriſtian Religion is the very ſame with that of Poetry, which can be ſaid of no other Religion; that the Buſineſs of both is to delight and reform Mankind, by exciting the Paſſions in ſuch a manner, as to reconcile them to Reaſon, and reſtore the Harmony of the human Faculties. And therefore that I may repeat nothing at preſent that I have formerly ſaid there, I ſhall only add, that if 'tis Religion that gives the Warmth and the Paſſion to Poetry, it follows that the leſs mixture that Religion has of any thing profane and human in it, the greater Warmth and Paſſion it muſt give to Poetry; for that which moves us in effect in a falſe Religion, muſt be the Imagination of that which is true. As for example, in the above-mention'd Paſſage of the Wrath of *Neptune*, the Anger of *Neptune* is Fiction, and ſo is the Stroke of his Trident; but that which moves us at the bottom of this Fiction is true, which is, that the Anger of a Deity, and the Effects of it are very terrible. The Reaſon why Religion moves the Soul ſo extremely, is becauſe the Soul was created by God, to find its Happineſs in him; and all Happineſs conſiſts in Pleaſure, and all Pleaſure in Paſſion. Now the leſs

mixture Religion has of any thing of human Invention in it, the more divine it is, and the nearer it brings us to God.

But that this may ſtill appear the more clearly, we ſhall endeavour to prove it by two very ſignal Examples, and ſhall produce two Paſſages from Scripture; the one from the *Pſalms*, and the other from *Habbakuk*: which we ſhall ſet againſt the two foremention'd Paſſages, which *Longinus* has cited from *Homer*; the one of the Wrath, and the other of the Power of *Neptune*, and his awful March thro his own Element. And in ſetting theſe Paſſages againſt one another, we make no doubt to ſhew, that not only the Subjects are exactly the ſame, but that the Advantage is clearly ours.

Let us begin with that Paſſage concerning the Might of *Neptune*, and his driving his Chariot thro the Sea.

As from the ſhaggy Mountain he deſcends,
The Mountain trembles, and the Foreſt bends.

And anon,

His golden Chariot *Neptune* now aſcends,
And as he drives along the watry Plain,
Huge Whales, and all the Monſters of the Main,
Tempeſt the Ocean, to ſalute their King;
Ocean rejoicing, yawns before his March,
And lets him thro a dreadful Chaſm——

Now to this Paſſage let us oppoſe that of the Prophet *Habbakuk*, exactly upon the ſame Occaſion, only the Prophet ſays of the True God what *Homer* ſays of *Neptune*.

When the Almighty from Mount *Paran* came,
The Brightneſs of his Glory, with its Blaze
Expanding, fill'd the vaſt Abyſs of Heaven,
And the whole Earth reſounded with his Praiſe;
The burning Peſtilence before him march'd,

And

And from his Feet a fiery Whirlwind flew:
He ſtood and meaſur'd the extended Earth,
Scattering the trembling Nations with a Look,
At which the everlaſting Mountains fled,
And ſhaking the perpetual Hills did bow.
Againſt the Floods was thy fierce Anger then;
Againſt the Sea the burning of thy Wrath;
That thou didſt thro it with thy flaming Steeds,
And with thy Chariots of Salvation drive.
The Rocks their Summits beetled o'er their Baſe,
To view the Terrors of thy wondrous March;
Then ſhivering ſhrunk from the amazing Sight.
The Floods dividing ſhew'd a fearful Chaſm;
And as thy ſounding Horſes, all on fire,
Thro Heaps of congregated Waters flew,
The Deep his roaring Voice at all his Mouths
Utter'd, and lifted all his Arms on high.

But now let us come to the Wrath of *Neptune*, and the Effects of it, in the Battel of the 20th of the *Iliads*, in which the Gods were engag'd.

Jove flung his dreadful Thunder from on high,
Mean while Majeſtick *Neptune* from below,
The reeling Globe with his huge Trident ſtrook,
Shook its vaſt Plains, and made its Mountains ſmoke,
Mount *Ida* trembled from his hoary Top,
And from his nethermoſt Foundations ſhook,
Troubling a thouſand Springs that from him flow.
Pluto, from loweſt Hell, both heard and felt,
And ſhivering, ſtarted from his burning Throne;
Then ſtriking his infernal Breaſt, cry'd out,
Leſt wrathful *Neptune*, with another Stroke
Of his dread Trident, ſhould the Globe divide,
Should to the gaping Center let in Light
To Mortals, and Immortals ſhould diſplay,
The dreadful Secrets of his dire Domain,
At the bare Thought of which ev'n Gods are wont
to ſhake.

As the Neceſſity of the Subject has obliged us to repeat theſe Verſes, ſo we have the ſame Excuſe for repeating the Reflection of *Longinus*. Behold here, ſays *Longinus*, the Earth laid open to the very Center, and Hell about to be expos'd to view, and all the vaſt Machine of the World demoliſh'd and overturn'd; to ſhew that in that important Conflict, both Heaven and Hell, both mortal and immortal things, every thing in Nature was engaged with the Gods, and nothing was free from Danger. Now let us ſee the Pſalmiſt introducing the true God, actually demoliſhing and overturning the Machine of the World, only with a Word and with a Look.

In my Diſtreſs I call'd upon the Lord,
And to my God I cry'd; he from his Height,
Above all Heights, ſtrait heard my mournful Voice,
And to my loud Complaint inclin'd his Ear.
Strait the Earth trembled, and her Entrails ſhook,
As conſcious of her great Creator's Wrath:
The Mountains from their fix'd Foundations ran,
And frighted from their inmoſt Caverns roar'd.
From out his Noſtrils a tempeſtuous Cloud
Of pitchy Smoke in ſpiry Volumes flew,
And from his Mouth there ran a raging Flood
Of torrent Fire, devouring as it ran:
And then he bow'd the very Heaven of Heavens,
And arm'd with fearful Majeſty came down.
Under his feet he plac'd ſubſtantial Night,
Which aw'd the Nations with its dreadful Gloom:
Upon the flaming Cherubim he rode,
And on the Wings of all the Winds he flew;
Still Darkneſs uſher'd his myſterious Way,
And a black Night of congregated Clouds
Became the dark Pavilion of his Throne.
The Clouds his Brightneſs could no longer bear,
But vaniſhing rever'd the ſacred Source of Light;
And as the congregated Clouds diſpers'd,

A Storm of monſtrous Hail came pouring down,
Down the red Lightning wing'd its ſlanting way;
But when his wrathful Voice was heard on high,
Strait both the Poles rebellow'd to the Sound,
In thicker Sheets the rattling Hail came down,
Down came the Lightning with repeated Flames,
And Thunder bellowing through the boundleſs Space,
Aſtoniſh'd Nature with redoubled Roars:
Earth could no longer bear the mortal Fright,
But ſhook it ſelf from its perpetual Hinge
At thy Rebuke, O Lord, and at the Blaſt,
The dreadful Blaſt of thy revenging Breath;
Then upwards from the gaping Center cleav'd,
With a prodigious Wound.
The fix'd Foundations of the World diſplay'd,
Diſplay'd the ghaſtful Caverns of the Deep,
A Sight that blaſted ev'n the World's great Eye,
And made the ſtarting Sun recoil
From his eternal Way.

But here it will be neceſſary to anſwer an Objection: for it may be urg'd perhaps that common Experience will deſtroy theſe new Speculations. For ſeveral of the Moderns have attempted Divine Poetry, and yet ſome of them have been contemptible to the laſt degree, and not one of them has excell'd the Antients.

To which we anſwer, That *Milton* has clearly the advantage of the Antients in ſeveral points, as ſhall be ſhewn in its proper place: and if the reſt of the Moderns, who have attempted Sacred Poetry, have faln ſo very much ſhort of them, it has been either for want of Genius, or for want of Art to know how to make uſe of Religion. For Sacred Poetry apparently requires a greater Capacity than the Profane does; becauſe the greater the Ideas are, the greater muſt the Capacity be that receives them. But Sacred Ideas are greater than the Profane,

as hath been ſhewn above. And therefore if the Rule of *Horace* be true, that a Poet ought to proportion his Subject to his Strength, it follows, that a Man may ſucceed pretty well in Human Poetry, and yet be deſpicable in the Divine. Beſides, as Religion ſupplies us with greater Ideas than any thing Human can do; ſo it requires greater Enthuſiaſm, and a greater Spirit to attend them, as has been ſhewn above too. So that Sacred Poetry requires not only a very great Capacity, but a very warm and ſtrong Imagination; which is a happy Mixture that is to be met with in a very few, and even of thoſe few not one in a thouſand perhaps applies himſelf to Sacred Poetry. And even of thoſe rare ones who have apply'd themſelves, hardly one of the Moderns has known the true uſe that ought to be made of Religion in Poetry. *Milton* indeed happen'd upon it, in his *Paradiſe Loſt*; I ſay, happen'd upon it, becauſe he has err'd very widely from it in his *Paradiſe Regain'd*, as ſhall be ſhewn in its proper place. The Rules for employing Religion in Poetry, are principally theſe which follow.

1. The firſt is, That the Religion ought to be one, that the Poet may be mov'd by it, and that he may appear to be in earneſt. And the not obſerving of this Rule, was one Reaſon why *Spencer* miſcarry'd, as we ſhall ſhew anon.

2. The ſecond Rule, That the Religion which the Poet employs, ought to be the reigning one, that both the Poet and the Readers may be mov'd the more by a Religion in which they were bred. And this Rule may acquaint us with one of the Reaſons why all who have tranſlated *Homer* and *Virgil*, have ſucceeded ſo very indifferently.

3. The third is, That it may run through and be incorporated with the Action of the Poem, and conſequently that it may always be a part of Action, and productive of Action; for from the Neglect of this

this third Rule, ſtrange Inequalities would follow in a Poem, as ſhall be ſhewn more at large, when we treat of *Spencer* and *Cowley*.

4. The fourth Rule is, That the Religion may be managed ſo as to promote the Violence of the Enthuſiaſtick Paſſions, and their Change and Variety; and the conſtituting his Subject contrary to this Rule, was one great Reaſon why *Milton* did not ſucceed in his *Paradiſe Regain'd*.

5. That it may not hinder the Violence of the ordinary Paſſions, nor the Change and Variety of them; and the not conſtituting his Subject according to this Rule, is the chief Reaſon why *Homer* in his *Odyſſes* fell ſo far ſhort of his *Iliads*; and *Milton* of his *Paradiſe Loſt*, in his *Paradiſe Regain'd*.

6. That the Religion be managed ſo as not to obſtruct the Violence of Action, which is always attended by the Violence of ordinary Paſſion; and the not obſerving of this, was one great Reaſon of the Miſcarriage of *Homer* and *Milton*, in the fore-mention'd Poems.

7. That the divine and human Perſons, if there be any, may have Inclinations and Affections; which *Taſſo*'s celeſtial Perſons have not, nor as I remember *Cowley*'s.

8. That they be fairly diſtinguiſh'd from one another by thoſe Inclinations and Affections. And this is the great advantage that the *Grecian* Machines have, for the moſt part, over thoſe in our Religion. Yet *Milton* has pretty well diſtinguiſh'd his celeſtial Perſons from one another, and his infernal ones admirably.

9. That they be fairly diſtinguiſh'd from the human Perſons by the ſame Inclinations and Affections. And here *Milton*, in his infernal Perſons, has undeniably the advantage both of Antients and Moderns. The Paſſions and Inclinations of the *Grecian* Gods are downright human Inclinations and Affec-

Affections. The Paſſions of *Milton*'s Devils have enough of Humanity in them to make them delightful, but then they have a great deal more to make them admirable, and may be ſaid to be the true Paſſions of Devils: but the time to ſpeak more largely of this, will be when we come to the Epick Poets.

But now, as we have ſhewn that the Religion reveal'd in the Old and New Teſtament is proper, nay neceſſary, to give the laſt Force and Elevation to Poetry; we ſhall now endeavour to convince the Reader, that Poetry is proper, if not neceſſary, to give Force to that Religion. For indeed there are Duties in this Religion, which cannot be worthily perform'd without the aſſiſtance of Poetry: as the offering up Praiſe and Thankſgiving, and ſeveral ſorts of Prayer to God, and the celebrating the Wonders of his Might. Becauſe if the Ideas which theſe Subjects afford, are expreſs'd with Paſſion equal to their Greatneſs, that which expreſſes them is Poetry: for that which makes Poetry to be what it is, is only becauſe it has more Paſſion than any other way of writing.

It is ridiculous to imagine that there can be a more proper way to expreſs ſome Parts and Duties of a Religion which we believe to be divinely inſpired, than the very way in which they were at firſt deliver'd. Now the moſt important Part of the Old Teſtament was deliver'd not only in a Poetical Style, but in Poetical Numbers. The moſt important Parts of the Old Teſtament to us, are the Prophecies; becauſe without them we could never be ſatisfy'd that *Jeſus* is the Meſſiah. For the Prophets were Poets by the Inſtitution of their Order, and Poetry was one of the Prophetick Functions, which were chiefly three: 1. Predicting or foretelling things to come. 2. Declaring the Will of God to the People. And, 3. Praiſing God with Songs of the Pro-

phets

phets compoſing, accompany'd with the Harp and other Inſtrumental Muſick. From whence it came topaſs, that praiſing God upon ſuch kind of Inſtruments, is often in the Scriptures call'd Propheſying, as Mr. *Mede* has obſerv'd in his *Diatribæ*; and has prov'd it from ſeveral Paſſages of the Old Teſtament, and more particularly from the three firſt Verſes of the 25th Chapter of the *Chronicles*, which are as follow.

Ver. 1. *Moreover* David *and the Captains of the Hoſt ſeparated to the Service of the Sons of* Aſaph, *and of* Heman, *and of* Jeduthun, *ſuch as ſhould propheſy with Harps, with Pſalteries, and with Cymbals; and the Number of the Workmen according to their Service was,*

Ver. 2. *Of the Sons of* Aſaph; Zaccar, *and* Joſeph, *and* Nethaniah *and* Aſarelah, *the Sons of* Aſaph; *under the hands of* Aſaph, *which propheſy'd according to the Order of the King.*

Ver. 3. *Of* Jeduthun, *the Sons of* Jeduthun, Gedaliah, *and* Zeri, *and* Jeſhaiah, Haſhabiah, *and* Metithiah *ſix, under the hands of their Father* Jeduthun, *who propheſied with a Harp, to give thanks and to praiſe the Lord.*

Nor was the Poetical Talent confin'd to their Praiſe and Thankſgiving, but is to be ſeen in their Predictions too, as we ſaid before, and in their declaring the Will of God to the People.

As the Prophets were Poets by their Inſtitution, ſo when the Son of God himſelf came down from Heaven in order to reform the Earth, he who was a Prophet as well as a Prieſt and a King, did by conſequence diſcharge the three Prophetical Functions, of which the Poetical has been ſhewn to be one. And conſequently tho our Saviour did not make uſe of a Style that was Figurative and Enthuſiaſtick, becauſe he inſtructed the World as God, and as God he could not feel either Admiration or Terror, or the reſt of the Enthuſiaſtick Paſſions;

yet

yet we find that he not only prais'd God with ſpiritual Songs, but that the Method of his Inſtruction was intirely Poetical: that is, by Fables or Parables, contriv'd, and plac'd, and adapted to work very ſtrongly upon human Paſſions.

Thus the Prophets among the *Jews* were Poets; and the Divine Inſtitutor of the Chriſtian Religion being a Prophet, by a Poetical Method inſtructed and reform'd the World: And even the *Grecian* Poets pretending to diſcharge the three Prophetical Functions, were not only vulgarly reputed Prophets, but were ſtil'd ſo by St. *Paul* himſelf, who quoting a Verſe out of *Epimenides*, in the Epiſtle which he wrote to *Titus*, calls that *Cretenſian* Poet a Prophet: *As one of their own Prophets has ſaid.*

Thus we have made it very plain, that not only the Predictions, but the Praiſe and Thankſgiving in the inſpir'd Writers, were written in Verſe; as were likewiſe ſeveral of the Prayers, and the Inſtructions, and in ſhort the nobleſt and moſt important part of the Old Teſtament. Now if they were written in Poetry, it could be for no other reaſon, but becauſe they who wrote them, believ'd that the figurative paſſionate Style, and the Poetical Numbers, did by Right of Nature belong to them, and conſequently were requiſite to inforce them upon the Minds of Men. And here we cannot as it were help obſerving, that for the Scriptures to make all the Impreſſion that they are capable of making upon Men of very good Parts, and perhaps too upon others, all thoſe Parts of them that were written in Verſe, ought to be tranſlated in Verſe, and by Perſons who are the moſt qualify'd to do it with Force and Harmony. For if the Paſſion and Harmony were thought requiſite by the Original Writers, who were divinely inſpir'd, to give Force to the *Hebrew*; why ſhould not Spirit and Paſſion, and Numbers in a Tranſlation, give a proportionable Force to that?

For

For if Harmony of it ſelf is of force to lift up our Thoughts to Heaven, as our Clergy ſeem to imply by the uſe of it in our Churches; and may be gather'd from what happen'd to *Eliſha* in the ſecond of *Kings*, when they would have had him propheſy at a time when the Spirit of Propheſy was not upon him, *Ch.* 3. *ver.* 15. where the Prophet ſays, *Now bring me a Minſtrel, and it came to paſs as the Minſtrel plaid, that the Hand of the Lord came upon him:* If Harmony, I ſay, is of it ſelf ſo efficacious, what muſt it not be, when incorporated with a Religious Senſe, and a Poetical Style? There can certainly be no better way to reform the World, than the reading of thoſe Writings which we believe to be divinely inſpir'd: But this is as certain, that the greater the Pleaſure is with which we read them, we ſhall the more frequently diſcharge that Duty; but to make us read them with more Pleaſure than we do, they muſt have more of the Agreeableneſs of their Originals, that is, more Perſpicuity, more Force, and more Harmony. This would more particularly attract the Gentry, and particularly thoſe of the moſt extraordinary Parts among them, whoſe Examples would influence the reſt, as the reſt would influence the People. For they of extraordinary Parts for the moſt part being extremely delighted with Poetry, and finding the greateſt and moſt exalted Poetry upon Religious Subjects, would by degrees become more us'd to be mov'd by Sacred Ideas, than they would by Profane; that is, would by degrees become reform'd. That this is by no means a Chimera, Experience may ſerve to convince us: For I know ſeveral Gentlemen of very good Senſe, who are extremely mov'd by *Milton*'s Hymn, in the fifth Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, and hardly at all ſtir'd with the Tranſlation of the 148th Pſalm, from whence that Hymn is taken. But if Men of very good Parts are more mov'd by the Hymn,

Hymn, it follows that they ought to be more mov'd by it; becauſe Men of very good Senſe are only mov'd to that degree by things by which they ought to be mov'd. So that we may conclude, that the Paſſion or Enthuſiaſm in that Hymn is exactly in Nature; that is, that the Enthuſiaſm, or Paſſion, or Spirit, call it what you will, flows from the Ideas, and bears a juſt Proportion to them.

But from hence at the ſame time it follows, that ſince thoſe Perſons, who are ſo much mov'd by the Hymn, are not equally ſtir'd by the tranſlated Pſalm, the Paſſion or Spirit is leſs in the latter, and does not come up to the Ideas; and therefore we may conclude, that *Milton*, by his Genius and Harmony, has reſtor'd that Spirit in compoſing the Hymn, which had been loſt by the Weakneſs of the Tranſlation, and the Want of Poetical Numbers: which laſt, as we have ſaid before, contribute very much to the raiſing of Paſſion.

What *Milton* has done in relation to the 148th Pſalm, others may do in a leſs proportion to other parts of the Old Teſtament, till the Favour of the Prince and publick Encouragement cauſes another *Milton* to ariſe, and apply himſelf to ſo neceſſary and ſo noble a Work. For this is certain, that there are not wanting great Genius's to every Age: But they do not equally appear in every Age, ſometimes for want of knowing themſelves, and ſometimes for want of Encouragement and Leiſure to exert themſelves. The Buſineſs of the Treatiſe intended is to ſhew them how they may try, and know, and form themſelves, which is all that I am capable of attempting towards the reſtoring ſo uſeful and ſo noble an Art. If I were in a Condition to give them Encouragement too, they ſhould not be long without it. If they who ſo much exceed me in Power, did but equal me in Will, we ſhould ſoon ſee Poetry raiſe up its dejected Head, and our own might come

come to emulate the happieſt of *Grecian* and *Roman* Ages.

And thus much may ſuffice to ſhew the Nature of Poetry, but chiefly of the greater Poetry, and the Importance of this Deſign. For ſince Poetry has been thought not only by Heathens, but by the Writers of the Old Teſtament, and conſequently by God himſelf who inſpir'd them, to be the fitteſt Method for the enforcing Religion upon the Minds of Men; and ſince Religion is the only ſolid Foundation of all Civil Society, it follows, that whoever endeavours to re-eſtabliſh Poetry, makes a generous Attempt to reſtore an Art, that may be highly advantageous to the Publick, and beneficial to Mankind.

LET-

LETTERS
UPON
Several Occasions:

Written by and between Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Wycherly*, Mr. ——, Mr. *Congreve*, and Mr. *Dennis*.

To the Right Honourable CHARLES MONTAGUE Esq; one of the Lords of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council.

SIR,

AS soon as I had resolv'd to make this Address to you, that the Present might not be altogether unworthy of you, I took care to obtain the Consent of my Friends to publish some Letters, which they had writ as Answers to mine. When

When I look upon my ſelf, I find I have reaſon to beg pardon for my Preſumption: But when I conſider thoſe Gentlemen, I am encourag'd to hope that you will not be offended to find your ſelf at the Head of no vulgar Company, whoſe Names and Deſert are univerſally known; a Company rais'd far above the Level of Mankind by their own extraordinary Merit, and yet proud to do homage to yours. They are Gentlemen, 'tis true, who are divided in their Intereſts, and who differ in their Politick Principles; but they agree in their Judgments of Things, which all the World admires, and they always conſent when they ſpeak of you.

In preſenting this little Book to you, I only deſign'd to ſhew my Zeal and my Gratitude; but they aſſure me unanimouſly, that I have likewiſe ſhewn my Judgment. Tho indeed, Sir, the number of the Great, who caſt a favourable Eye upon human Learning, is not ſo conſiderable, but that a Man who would addreſs any thing of this nature to one of them, may ſoon determine his Choice. Proficients in other Arts are encouraged by Profit, which is their main Deſign: but he who beſtows all his time upon human Studies, is incited by Glory alone, and the World takes care that he ſhould have no more than he ſeeks for. The Enthuſiaſt, the Quack, the Pettifogger, are rewarded for torturing, and for deluding Men; but Humanity has met with very barbarous Uſage, only for pleaſing, and for inſtructing them. The very Court, which draws moſt of its Ornament from it, has but too often neglected it; there Learning in general has been diſregarded: For none but great Souls are

capable of great Deſigns, and few Courtiers have had Greatneſs of Mind enough to procure the Promotion of Science, which is the Exaltation of human Nature, and the Enlargement of the Empire of Reaſon. Our Miniſters of State have formerly behaved themſelves with ſo much Indifference, as if it would have leſſen'd them to have taken any care of Letters. They have ſhewn themſelves as perfectly unconcern'd, as if not one had diſcover'd, that at a time when our Neighbours are grown ſo knowing, the Publick Safety depends on the Progreſs of Learning; and that to patronize Science, is to take care of the State. Beſides, too many of our Stateſmen have been engag'd in unjuſt Deſigns. Moſt of our Politicians have done their endeavour to encroach on the Crown, or to attempt on the People. Few have had Capacity and Integrity enough to keep the Ballance ſo ſteddy, as to maintain Prerogative at once, and aſſert Privilege; to ſerve the King zealouſly, and their Country faithfully; to poſſeſs at the ſame time the Favour of the one, and the Hearts of the other, to ſuch a degree, as to be courted by the People to ſerve as their Repreſentative, at the very time that they are employ'd by the King in Matters of the higheſt Importance. Inſtead of that, moſt of them have had reaſon to be afraid of the King or the Commons; and Men who have been ſollicitous for their own Safety, have ſeldom appear'd concern'd for the Good of others. Few then have been, and are in a Condition to be Protectors of Learning; and therefore thoſe happy few deſerve all the Honours which we are able to

pay

pay them. Of thoſe, Sir, you appear in the foremoſt Rank, and are to the Commonwealth of Learning, what you are to the State, a great Defence and a ſhining Ornament. You have warmly encourag'd all ſorts of Studies, but have been juſtly and nobly partial to thoſe, for which the State has made no proviſion: which is enough to gain you the Eſteem of all who have any regard for Learning, and to win the very Souls of all who, like me, *are charm'd with the ſofter Studies of Humanity. For which your Zeal has been ſo diffuſive, that it has extended it ſelf even to me: who a bare Inclination to cultivate Eloquence and Poetry, was the only thing which could recommend me to you; yet even this has been encourag'd by the Promiſe of your Protection, and by the Humanity of your receiving me. The Acceſs which I have had to you, has been the greateſt Obligation that you could lay upon a Man, who has ſtill valued Merit above all the World, and who has ſought his Improvement more than he has his Advancement. When I have at any time approach'd you, I have found in you none of thoſe forbidding Qualities, of which they accuſe the Great. Inſtead of thoſe, I have found an attractive and a human Greatneſs, the generous Sincerity of the Man of Honour, join'd with the Grace and Complaiſance of the Courtier, and a Deportment noble without Pride, and modeſt without deſcending. Nature has made me ſomething averſe from making my Court to Fortune. But I am proud to attend upon real Greatneſs; and to*

wait upon you, ſince firſt you encourag'd me, has been at once my Duty and my Affection.

The Permiſſion which you gave me to approach you, was ſo great an Incitement to me, that I believe it might have brought me to write well, if I had not a very juſt reaſon to reſolve to attempt it no more. You had given me one great Encouragement before I had the Honour to ſee you, and that was, by leaving off writing your ſelf. For Vanity is a greater Incitement to Poets than Penſions, and even Want depreſſes the Spirits leſs than the Thought of being ſurpaſſed. Therefore while Mr. Montague *ſung, he ſung alone. We admir'd indeed our conquering Monarch, but we admir'd in ſilence: We rever'd the Greatneſs of your Genius, and neglected our Talents. Indeed the Strength and Sweetneſs of your Voice was fit to charm us alone, and we who follow'd, were only fit for the* Chorus. *But you have left a Province, which you have made your own, to the Adminiſtration of thoſe who are under you, and are gone on in your victorious Progreſs to the Acquiſition of new Glory. From which I am ſenſible that I detract by detaining you: For your Actions are your beſt Encomiums, and the loud Conſent of the Nation your beſt Panegyrick. It was a glorious one that was ſpoken to you by the People of* Weſtminſter, *in the Requeſt that they made to you to ſerve as their Member in the preſent Parliament, at a time when they were caballing all over the Kingdom, and Gentlemen were depriving Peaſants of their little Reaſon, in order to obtain their Voices. Mr.* Montague's *Merit, while he*

was

was ſilent, ſollicited for him ſo importunately, that it prevail'd upon a number of conſiderable Inhabitants of the politer parts of the Town, to come and make it their humble Requeſt to you, to honour them by repreſenting them: which puts me in mind of a Saying of De la Bruyere, That the People are then at their height of Happineſs, when their King makes choice for his Confidents, and for his Miniſters, of the very ſame Perſons that the People would have choſen, if the Choice had been in their power. *This at preſent is our own Caſe; for doubtleſs the ſame People, who, without any Brigue, or the leaſt Corruption, came voluntarily to intreat you to ſuffer them to place you in the Great Council of the Kingdom, would, if the Choice had been in their power, have plac'd you in the Privy Council; and they who frankly offer'd to truſt you with the Diſpoſal of the Mony which is in their Houſes, would have truſted you, had it been in their power, with the Intendency of that in the Treaſury. So that the Peoples Proffer to chuſe you, ſeems to me to be a loud Approbation of the Choice which the King had made before of you, and of your Miniſtration upon that Choice. But I injure the Publick while I detain you: Yet give me leave to end with my zealous Wiſhes for you, that the Happineſs may be multiply'd on you, which you ſo nobly ſeek to communicate, that you may increaſe in Riches and Honours faſter than you advance in Years, till you arrive at that height of Proſperity which may be anſwerable to your high Deſert, and till Fortune may be ſaid to pour down her Gifts upon you, in*

Emulation of Art and Nature: Yet Envy after all ſhall be forced to declare, that Mr. Montague *ſprung from an Illuſtrious Stock, and, loaded with Plenty and Honours, is yet nobler by Deſert, than he is by Deſcent, and greater by Virtue than he is by Fortune. I am,*

SIR,

Your moſt Humble, and

moſt Obedient Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

A Collection of LETTERS, *written by ſeveral Eminent Hands.*

To Walter Moyle *Eſq;*

Dear Sir,

YOU know that a grave Fellow aſſures us, that upon the Ceſſation of Oracles, lamentable Cries were heard in the Air, proclaiming along the Coaſts the Death of the Great *Pan:* And have not you, upon this Dearth of good Senſe, and this Ceſſation of Wit, tell me truly, have not you heard

Theſe Sounds upon the Corniſh *Shore,*
The Sage Will E—— *is no more?*

Gone is the univerſal Lord of Wit! He to whom all the Wits paid Homage; for whom his Subjects ſet a Tax upon Words, and laid exorbitant Cuſtoms on Thoughts. He's dead, alas! he's dead!

Dead I mean, Sir, in a legal Capacity, that is, outlaw'd and gone into the *Fryars*; to go into which, is once more to outlaw himſelf. He has done it, Sir, and ill Fortune has brought him to be a

Felo de ſe that way: For ſince the Law thought it but juſt to put *Will* out of its Protection, *Will* thought it but prudent to put himſelf out of its Power. And ſince the Law could uſe him with ſo much Contempt, as to declare to all the World that it does not care for *Will E——*, *Will*, who is extremely ſtout in Adverſity, has declar'd by his Actions that he does not care for the Law. *Virgil* tells us in his ſixth Book, that the Souls in Hell were buſy'd about the ſame things in which they were employ'd upon Earth; even ſo does ſage *Will* uſe the ſame Nutmeg-Grater, and the ſame Tea-Pot in the *Fryars*, that he handled before in *Bow-ſtreet*. Thus has he left the Wits without any Sorrow, tho he loves them, and without taking any leave of them. For *Will* thinks they cannot be long from him, and he ſays, he expects that in a very little time his old Company ſhould be conſtant at his new Houſe. And doſt not thou think that they too have reaſon to expect the very ſame thing? For as the Death of any Man ought to put all his Friends in mind, that he went before but to lead them the way; ſo *Will*'s Departure from this miſerable Life, this leud *Covent-Garden* Life, and his ferrying from *Somerſet-ſtairs* to the infernal Shore of *Alſatia*, ſhould be a *Memento* to the reſt of the Wits, that he is but gone whither they all muſt follow.

To leave off Poetical Similies, this Body-Politick is in a curſed Condition, and cannot keep long together without a Head. The Members are at preſent in a grave Debate how to get one. To-morrow the whole Houſe will reſolve it ſelf into a Grand Committee, to conſult about Ways and Means of making Proviſion for the common Neceſſities. Some talk of an Exciſe upon *May-Dew*, and *Rasberry-Brandy*: That there will be a Poll is ſtrongly aſſerted, in which every Man is to pay according to his reſpective Condition. To-morrow it will be known, to

how

how much each Man's Quota amounts: As for example, how much a Poet is to pay, how much a Wit, how much a Politician, and how much a Critick. A Critick did I ſay? I beg your pardon. They have voted, *Nemine Contradicente*, that they will ceſs no Critick till Mr. *Moyle* returns.

I have given them my Sentiments upon the forementiond Poll, which were, That it was ſomething hard to make a Man pay for being call'd Wit, Poet, or Critick; that they ſaw by Experience lately in the State, that poor Dogs grumbled to pay for their Titles; how then could they think that People would be contented to be tax'd for their Nicknames? That in ſettling this Tax they were to take a quite contrary Method, to that which was taken upon ſettling a Tax in the State: That in the State ſometimes a Man paid for what he really had; as for example, when a Country Squire paid for his Land, or his Money; and ſometimes for what he really had not, as when a Cit that is twice dubb'd, Knight by the King, and Cuckold by his Wife, pays for his Honour and his Children. The firſt of which is but as it were his, for it is really the King's; and the ſecond of which are but as it were his, for they are really the Courtier's who help'd him to his Title. In the State too a Man is made to pay for ſomething which he does, or for ſomething which he does not: As a Jacobite pays ſo much for ſwearing when he's drunk, and ſo much more for not ſwearing when he's ſober. But that in our Caſe, if we would be exactly juſt, we ſhould make People pay neither for what they have, nor for what they have not; nor for what they do, nor for what they do not; but ſhould oblige them to pay only for pretending to have what they really have not, or for offering to do what they are utterly incapable of doing. That thus the Tax would certainly fall upon the moſt ſolvent Part of the Body. For how ridiculous

culous would it be, to tax a Man for having Poetry and Wit, when they are almoſt always Signs that he has not a Farthing to pay? On the other ſide, how abſurd would it be to tax him for a bare want of thoſe Qualities? ſince when a Man is dull without pretending, 'tis ten to one but he is poor; for Riches make Men vain, and Vanity makes them affected. But he who is not much at his eaſe, is hardly at leiſure for Affectation; and I have often ſeen, that when Vanity has thrown a Fop out of Nature, Neceſſity has brought him back again: but a rich Rogue will be ſure to be always pretending. Fortune takes pleaſure in making thoſe vain, whom Nature before made impotent, and both of them often conſpire to finiſh a Coxcomb. Thus I would have none pay, but they who put Gravity upon us for Wiſdom, Viſions for Politicks, and Quibbles for Wit; and I would have no Man at any expence for being call'd a Poet, a Wit, or a Critick, unleſs it be by himſelf. It would be equally hard to lay a Tax upon any one for his ill Fortune or for his ill Nature, ſince they are things of which no Man is Maſter. But what! A Sot cannot help his Vanity. Agreed. But then it makes him ſo much happier than he deſerves to be, that he may well be contented to pay for it. I am

From Will's *that was,*
Novemb. 5. 1695.

Your moſt humble Servant,
John Dennis.

To Mr. Wycherly *at* Cleve *near* Shrewsbury.

SIR,

WHILE I venture to write theſe Lines to you, I take it to be my Intereſt not to conſider you, as I hitherto always have done, and as for the future I always ſhall, *viz.* as Mr. *Wycherly*, as a Man ſent purpoſely into the World to charm the Ears

Ears of the wittieſt Men, and to raviſh the Hearts of the moſt beautiful Women. No, Sir, that in writing to you I may aſſume ſome Spirit, I ſhall at preſent only conſider you as the humble Hermit at *Cleve*; humble even in the full poſſeſſion of all thoſe extraordinary Qualities, the Knowledge of which has made me proud. I muſt confeſs that I have no great Opinion of that which Men generally call Humility: Humility in moſt Men is want of Heat; 'tis Phlegm, 'tis Impotence, 'tis a wretched Neceſſity, of which they who lie under it vainly endeavour to make a Virtue. But in a Man of Mr. *Wycherly*'s Make, 'tis Choice, 'tis Force of Mind, 'tis a good, 'tis a generous Condeſcenſion. And what Force of Mind is there not requiſite to bend back a Soul by perpetual Reflection, which would be always riſing, and eternally aſpiring by virtue of its inborn Fire? Yet yours, notwithſtanding all its Power, cannot wholly depreſs it ſelf, nor deſcend in every part of it. At the time that your Will vouchſafes to ſtoop, your Underſtanding ſoars, your Writings are as bold as your Converſation is modeſt (tho thoſe are bold, as this is modeſt with Judgment) and he who would do you Juſtice, muſt needs confeſs that you are a very ambitious Writer, tho a very humble Man. Yet your very Ambition has oblig'd Mankind: It has exalted human Nature, in raiſing your own by its moſt noble Efforts, and that without boaſting Preheminence. And ſurely it muſt be for this very reaſon that we feel a ſecret Pride, when we but read the Diſcoveries which you have made. Thus I cannot ſay that you are without Vanity, for never was Man exempt from it; but I can ſay, that you have made uſe even of Vanity to humble you by way of Reflection, and that you have avoided that dangerous Effect of it, Vain-Glory, the Rock upon which ſeveral great Wits before you have been ſeen to ſplit: For you have always wiſely

conſider'd,

conſider'd, that Vain-Glory in the Vulgar may be ſupportable, nay may be diverting; but that in Great Men it muſt be intolerable. That whereas in the firſt 'tis want of Diſcernment, 'tis Folly, 'tis the extravagant Blindneſs of Self-Love; in the laſt 'tis Crime, 'tis Malice, 'tis a ſecret and proud Deſign to mortify and inſult over the reſt of Men, over whom they have ſo much Advantage, that it is for this very Reaſon that we ſo deeply reſent, and ſo ſeverely revenge the mortal Affronts we receive from it. Great Wits were by Heaven predeſtin'd to rule, to rule the Minds of others, the nobleſt Empire; but when they grow outwardly vain, they grow Tyrants, and then their diſcontented Subjects rebel, and then they depoſe thoſe Kings as Uſurpers whom before they obey'd as their lawful Monarchs. But a moderate, a good, and a gracious Prince, like you, commands their Hearts as well as their Underſtandings; and under one, whom they love ſo well, they grow as proud as they are pleas'd to obey. Our violent Inclinations make us belong to you, and therefore 'tis the Intereſt even of our Pride that you ſhould long continue in the place which your extraordinary Deſert has attain'd. Did we nothing but eſteem you as much as we do, we ſhould certainly envy you, if we did not hate you; for bare Eſteem is always forc'd upon us, whereas Inclination is much more voluntary: Beſides, as a judicious *Frenchman* obſerves, Eſteem is foreign, and comes from abroad, and is therefore receiv'd with Grumbling; but Inclination is our own, and born in our Breaſts, and is therefore careſs'd and cheriſh'd. I might add that, upon this account, it is hard to wiſh well to thoſe whom we very much eſteem, if they have not likewiſe the Skill to make themſelves be belov'd; becauſe barely to eſteem depreſſes the Spirits, as much as to love very much exalts them; it brings the Soul to a languid Temper, and gives it

t once too horrid Views of another's Excellencies, nd of its own Infirmities; but Affection gives it gitation and Warmth: and in the view of a riend's Deſert, it takes too much pleaſure, and too uch pride, to conſider its own Defects. 'Tis true, hat you are eſteem'd at this high rate, you owe to our Wit and your Penetration; but that you are eem'd without Envy, that you are with Joy and Gladneſs eſteem'd, you owe to this, That while the Force of your Fancy and Judgment makes all the World admire you, you remain your ſelf unmov'd by it; that while your Excellence fills all mouths but ours, you alone appear to be unacquainted with it. Thus while by the Merit of your extraordinary Qualities, you are known to ſurpaſs all others, it plainly appears that you have beyond all this a Greatneſs of Soul, from whence you look down on your own Merit: An infallible ſign that the Talents which we admire in you are no Illuſions, but real things; things that were born with you, and have been improv'd by you, and which you have not acquir'd. For Men are found to be vainer, upon the account of thoſe Qualities which they fondly believe they have, than of thoſe which they really have; and Hereditary Greatneſs gives Men leave to be humble, whereas Preferment occaſions Pride. None but ſuch real Greatneſs as yours can capacitate a Man to be truly humble; for the Soul which by Nature is not ſeated high, can hardly be ſaid to deſcend. If I have inſiſted too long on this ſhining Subject, a Subject which is ſo conſpicuous in you; if you look upon this tedious Letter, as one of thoſe various Perſecutions which every eminent Virtue provokes; I deſire you to conſider, that I have ſo many Obligations to this very Humility, that I look'd upon my ſelf as oblig'd by Gratitude to ſay as much as I have done. For to that I owe the Happineſs which I have frequently receiv'd in your Con-

Converſation; to that I owe the preſent Satisfaction which your Permiſſion to write to you gives me; and to that I am indebted, for the Hopes of your Anſwers: when I have receiv'd them, I ſhall then believe what you were pleas'd to tell me when I ſaw you laſt, that you are much more humble in the clear Air on your Mountain of *Cleve*, than when you are in Fog and ſulphurous Smoke in *Bowſtreet*. But at the ſame time, the Satisfaction of thinking that Diſtance does not make you forget me, will render him very proud, who is at preſent,

London, Jan. 19. 169¾. *Sir, Your very Humble Servant,* John Dennis.

Mr. Wycherly's *Anſwer to Mr.* Dennis.

Dear Sir,

YOU have found a way to make me ſatisfy'd with my Abſence from *London*, nay, what is more, with the diſtance which is now betwixt you and me. That indeed uſes to leſſen Friendſhip, but gives me the greater Mark of yours, by your kind Letter, which I had miſs'd if I had been nearer to you: So that I, who receive no Rents here, yet muſt own if I did I could not receive greater Satisfaction than I had from yours, worth even a Letter of Exchange, or Letters-Patent; for I value your Friendſhip more than Mony, and am prouder of your Approbation than I ſhould be of Titles. For the having the good Opinion of one who knows Mankind ſo well, argues ſome Merit in me, upon which every Man ought to conſider himſelf more than upon the Goods of Fortune. I had rather be thought your Friend in proof of my Judgment and good Senſe, than a Friend to the Muſes; and had rather have you, than them, thought mine. If I am, as you ſay, at once proud and humble, 'tis ſince

ſince I have known I have had the honour to pleaſe you; tho your Praiſe rather humbles than makes me (tho a damn'd Poet) more vain. For it is ſo great, that it rather ſeems the Raillery of a witty Man, than the Sincerity of a Friend; and rather proves the Copiouſneſs of your own Invention, than juſtifies the Fertility of mine. But I fear I am forfeiting the Character of the Plain-dealer with you; and ſeem like vain Women or vainer Men, to refuſe Praiſe but to get more; and ſo by returning your Compliments, ſhew my ſelf grateful out of Intereſt, as Knaves are punctual in ſome Payments, but to augment their Credit. And for your Praiſe of my Humility, (the only Mark of my Knowledge, ſince it is a Mark of my knowing my ſelf) you have prais'd that to its deſtruction, and have given me ſo much, you have left me none. Like thoſe Admirers, who praiſe a young Maid's Modeſty till they deprive her of it. But let me tell you, 'tis not to my Humility that you owe my Friendſhip, but to my Ambition; ſince I can have no greater, than to be eſteem'd by you, and the World, your Friend, and to be known to all Mankind for,

Dear Sir, Your Humble Servant,

W. Wycherly.

Poſtſcript.

My dear Friend, I have no way to ſhow my Love to you in my abſence, but by my Jealouſy. I would not have my Rivals in your Friendſhip, the *Cheeks*, the *D'urfeys*, the *Wymerſells*, and the reſt of your Tavern Friends, enjoy your Converſation while I cannot: tho I confeſs, 'tis to their Intereſt to make you dumb with Wine, that they may be heard in your Company; tho it were more the Demonſtration of their Wit to hear you, than to be heard by you. For my own part, I am ambitious of your Com-

Company alone in ſome Solitude, where you and I might be all one. For I am ſure, if I can pretend to any Senſe, I can have no Inſtruction or Satisfaction of Life, better than your Example and your Society.

My Service pray, to all my Friends, that is, to all yours whom I know; and be charitable (as often as you can) to the abſent, which you good Wits ſeldom are; I mean, be charitable with your Letters to

Your Humble Servants.

Poſtſcript.

Pray let me have more of your Letters, tho they ſhould rally me with Compliments undeſerv'd, as your laſt has done; for like a Country Eſquire I am in love with a Town-Wit's Converſation, tho it be but at a diſtance that I am forced to have it, and tho it abuſes me while I enjoy it.

From Cleve *near* Shrewsbury,
Febr. 4. 169¾.

Mr. Dennis *to Mr.* Wycherly.

Dear Sir,

A Man who has the Vanity of pretending to write, muſt certainly love you extremely well, if he does not hate you after he has receiv'd from you ſuch a Letter as yours: And he muſt undoubtedly ſhew a great deal of Friendſhip, when he aſſures you he does not envy you the very Lines by which you commend him. A Man had need be very well acquainted with the Goodneſs of your Nature, to be ſatisfy'd that you do not praiſe with a wicked Deſign to mortify. There are few Writers ſo humble, whom Mr. *Wycherly*'s Commendation would not render vain; but then there are few Writers ſo proud, whom the Wit that Mr. *Wycherly* ſhews in commending

ing them would not humble. So that a Man who did not know you, would be apt to believe that whenever you write to praiſe, you do but like a Wreſtler, who lifts People up, on purpoſe to throw them down; and the higher he raiſes them, makes their Fall the greater. Your Commendation is to a modeſt Man, what the ſecond Bottle is to a ſober Man: it raiſes his Vigour while he is ſwallowing it; but the Wit is as ſure to make the one melancholy upon mature Reflection, as the Wine is certain to leave the other ſpiritleſs after the third Concoction. But our Infirmity cannot be your fault, to whom we are oblig'd for your generous Intentions, which give you ſuch a peculiar Diſtinction from ordinary Men of Wit. Indeed, by a juſt and a noble Confidence, which you may repoſe in your ſelf, you may always very ſafely commend; becauſe you may be always ſure to ſurpaſs. 'Tis prudent and noble at once in a Conqueror to extol the Conquered. To praiſe the Excellence which he o'ercomes, is but to commend himſelf. Beſides, it wins the very Heart and Soul of him that is overcome, if he has but Virtue enough to be ſo ſubdu'd; and makes him willing to leave his laſt Retrenchment. It would long ſince have had that effect upon me, if the reſt of your good Qualities had not prevented it; which have ſo cloſely and ſo intirely ty'd me to you, that whenever I receive a Letter from you, my Vanity is ſure to gain on the one ſide, what it is certain to loſe on the other: For if I am mortify'd as to my own Wit, I do not fail to value my ſelf upon yours.

London, Sept. 10. 95. *I am*, &c.

To Mr. Wycherly.

Dear Sir,

THE laſt time I was at *Will*'s, I had the mortification to hear, that our Friend Mr. —— had met with a Diſappointment in ——; at which, ſome who were preſent were glad, affirming, that Succeſs would have thrown him out of his Element; for that a Man of Wit is not qualify'd for Buſineſs ſo well as a Blockhead. I have ſince had ſome Thoughts concerning that matter, which I here ſend you, and of which I deſire your Opinion.

Upon Reflection, I have found out the following Reaſons, why Blockheads are thought to be fitteſt for Buſineſs, and why they really ſucceed in it.

Firſt, As their Brains are a great deal colder than thoſe are of Men of Wit, they muſt have but very ſtrait Imaginations, and very barren Inventions; from whence it follows, that they have but few Thoughts, and that a few Objects fill their Capacities.

Secondly, It is reaſonable enough to believe, that ſince they are uncapable of many Thoughts, thoſe few which they have, are determin'd by their Neceſſities, their Appetites, and their Deſires, to what they call their Fortunes and their Eſtabliſhments.

Thirdly, It is not very hard to conceive, that ſince a Blockhead has but a few Thoughts, and perhaps but one all his Life-time, which is his Intereſt; he ſhould have it more perfect, and better digeſted, than Men of Wit have the ſame Thought, who perhaps have a thouſand every hour.

Fourthly, It is eaſy to comprehend, that ſince ſuch a one has but a few Thoughts, or perhaps but one, which by often revolving in his Mind, he has digeſted, and brought to perfection, he ſhould readily

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paſs from Thought to Action. For he muſt grow weary of thinking ſo often of one and the ſame thing; and ſince the Nature of the Soul requires Agitation, as ſoon as his little Speculation ceaſes, he muſt of neceſſity act to divert himſelf.

Fifthly, It will be certainly found, that as a little Thought often makes a Man active in Buſineſs, ſo a little Judgment often makes him diligent; for he may well be eager in the Purſuit of thoſe things, on which, ſeduced by Paſſion and vulgar Opinion, he ſets an exorbitant Value; and concerning whoſe Natures and Incertainty, he is not very capable of making ſolid Reflections. For tho Prudence may oblige a Man to ſecure a Competency, yet never was any one by right Reaſon induced to ſeek Superfluities.

Sixthly, Penury of Thought ſuppoſes Littleneſs of Soul, which is often requiſite for the ſucceeding in Buſineſs: For a Blockhead is ſordid enough to deſcend to Trick and Artifice, which in Buſineſs are often neceſſary to procure Succeſs, unleſs they are more than ſupply'd by a Prudence deriv'd from a conſummate Experience, or from a great Capacity.

Thus have I endeavour'd to give the reaſon, why a Fool ſucceeds better in Buſineſs than a Man of Wit, who has a multitude of Thoughts, and which fly at the nobleſt Objects; and who finds that there is ſomething ſo pleaſing, and ſo noble, in thinking rightly, and more eſpecially in the ſublime Speculations of exalted Reaſon, that he finds it intolerably irkſome to deſcend to Action, and abhors the very Thought of being diligent in things, for which he has an extreme Contempt.

Thus you ſee, that in ſome meaſure a Fool may be ſaid to be better fitted out for Buſineſs, than a Man of Wit. But it is high time to diſtinguiſh. For firſt, when I ſay that a Blockhead is fitted for Buſineſs, I mean only for little Buſineſs: for to affirm, that he is qualify'd for Affairs that require

Extent of Capacity, would be a Contradiction in Terms. Secondly, when I affirm, that a Man of Wit is leſs capacitated for Buſineſs, I mean that he is leſs ſo, as long as he keeps in his natural Temper, and remains in a State of Tranquillity. But if once he comes to be thrown out of that by the Force of a violent Paſſion, and fir'd with Zeal for his Country's Service, or enflam'd by Ambition, and Buſineſs can be made ſubſervient to the gratifying of thoſe Paſſions; then I dare boldly affirm, that one Man of Wit will go further than a thouſand of thoſe who want it: of which it would be eaſy to give more than one Inſtance amongſt our preſent Miniſters. But I will be contented with putting you in mind, that none of the *Romans* had more Wit than *Cæſar*, and none of the *French* than *Richelieu*.

Before I conclude, I muſt give you a Caution; which is, that by the word Blockhead, I do not mean one that is ſtupid, but that I apply that word according to the Language of you Men of Wit, to one who thinks but a little: And that on the other ſide, by a Man of Wit I do not mean every Coxcomb whoſe Imagination has got the aſcendant of his little Reaſon; but a Man like you, Sir, or our moſt ingenious Friend, in whom Fancy and Judgment are like a well-match'd Pair: the firſt like an extraordinary Wife, that appears always beautiful, and always charming, yet is at all times decent, and at all times chaſte; the ſecond like a prudent and well-bred Husband, whoſe very Sway ſhews his Complaiſance, and whoſe very Indulgence ſhows his Authority.

Octob. 30. *I am, Dear Sir, your moſt Humble Servant,*

John Dennis.

To

To Mr. Dryden.

SIR,

THO no Man writes to his Friends with greater Eaſe, or with more Chearfulneſs, than my ſelf; and tho I have lately had the Preſumption to place you at the head of that ſmall Party, nevertheleſs I have experienc'd with grief, that in writing to you I have not found my old Facility.

Since I came to this place, I have taken up my Pen ſeveral times in order to write to you, but have conſtantly at the very beginning found my ſelf damp'd and diſabled; upon which I have been apt to believe, that extraordinary Eſteem may ſometimes make the Mind as impotent as a violent Love does the Body, and that the vehement Deſire we have to exert it, extremely decays our Ability. I have heard of more than one luſty Gallant, who, tho he could at any time with Readineſs and Vigour poſſeſs the Woman whom he lov'd but moderately, yet when he has been about to give his darling Miſtreſs, whom he has vehemently and long deſir'd, the firſt laſt Proof of his Paſſion, has found on a ſudden that his Body has jaded and grown reſty under his Soul, and gone backward the faſter, the more he has ſpurr'd it forward. Eſteem has wrought a like effect upon my Mind. My extraordinary Inclination to ſhew that I honour you at an extraordinary rate, and to ſhew it in words that might not be altogether unworthy Mr. *Dryden*'s Peruſal, incapacitates me to perform the very Action to which it incites me, and Nature ſinks in me under the fierce Effort: But I hope you will have the goodneſs to pardon a Weakneſs that proceeds from a Cauſe like this, and to conſider that I had pleas'd you more if I had honour'd you leſs. Who knows but that yet I

may pleaſe you, if you encourage me to mend my Fault? To which, if you knew but the place I am in, Charity would engage you, tho Juſtice could not oblige you. For I am here in a Deſart, depriv'd of Company, and depriv'd of News; in a place where I can hear nothing at all of the Publick, and what proves it ten times more a Deſart, nothing at all of you: For all who are at preſent concern'd for their Country's Honour, hearken more after your Preparatives, than thoſe for the next Campaign. Theſe laſt may poſſibly turn to our Confuſion, ſo uncertain are the Events of War; but we know that whatever you undertake muſt prove glorious to *England*, and tho the *French* may meet with Succeſs in the Field, by you we are ſure to conquer them. In War there are a thouſand unlook'd-for Accidents, which happen every day, and Fortune appears no where more like her ſelf; but in a Combat of Wit, the more humane Contention, and the more glorious Quarrel, Merit will be always ſure to prevail: And therefore tho I can but hope that the Confederate Forces will give chaſe to *De Lorges* and *Luxemburgh*, I am very confident that *Boileau* and *Racine* will be forced to ſubmit to you. Judge therefore if I, who very much love my Country, and who ſo much eſteem you, muſt not with a great deal of impatience expect to hear from you.

Baſby-Heath, Jan. 169$\frac{3}{4}$. *I am, Sir, your moſt Humble Servant.*

Mr. Dryden *to Mr.* Dennis.

My Dear Mr. Dennis,

WHEN I read a Letter ſo full of my Commendations as your laſt, I cannot but conſider you as the Maſter of a vaſt Treaſure, who having more than enough for your ſelf, are forc'd to

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ebb out upon your Friends. You have indeed the beſt Right to give them, ſince you have them in Propriety; but they are no more mine when I receive them, than the Light of the Moon can be allow'd to be her own, who ſhines but by the Reflection of her Brother. Your own Poetry is a more powerful Example, to prove that the Modern Writers may enter into compariſon with the Antients, than any which *Perault* could produce in *France*; yet neither he, nor you who are a better Critick, can perſuade me that there is any room left for a ſolid Commendation at this time of day, at leaſt for me. If I undertake the Tranſlation of *Virgil*, the little which I can perform, will ſhew at leaſt, that no Man is fit to write after him, in a barbarous modern Tongue. Neither will his Machines be of any ſervice to a Chriſtian Poet. We ſee how ineffectually they have been try'd by *Taſſo*, and by *Arioſto*. 'Tis uſing them too dully, if we only make Devils of his Gods: As if, for example, I would raiſe a Storm, and make uſe of *Æolus*, with this only difference, of calling him Prince of the Air; what Invention of mine would there be in this, or who would not ſee *Virgil* thorow me; only the ſame Trick play'd over again by a bungling Juggler? *Boileau* has well obſerv'd, that it is an eaſy matter in a Chriſtian Poem for God to bring the Devil to Reaſon. I think I have given a better Hint for new Machines in my Preface to *Juvenal*; where I have particularly recommended two Subjects, one of King *Arthur*'s Conqueſt of the *Saxons*, and the other of the *Black Prince* in his Conqueſt of *Spain*. But the Guardian Angels of Monarchies and Kingdoms are not to be touch'd by every Hand. A Man muſt be deeply converſant in the Platonick Philoſophy to deal with them: And therefore I may reaſonably expect, that no Poet of our Age will preſume to handle theſe Machines, for fear of diſcovering his

own Ignorance; or if he ſhould, he might perhaps be ingrateful enough not to own me for his Benefactor. After I have confeſs'd thus much of our modern Heroick Poetry, I cannot but conclude with Mr. *Rymer*, that our *Engliſh* Comedy is far beyond any thing of the Antients. And notwithſtanding our Irregularities, ſo is our Tragedy. *Shakeſpear* had a Genius for it; and we know, in ſpite of Mr. *Rymer*, that Genius alone is a greater Virtue (if I may ſo call it) than all other Qualifications put together. You ſee what Succeſs this learned Critick has found in the World, after his blaſpheming *Shakeſpear*. Almoſt all the Faults which he has diſcover'd are truly there; yet who will read Mr. *Rymer*, or not read *Shakeſpear?* For my own part, I reverence Mr. *Rymer*'s Learning, but I deteſt his Ill-Nature and his Arrogance. I indeed, and ſuch as I, have reaſon to be afraid of him, but *Shakeſpear* has not. There is another part of Poetry, in which the *Engliſh* ſtand almoſt upon an equal foot with the Antients; and 'tis that which we call Pindarick, introduced, but not perfected, by our famous Mr. *Cowley*: and of this, Sir, you are certainly one of the greateſt Maſters. You have the Sublimity of Senſe as well as Sound, and know how far the Boldneſs of a Poet may lawfully extend. I could wiſh you would cultivate this kind of Ode, and reduce it either to the ſame Meaſures which *Pindar* us'd, or give new Meaſures of your own. For as it is, it looks like a vaſt Tract of Land newly diſcover'd. The Soil is wonderfully fruitful, but unmanur'd; overſtock'd with Inhabitants, but almoſt all Salvages, without Laws, Arts, Arms, or Policy. I remember poor *Nat. Lee*, who was then upon the Verge of Madneſs, yet made a ſober and a witty Anſwer to a bad Poet, who told him, *It was an eaſy thing to write like a Madman: No*, ſaid he, *'tis very difficult to write like a Madman, but 'tis a very eaſy matter to*

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write like a Fool. *Otway* and he are ſafe by Death from all Attacks, but we, poor Poets Militant (to uſe Mr. *Cowley*'s Expreſſion) are at the mercy of wretched Scriblers: And when they cannot faſten upon our Verſes, they fall upon our Morals, our Principles of State and Religion. For my Principles of Religion, I will not juſtify them to you; I know yours are far different. For the ſame reaſon, I ſhall ſay nothing of my Principles of State. I believe you in yours follow the Dictates of your Reaſon, as I in mine do thoſe of my Conſcience. If I thought my ſelf in an Error, I would retract it; I am ſure that I ſuffer for them: and *Milton* makes even the Devil ſay, That no Creature is in love with Pain. For my Morals, betwixt Man and Man, I am not to be my own Judge. I appeal to the World if I have deceived or defrauded any Man: And for my private Converſation, they who ſee me every day can be the beſt Witneſſes, whether or no it be blameleſs and inoffenſive. Hitherto I have no reaſon to complain that Men of either Party ſhun my Company. I have never been an impudent Beggar at the Doors of Noblemen: My Viſits have indeed been too rare to be unacceptable; and but juſt enough to teſtify my Gratitude for their Bounty, which I have frequently receiv'd, but always unask'd, as themſelves will witneſs. I have written more than I needed to you on this Subject: For I dare ſay you juſtify me to your ſelf. As for that which I firſt intended for the principal Subject of this Letter, which is my Friend's Paſſion, and his Deſign of Marriage, on better Conſideration I have chang'd my Mind; for having had the Honour to ſee my dear Friend *Wycherly*'s Letter to him on that occaſion, I find nothing to be added or amended. But as well as I love Mr. *Wycherly*, I confeſs I love my ſelf ſo well, that I will not ſhew how much I am inferior to him in Wit and Judgment, by undertaking

dertaking any thing after him. There is *Moſes* and the Prophets in his Counſel. *Jupiter* and *Juno*, as the Poets tell us, made *Tireſias* their Umpire, in a certain merry Diſpute, which fell out in Heaven betwixt them. *Tireſias*, you know, had been of both Sexes, and therefore was a proper Judge; our Friend Mr. *Wycherly* is full as competent an Arbitrator. He has been a Batchelor, and marry'd Man, and is now a Widower. *Virgil* ſays of *Cenens*,

Nunc Vir nunc Fœmina Cenens,
Rurſus & in veterem fato revoluta figuram.

Yet I ſuppoſe he will not give any large Commendations to his middle State: nor, as the Sailor ſaid, will be fond after a Shipwreck to put to Sea again. If my Friend will adventure after this, I can but wiſh him a good Wind, as being his, and,

My Dear Mr. Dennis,
Your moſt Affectionate
and moſt Faithful Servant,
John Dryden.

Written for my Lady C. *to her Couſin* W—— *of the* Temple. *By Mr.* Dennis.

After having received from him a Copy of Verſes on her Beauty.

Couſin,

I Received yours with the Verſes inclos'd, and here return you my hearty Thanks for the Face, the Shape, the Mien, which you have ſo generouſly beſtow'd upon me. From looking upon your Verſes, I went to my Glaſs. But, Jeſu! The difference! Tho I bought it to flatter me, yet compar'd to you, I found it a Plain-dealer. It ſhow'd me immediately, that I have been a great deal more beholden

beholden to you, than I have been to Nature; for ſhe only form'd me not frightful, but you have made me divine. But as you have been a great deal kinder than Nature has been to me, I think my ſelf oblig'd, in requital, to be a good deal more liberal than Heaven has been to you, and to allow you as large a Stock of Wit as you have given me of Beauty. Since ſo honeſt a Gentleman, as your ſelf, has ſtretched his Conſcience to commend my Perſon, I am bound in Gratitude to do violence to my Reaſon, to extol your Verſes. When I left the Town, I deſir'd you to furniſh me with the News of the Place, and the firſt thing I have receiv'd from you, is a Copy of Verſes on my Beauty: By which you dexterouſly infer, that the moſt extraordinary Piece of News you can ſend me, is to tell me that I am handſome. By which ingenious Inference, you had infallibly brought the Scandal of a Wit upon you, if your Verſes had not ſtood up in your Juſtification.

But tell me truly, Couſin, could you think that I ſhould prove ſo eaſy a Creature, as to believe all that you have ſaid of me? How could you find in your heart to make ſuch a Fool of me, and ſuch a Cheat of your ſelf? To intoxicate me with Flattery, and draw me in to truck my little Stock of Wit and Judgment, for a mere Imagination of Beauty; when the real thing too falls ſo infinitely ſhort of what you would make me exchange for the very Fancy of it. For, Couſin, there is this conſiderable Difference between the Merit of Wit and Beauty, That Men are never violently influenc'd by Beauty, unleſs it has weaken'd their Reaſon; and never feel half the force of Wit, unleſs their Judgments are ſound. The principal time in which thoſe of your Sex admire Beauty in ours, is between Seventeen and Thirty, that is, after they are paſt their Innocence, and before they are come to their Judgments. And now, Couſin, have not you been commending

mending a pretty Quality in me, to admire which, as I have juſt ſhewn you, ſuppoſes not only a corrupted Will, but a raw Underſtanding? Beſides, how frail, how tranſitory is it! Nature deprives us of it at Thirty, if Diſeaſes ſpare it till then. By which conſtant Proceeding ſhe ſeems to imply, that ſhe gives it us as a Gugaw to pleaſe us in the Childhood of our Reaſons; and takes it from us as a thing below us, when we come to Years of Diſcretion. Thus, Couſin, have you been commending a Quality in me, which has nothing of true Merit in it, and of which I have no greater a ſhare, than to keep me from being ſcandalous. So that all I could have got by your Kindneſs, if I had parted with my Judgment, in order to reap the Benefit of it, had been nothing but wretched Conceit and ridiculous Affectation. If I thought you had enough of the gallant Man in you, to take what I ſay in good part, I would adviſe you to engage no further in Poetry. Be rul'd by a Woman for once, and mind your *Cook upon Littleton.* Rather pettifog than flatter: For if you are reſolv'd to be a Cheat, you will ſhow at leaſt ſome Conſcience, in reſolving rather to chouſe People of their Money, than to bubble them of their Underſtandings. Beſides, Couſin, you have not a Genius which will make a great Poet; and be pleas'd to conſider, that a ſmall Poet is a ſcandalous Wight; that indifferent Verſes are very bad ones, and that an inſipid Panegyrick upon another is a ſevere Libel upon your ſelf. Beſides, there will ſtart up a Satire one day, and then Woe be to cold Rhymers. *Old England* is not yet ſo barren, but there will ariſe ſome generous Spirit, who, beſides a Stock of Wit and good Senſe, which are no very common Qualities, will not only be furniſh'd with a ſound Judgment, which is an extraordinary Talent; but with a true Taſte for Eloquence and Wit, which is ſcarce any where to be found,

and

and which comprehends not only a juſt Diſcernment, but a fine Penetration, and a delicate Criticiſm. Such a Satiriſt as this, Couſin, muſt ariſe; and therefore you had beſt take care, by a judicious Silence, that whenever he appears, he may be ſure to divert you, and not afflict you. I am, *&c.*

To Mr. Wycherly, *at* Will's *Coffee-houſe in* Covent-Garden.

I Receiv'd your Panegyrick upon Puns, which I ſo approve of, that I am reſolv'd to get it printed, and bound up with *Eraſmus*'s Praiſe of Folly. Yet to confeſs a Truth, I was ſomething diſſatisfy'd to ſee Quibbling commended with ſo much Wit: For nothing can be writ with more Wit than your Letter, to the Reſerve of the Quibbles; which I ſuppoſe you inſerted amongſt ſo many things which are ſo finely ſaid, leſt theſe ſhould have render'd you too vain, or too much have mortify'd me: But pray, after this Panegyrick upon Quibbles, give me leave to ask you the ſame Queſtion that the *Lacedemonians* ask'd the Sophiſter, who harangu'd in the Praiſe of *Hercules*. By the way, did you ever expect to hear a Quibble compar'd to *Hercules?* There's a Simile for you. I think, as *Novel* ſays, that's new. You, who are cry'd up for ſo great a Wit, tell me, without Envy, could you ever have thought upon that? But to return to my Queſtion. Here you have ſpent a great deal of time in the defence of Quibbles. Who ſaid a word againſt them? The Devil a Syllable did I mention of them in mine. It is true, I cited honeſt Mr. *Swan*; but it is a hard Caſe, if the quoting an Author muſt be conſtru'd the condemning his Works. I have a great Reſpect and Kindneſs for Mr. *Swan*, as I have for all who have any Excellence. And truly, I think that for the Management of Quibbles

Quibbles and Dice, there is no Man alive comes near him. And let me tell you, Sir, for all your new Emulation, he is a better Quibbler than you. But it is high time to give over Raillery: For if you were my Father a thouſand times, let me die if I would not rigorouſly examine that part of your Letter which pretends to defend Quibbling. You ſay that I am too nice, and that my Averſion has ſomething in it that is very like Affectation. But here you muſt give me leave to turn your own Simile upon you: Can a Man be juſtly accus'd of Niceneſs or Affectation, becauſe he appears offended at a Stink? When I tell you that Quibbling is extremely fooliſh; you know it is fooliſh enough, you reply, but it is a fooliſh thing that diverts. And do you think this Knowledge of it will excuſe the Folly? Give me leave to reſume the aforemention'd Simile: Suppoſe a Fellow, who breaks Wind, ſhould ſay to the Company, while they are cajoling their offended Noſes with Snuff; Look you, Gentlemen, I know I am a brutal Dog for this, this is very naſty, but Begad it is very diverting: Would the Excuſe think you be current? A Quibble diverts: Right; and ſo does a Hobby-Horſe, which in my mind, for thoſe who can be diverted without Reaſon, is the better Bawble of the two. A Quibble diverts! Jeſu! That this ſhould be ſpoken at *Will's*? Can there be a more damnable Satire upon Wit, than that ſo many Gentlemen, who have ſo very much of it, ſhould be forc'd to play the Fool to divert one another? But, for God's ſake, what do you mean when you ſay a Quibble diverts you? It makes you laugh, I warrant. Why the greateſt Coxcomb about the Town ſhall outdo you in laughing at any time. Nature, who has dealt impartially with her Children, and who has given them but two Diſtinctions from Beaſts, Reaſon and Laughter, has, where ſhe has beſtow'd the more of the one, conferr'd

err'd the leſs of the other; and therefore a Coxcomb will laugh at nothing. Ay, that indeed, ſay you, is a Sign of a Fool. Well! my dear Friend, I have ſo much Kindneſs for thee, that out of thy own Mouth thou ſhalt not be judg'd: For if a Quibble is not Wit, it is nothing. But it is at as great a diſtance from Wit, as an Idol is from the Deity; and I will no more believe nauſeous Equivocals to be Wit, becauſe ſome Sots have admir'd them, than I will believe Garlick to be God, becauſe the *Ægyptians* ador'd it. Nay, it is a more damnable Sign of Stupidity in an *Engliſhman* to make Wit of a Quibble, than it was in the *Ægyptians* to make a God of their Garlick. But to return from whence I digreſs'd; I have never appear'd ſo much a Stoick, but that I have been as much for Diverſion as any of you. But then am I for the Diverſion of reaſonable Men and of Gentlemen. If there be any Diverſion in Quibbling, it is a Diverſion of which a Fool and a Porter is as capable as is the beſt of you. And therefore *Ben. Johnſon*, who writ every thing with Judgment, and who knew the Scum of the People, whenever he brings in a Porter or Tankard-Bearer, is ſure to introduce him quibbling: But if Punning be a Diverſion, it is a very ſtrange one. There is as much Difference between the ſilly Satisfaction which we have from a Quibble, and the raviſhing Pleaſure which we receive from a beautiful Thought, as there is betwixt a faint Salute and Fruition. But what would you have us do, you cry? Men of the greateſt Parts are no more to be found with Wit always about them, than rich Rogues with always the Ready. Why, look you, Sir, as the firſt Step to Wiſdom is to be freed from Folly, ſo the firſt Approach to Wit is a Contempt of Quibbling. If it happens at any time that you have not your Wit about you, we will either have Patience till ſuch a time as you have, or take

good

good Senſe in the lieu of it: If you are not in a Condition to delight us, we will be contented to be inſtructed; we will make your Inſtruction nouriſh our Vanity, ſo turn even that to Delight. Nay, there is ſomething noble in right Reaſon, and conſequently ſomething delightful. Truth is ſo divinely beautiful, that it muſt pleaſe eternally; but Falſhood is baſe, and muſt ſhock all generous Minds, and every Equivocal is but ambiguous Falſhood; that is, the pitifulleſt, the baſeſt of Falſhoods.

To Walter Moyle *Eſq;*

Dear Sir,

THO you are already indebted a Letter to me, yet I think fit to give you Credit for another, tho perhaps you may little deſire to run into Debt this way. But it is for two Reaſons that I give you the Trouble of this: For, in the firſt place, I am taking a Turn for a little time into the Country, and I deſign that the Prevention of this ſhould make ſome Amends for the Delay of my next. In the ſecond place, I have made ſome Proviſion of Scandal, which I am willing to make uſe of before it grows ſtale upon my hands. Juſt after I writ my laſt, I threw my ſelf into a detach'd Party, which march'd from *Will*'s to * *Namur*, with the ſame Deſign that the Volunteers went to *Breſt*, to keep out of the Fray, and be Spectators of the Action. However, before they were come to Blows, I went amongſt the Tents, and had ſome Diſcourſe with Major-General *Ramſey*, whom I found to be Father to Mr. *Bays*'s *Parthenope*. For the Major-General is a very honeſt Fellow, who ſells Ale by the Town-Wall: We had the Satisfaction to ſee that the Town was taken, and the whole Siege was carry'd on as

* *A Droll at* Bartholomew-Fair.

Sieges

Sieges generally are, with a great deal more Noiſe than Miſchief. On Monday laſt, which was the ſecond of *September*, I travell'd into the City, where I had the Satisfaction to ſee two very ridiculous Sights. The firſt was a Bawd carted for an Action, which had ſome relation to that memorable Day; for ſhe was convicted of being an Accomplice in ſetting fire to an antient and venerable Pile of the City, that is, ſhe was found guilty of being inſtrumental in the clapping an Alderman. I ſtood in a Bookſeller's Shop to ſee her paſs, which Bookſeller was packing up ſome ſcoundrel Authors to ſend them away to the Plantations. Theſe Authors are Criminals, which being ſentenc'd to be burnt here, have at laſt found Grace, and got off with Tranſportation. You remember the terrible News that we heard at *P*——, which, as it ſprung from a ridiculous Occaſion, that is, my Lady Mayoreſs's Goſſipping, has had a comical Conſequence. For the Common-Council have made an Order, by which my Lady Mayoreſs is diſpens'd during the Wars, from ſeeing thoſe Children born in the City which are got in the Suburbs; that is, from being preſent at one of their Wife's Labours. But 'tis time to return to the Fair. Laſt night I took a Turn in the Cloiſters, where I was entertain'd with a great many Dialogues between Vizour and Vallancy Wig; upon which I leave you to be Judge, whether my Eyes or my Ears were the better entertain'd of the two. For I heard a great deal of unintelligible Language, addreſs'd to a great many inviſible Faces: As if becauſe the Women had reſolv'd not to be ſeen, the Men had determin'd not to be underſtood, and had in revenge eclips'd the Light of their Underſtanding by Fuſtian, as the others had obſcur'd the Luſtre of their Eyes by Velvet. Formerly the Ladies made uſe of White and Red to attract, but within theſe thirty

Years Black has ſucceeded, and the Devil is found more tempting in his proper Colour. I have neither Time nor Place for any more. You ſhall have the reſt by the firſt Opportunity.

Yours, *&c.*

Mr. Congreve *to Mr.* Dennis.

Concerning Humour in Comedy.

Dear Sir,

YOU write to me, that you have entertain'd your ſelf two or three days, with reading ſeveral Comedies of ſeveral Authors; and your Obſervation is, that there is more of *Humour* in our *Engliſh* Writers, than in any of the other Comick Poets, Antient or Modern. You deſire to know my Opinion, and at the ſame time my Thought of that which is generally call'd *Humour* in Comedy.

I agree with you, in an impartial Preference of our *Engliſh* Writers, in that Particular. But if I tell you my Thoughts of *Humour*, I muſt at the ſame time confeſs, that what I take for true *Humour*, has not been ſo often written even by them, as is generally believ'd: And ſome who have valu'd themſelves, and have been eſteem'd by others, for that kind of Writing, have ſeldom touch'd upon it. To make this appear to the World, would require a long and labour'd Diſcourſe, and ſuch as I neither am able nor willing to undertake. But ſuch little Remarks, as may be contain'd within the Compaſs of a Letter, and ſuch unpremeditated Thoughts, as may be communicated between Friend and Friend, without incurring the Cenſure of the World, or ſetting up for a Dictator, you ſhall have from me, ſince you have enjoin'd it.

To define *Humour*, perhaps, were as difficult as to define *Wit*; for, like that, it is of infinite Variety.

To

To enumerate the ſeveral *Humours* of Men, were a Work as endleſs, as to ſum up their ſeveral Opinions. And in my mind the *Quot Homines tot Sententiæ*, might have been more properly interpreted of *Humour*; ſince there are many Men, of the ſame Opinion in many things, who are yet quite different in Humours. But tho we cannot certainly tell what *Wit* is, or what *Humour* is, yet we may go near to ſhew ſomething, which is not *Wit*, or not *Humour*; and yet often miſtaken for both. And ſince I have mention'd *Wit* and *Humour* together, let me make the firſt Diſtinction between them, and obſerve to you that *Wit is often miſtaken for Humour*.

I have obſerv'd, that when a few things have been wittily and pleaſantly ſpoken by any Character in a Comedy; it has been very uſual for thoſe, who make their Remarks on a Play while it is acting, to ſay, *Such a thing is very humorouſly ſpoken*; *There is a great deal of Humour in that Part*. Thus the Character of the Perſon ſpeaking, it may be ſurprizingly and pleaſantly, is miſtaken for a Character of *Humour*; which indeed is a Character of *Wit*. But there is a great difference between a Comedy, wherein there are many things *Humorouſly*, as they call it, which is *Pleaſantly* ſpoken; and one, where there are ſeveral Characters of *Humour*, diſtinguiſh'd by the particular and different Humours appropriated to the ſeveral Perſons repreſented, and which naturally ariſe from the different Conſtitutions, Complexions, and Diſpoſitions of Men. The ſaying of humorous things does not diſtinguiſh Characters; for every Perſon in a Comedy may be allow'd to ſpeak them. From a witty Man they are expected; and even a *Fool* may be permitted to ſtumble on 'em by chance. Tho I make a difference betwixt *Wit* and *Humour*; yet I do not think that humorous Characters exclude Wit: No, but the Manner of *Wit* ſhould be adapted to the *Humour*. As for inſtance, a Character of a

ſplenetick and peeviſh *Humour* ſhould have a ſatirical Wit. A jolly and ſanguine *Humour* ſhould have a facetious Wit. The former ſhould ſpeak poſitively, the latter careleſly: for the former obſerves, and ſhews things as they are; the latter, rather overlooks Nature, and ſpeaks things as he would have them; and his *Wit* and *Humour* have both of them a leſs Alloy of Judgment than the others.

As *Wit*, ſo its Oppoſite, *Folly*, *is ſometimes miſtaken for Humour.*

When a Poet brings a *Character* on the Stage, committing a thouſand Abſurdities, and talking Impertinencies, roaring aloud, and laughing immoderately, on every, or rather upon no occaſion; this is a Character of Humour.

Is any thing more common, than to have a pretended Comedy ſtuff'd with ſuch Groteſque Figures, and Farce Fools? Things that either are not in Nature, or if they are, are Monſters, and Births of Miſchance; and conſequently, as ſuch, ſhould be ſtifled, and huddled out of the way, like *Sooterkins*; that Mankind may not be ſhock'd with an appearing Poſſibility of the Degeneration of a Godlike *Species*. For my part, I am as willing to laugh as any body, and as eaſily diverted with an Object truly ridiculous: but at the ſame time, I can never care for ſeeing things, that force me to entertain low Thoughts of my Nature. I don't know how it is with others, but I confeſs freely to you, I could never look long upon a Monkey, without very mortifying Reflections; tho I never heard any thing to the contrary, why that Creature is not originally of a diſtinct *Species*. As I don't think *Humour* excluſive of *Wit*, neither do I think it inconſiſtent with *Folly*; but I think the Follies ſhould be only ſuch, as Mens Humours may incline 'em to; and not Follies intirely abſtracted from Humour and Nature.

Some-

Sometimes *Perſonal Defects are miſrepreſented for Humours.*

I mean, ſometimes Characters are barbarouſly expos'd on the Stage, ridiculing natural Deformities, caſual Defects in the Senſes, and Infirmities of Age. Sure the Poet muſt both be very ill-natur'd himſelf, and think his Audience ſo, when he propoſes by ſhewing a Man deform'd, or deaf, or blind, to give them an agreeable Entertainment; and hopes to raiſe their Mirth, by what is truly an Object of Compaſſion. But much need not be ſaid upon this Head to any body, eſpecially to you, who in one of your Letters to me concerning Mr. *Johnſon's Fox*, have juſtly excepted againſt this immoral part of *Ridicule* in *Corbaccio's* Character; and there I muſt agree with you to blame him, whom otherwiſe I cannot enough admire, for his great Maſtery of true Humour in Comedy.

External Habit of Body is often miſtaken for Humour.

By *External Habit* I do not mean the ridiculous Dreſs or Clothing of a Character, tho that goes a good way in ſome receiv'd Characters. (But undoubtedly a Man's Humour may incline him to dreſs differently from other People.) But I mean a Singularity of Manners, Speech, and Behaviour, peculiar to all, or moſt of the ſame Country, Trade, Profeſſion, or Education. I cannot think that a *Humour*, which is only a Habit, or Diſpoſition contracted by Uſe or Cuſtom; for by a Diſuſe, or Compliance with other Cuſtoms, it may be worn off, or diverſify'd.

Affectation is generally miſtaken for Humour.

Theſe are indeed ſo much alike, that at a diſtance they may be miſtaken one for the other. For what is *Humour* in one, may be *Affectation* in another, and nothing is more common, than for ſome to affect particular ways of ſaying and doing things peculiar to others, whom they admire and would imi-

tate. *Humour* is the Life, *Affectation* the Picture. He that draws a Character of *Affectation*, ſhews *Humour* at the ſecond hand; he at beſt but publiſhes a Tranſlation, and his Pictures are but Copies.

But as theſe two laſt Diſtinctions are the niceſt, ſo it may be moſt proper to explain them by particular Inſtances from ſome Author of Reputation. *Humour* I take either to be born with us, and ſo of a natural Growth; or elſe to be grafted into us, by ſome accidental Change in the Conſtitution, or Revolution of the internal Habit of Body; by which it becomes, if I may ſo call it, naturaliz'd.

Humour is from Nature, *Habit* from Cuſtom, and *Affectation* from Induſtry.

Humour ſhews us as we *are*.

Habit ſhews us as we appear, under a forcible Impreſſion.

Affectation ſhews what we would be, under a voluntary Diſguiſe.

Tho here I would obſerve by the way, that a contin'd Affectation may in time become a Habit.

The Character of *Moroſe* in the *Silent Woman*, I take to be a Character of Humour. And I chuſe to inſtance this Character to you, from many others of the ſame Author, becauſe I know it has been condemn'd by many as Unnatural and Farce; and you have your ſelf hinted ſome diſlike of it, for the ſame reaſon, in a Letter to me, concerning ſome of *Johnſon*'s Plays.

Let us ſuppoſe *Moroſe* to be a Man naturally ſplenetick and melancholy; is there any thing more offenſive to one of ſuch a Diſpoſition, than Noiſe and Clamour? Let any Man that has the Spleen, (and there are enough in *England*) be Judge. We ſee common Examples of this Humour in little every day. 'Tis ten to one, but three parts in four of the Company that you dine with, are diſcompos'd and ſtartled at the cutting of a Cork, or ſcatching a

Plate

Plate with a Knife: it is a proportion of the ſame Humour, that makes ſuch or any other Noiſe offenſive to the Perſon that hears it; for there are others who will not be diſturb'd at all by it. Well; but *Moroſe*, you will ſay, is ſo extravagant, he cannot bear any Diſcourſe or Converſation above a Whiſper. Why, it is his Exceſs of this Humour, that makes him become ridiculous, and qualifies his Character for Comedy. If the Poet had given him but a moderate proportion of that Humour, 'tis odds but half the Audience would have ſided with the Character, and have condemn'd the Author, for expoſing a Humour which was neither remarkable nor ridiculous. Beſides, the Diſtance of the Stage requires the Figure repreſented to be ſomething larger than the Life; and ſure a Picture may have Features larger in proportion, and yet be very like the Original. If this Exactneſs of Quantity were to be obſerv'd in Wit, as ſome would have it in Humour; what would become of thoſe Characters that are deſign'd for Men of Wit? I believe if a Poet ſhould ſteal a Dialogue of any length, from the *Extempore* Diſcourſe of the two wittieſt Men upon Earth, he would find the Scene but coldly receiv'd by the Town. But to the purpoſe.

The Character of Sir *John Daw* in the ſame Play, is a Character of Affectation. He every where diſcovers an Affectation of Learning; when he is not only conſcious to himſelf, but the Audience alſo plainly perceives that he is ignorant. Of this kind are the Characters of *Thraſo* in the *Eunuch* of *Terence*, and *Pyrgopolinices* in the *Miles Glorioſus* of *Plautus*. They affect to be thought valiant, when both themſelves and the Audience know they are not. Now ſuch a boaſting Valour in Men who were really valiant, would undoubtedly be a *Humour*; for a fiery Diſpoſition might naturally throw a Man into the

ſame Extravagance, which is only affected in the Characters I have mention'd.

The Character of *Cob* in *Every Man in his Humour*, and moſt of the Under-Characters in *Bartholomew-Fair*, diſcover only a Singularity of Manners, appropriated to the ſeveral Educations and Profeſſions of the Perſons repreſented. They are not Humours, but Habits contracted by Cuſtom. Under this Head may be rang'd all Country-Clowns, Sailors, Tradeſmen, Jockeys, Gameſters, and ſuch-like, who make uſe of *Cants* or peculiar *Dialects* in their ſeveral Arts and Vocations. One may almoſt give a Receipt for the Compoſition of ſuch a Character: for the Poet has nothing to do, but to collect a few proper Phraſes and Terms of Art, and to make the Perſon apply them by ridiculous Metaphors in his Converſation, with Characters of different Natures. Some late Characters of this kind have been very ſucceſsful; but in my mind they may be painted without much Art or Labour, ſince they require little more than a good Memory and ſuperficial Obſervation. But true *Humour* cannot be ſhewn, without a Diſſection of Nature, and a narrow Search to diſcover the firſt Seeds, from whence it has its Root and Growth.

If I were to write to the World, I ſhould be obliged to dwell longer upon each of theſe Diſtinctions and Examples; for I know that they would not be plain enough to all Readers. But a bare Hint is ſufficient to inform you of the Notions which I have on this Subject: and I hope by this time you are of my opinion, that Humour is neither Wit, nor Folly, nor perſonal Defect, nor Affectation, nor Habit; and yet that each, and all of theſe, have been both written and received for Humour.

I ſhould be unwilling to venture even on a bare Deſcription of Humour, much more to make a Definition of it; but now my hand is in, I'll tell you what ſerves me inſtead of either. I take it to be,

A ſingular and unavoidable Manner of doing or ſaying any thing, peculiar and natural to one Man only; by which his Speech and Actions are diſtinguiſh'd from thoſe of other Men.

Our *Humour* has relation to us, and to what proceeds from us, as the Accidents have to a Subſtance; it is a Colour, Taſte, and Smell, diffuſed through all: tho our Actions are ever ſo many and different in form, they are all Splinters of the ſame Wood, and have naturally one Complexion; which tho it may be diſguiſed by Art, yet cannot be wholly chang'd: we may paint it with other Colours, but we cannot change the Grain. So the natural Sound of an Inſtrument will be diſtinguiſh'd, tho the Notes expreſs'd by it are ever ſo various, and the Diviſions ever ſo many. Diſſimulation may by degrees become more eaſy to our Practice, but it can never abſolutely tranſubſtantiate us into what we would ſeem: it would always be in ſome proportion a Violence upon Nature.

A Man may change his Opinion, but I believe he will find it a difficulty to part with his *Humour*; and there is nothing more provoking, than the being made ſenſible of that difficulty. Sometimes one ſhall meet with thoſe, who perhaps innocently enough, but at the ſame time impertinently, will ask the Queſtion, *Why are you not merry? Why are you not gay, pleaſant, and cheerful?* Then inſtead of anſwering, could I ask ſuch one, *Why are you not handſome? Why have you not black Eyes, and a better Complexion?* Nature abhors to be forced.

The two famous Philoſophers of *Epheſus* and *Abdera*, have their different Sects at this day. Some weep, and others laugh at one and the ſame thing.

I don't doubt, but you have obſerv'd ſeveral Men laugh when they are angry, others who are ſilent, ſome that are loud: yet I cannot ſuppoſe that it is the

the Paſſion of *Anger* which is in it ſelf different, or more or leſs in one than t'other; but that it is the *Humour* of the Man that is predominant, and urges him to expreſs it in that manner. Demonſtrations of Pleaſure are as various; one Man has a Humour of retiring from all Company, when any thing has happen'd to pleaſe him beyond expectation; he hugs himſelf alone, and thinks it an Addition to the Pleaſure to keep it ſecret. Another is upon Thorns till he has made Proclamation of it; and muſt make other People ſenſible of his Happineſs, before he can be ſo himſelf. So it is in Grief and other Paſſions. Demonſtrations of Love, and the Effects of that Paſſion upon ſeveral Humours, are infinitely different; but here the Ladies who abound in Servants are the beſt Judges. Talking of the Ladies, methinks ſomething ſhould be obſerved of the Humour of the Fair Sex, ſince they are ſometimes ſo kind as to furniſh out a Character for Comedy. But I muſt confeſs I have never made any Obſervation of what I apprehend to be true Humour in Women. Perhaps Paſſions are too powerful in that Sex, to let Humour have its Courſe; or may be by reaſon of their natural Coldneſs, Humour cannot exert it ſelf to that extravagant degree, which it often does in the Male Sex. For if ever any thing does appear comical or ridiculous in a Woman, I think it is little more than an acquir'd Folly, or an Affectation. We may call them the weaker Sex, but I think the true reaſon is, becauſe our Follies are ſtronger, and our Faults are more prevailing.

One might think that the Diverſity of Humour, which muſt be allowed to be diffuſed throughout Mankind, might afford endleſs Matter for the Support of Comedies. But when we come cloſely to conſider that Point, and nicely to diſtinguiſh the difference of Humours, I believe we ſhall find the contrary.

contrary. For tho we allow every Man ſomething of his own, and a peculiar Humour, yet every Man has it not in quantity to become remarkable by it; or if many do become remarkable by their Humours, yet all thoſe Humours may not be diverting. Nor is it only requiſite to diſtinguiſh what Humour will be diverting, but alſo how much of it, what part of it to ſhew in Light, and what to caſt in Shades; how to ſet it off by preparatory Scenes, and by oppoſing other Humours to it in the ſame Scene. Thro a wrong Judgment ſometimes Mens Humours may be oppoſed, when there is really no ſpecifick Difference between them; only a greater proportion of the ſame in one than t'other, occaſion'd by his having more Flegm, or Choler, or whatever the Conſtitution is, from whence their Humours derive their Source.

There is infinitely more to be ſaid on this Subject, tho perhaps I have already ſaid too much; but I have ſaid it to a Friend, who I am ſure will not expoſe it, if he does not approve of it. I believe the Subject is intirely new, and was never touch'd upon before; and if I would have any one to ſee this private Eſſay, it ſhould be ſome one, who might be provoked by my Errors in it to publiſh a more judicious Treatiſe on the Subject. Indeed I wiſh it were done, that the World being a little acquainted with the Scarcity of true Humour, and the Difficulty of finding and ſhewing it, might look a little more favourably on the Labours of them, who endeavour to ſearch into Nature for it, and lay it open to the publick View.

I don't ſay but that very entertaining and uſeful Characters, and proper for Comedy, may be drawn from Affectations, and thoſe other Qualities, which I have endeavour'd to diſtinguiſh from Humour: but I would not have ſuch impoſed on the World for

for Humour, nor eſteemed of equal Value with it. It were perhaps the Work of a long Life to make one Comedy true in all its Parts, and to give every Character in it a true and diſtinct Humour. Therefore every Poet muſt be beholden to other Helps, to make out his Number of ridiculous Characters. But I think ſuch a one deſerves to be broke, who makes all falſe Muſters; who does not ſhew one true Humour in a Comedy, but entertains his Audience to the end of the Play with every thing out of Nature.

I will make but one Obſervation to you more, and have done; and that is grounded upon an Obſervation of your own, and which I mention'd at the beginning of my Letter, *viz.* That there is more of Humour in our *Engliſh* Comick Writers than in any others. I do not at all wonder at it, for I look upon Humour to be almoſt of *Engliſh* Growth; at leaſt, it does not ſeem to have found ſuch Increaſe on any other Soil. And what appears to me to be the reaſon of it, is the great Freedom, Privilege, and Liberty which the common People of *England* enjoy. Any Man that has a Humour, is under no Reſtraint or Fear of giving it vent; they have a Proverb among them, which, may be, will ſhew the Bent and Genius of the People, as well as a longer Diſcourſe: *He that will have a Maypole, ſhall have a Maypole.* This is a Maxim with them, and their Practice is agreeable to it. I believe ſomething conſiderable too may be aſcrib'd to their feeding ſo much on Fleſh, and the Groſſneſs of their Diet in general. But I have done, let the Phyſicians agree that. Thus you have my Thoughts of *Humour*, to my power of expreſſing them in ſo little time and compaſs. You will be kind to ſhew me wherein I have err'd; and as you are very capable of giving me Inſtruction, ſo I think I have a very

very juſt Title to demand it from you, being without Reſerve,

July 10. 1695. *Your Real Friend, and Humble Servant,*

W. Congreve.

To Mr. Congreve *at* Tunbridge.

Dear Sir,

MR. *Moyle* and I have impatiently expected to hear from you. But if the Well which you drink of had ſprung up from *Lethe*, you could not have been more forgetful of us. Indeed, as the *Tunbridge* Water is good for the Spleen, it may be ſaid in ſome manner to cauſe Oblivion. But I will yet a while hope that Mr. *Moyle* and I are not of the number of things that plague you. However I am ſo ſenſible of your being mindful of me in Town, that I ſhould be ungrateful, if I ſhould complain that you do not remember me where you are. Mr. *Moyle* tells me, that you have made a favourable mention of me to a certain Lady of your Acquaintance, whom he calls ——— But then to mortify the old Man in me, or indeed rather the young, he aſſur'd me, that you had given a much better Character of him. However, for that which you gave of me, I cannot but own my ſelf obliged to you; and I look upon your Kindneſs as ſo much the greater, becauſe I am ſenſible that I do not deſerve it. And I could almoſt wiſh that your good Qualities were not quite ſo numerous, that I might be able to make you ſome Return *in ſpecie*. For commending you now, I do you but juſtice, which a Man of Honour will do to his Enemy; whereas you, by partial Praiſe, have treated me like a Friend. I make no doubt, but that you do me the juſtice to believe

believe that I am perfectly yours; and that your Merit has engaged me, and your Favours obliged me to be all my Life-time,

London, Aug. 8. 95. *Dear Sir,*

Your moſt Humble Servant,

John Dennis.

Mr. Congreve *to Mr.* Dennis.

Dear Sir,

IT is not more to keep my Word, than to gratify my Inclination, that I write to you; and tho I have thus long defer'd it, I was never forgetful of you, nor of my Promiſe. Indeed I waited in expectation of ſomething that might enable me to return the Entertainment I received from your Letters; but you repreſent the Town ſo agreeable to me, that you quite put me out of conceit with the Country, and my Deſigns of making Obſervations from it.

Before I came to *Tunbridge*, I propoſed to my ſelf the Satisfaction of communicating the Pleaſures of the Place to you: But if I keep my Reſolution, I muſt tranſcribe, and return you your own Letters; ſince I muſt own I have met with nothing elſe ſo truly delightful. When you ſuppoſe the Country agreeable to me, you ſuppoſe ſuch Reaſons why it ſhould be ſo, that while I read your Letter, I am of your mind; but when I look off, I find I am only charm'd with the Landskip which you have drawn. So that if I would ſee a fine Proſpect of the Country, I muſt deſire you to ſend it me from the Town; as if I would eat good Fruit here, perhaps the beſt way were to beg a Basket from my Friends in *Covent-Garden*. After all this, I muſt tell you, there is a great deal of Company at *Tunbridge*, and ſome very agreeable; but the greater part is of that ſort, who at home converſe only with their

own

own Relations; and conſequently when they come abroad, have few Acquaintance but ſuch as they bring with them. But were the Company better or worſe, I would have you expect no Characters from me; for I profeſs my ſelf an Enemy to Detraction; and who is there that can juſtly merit Commendation? I have a mind to write to you, without the pretence of any manner of News, as I might drink to you without naming a Health; for I intend only my Service to you. I wiſh for you very often, that I might recommend you to ſome new Acquaintance that I have made here, and think very well worth the keeping; I mean, Idleneſs and a good Stomach. You would not think how People eat here; every body has the Appetite of an *Oſtrich*, and as they drink Steel in the morning, ſo I believe at noon they could digeſt Iron. But ſure you will laugh at me for calling Idleneſs a new Acquaintance, when, to your knowledge, the greateſt part of my Buſineſs is little better. Ay, but here's the Comfort of the Change; I am idle now, without taking pains to be ſo, or to make other People ſo; for Poetry is neither in my Head, nor in my Heart. I know not whether theſe Waters may have any Communication with *Lethe*, but ſure I am, they have none with the Streams of *Helicon*. I have often wonder'd how thoſe wicked Writers of Lampoons could crowd together ſuch Quantities of execrable Verſes, tagg'd with bad Rhymes, as I have formerly ſeen ſent from this place: but I am half of opinion now, that this Well is an *Anti-Hypocrene*. What if we ſhould get a Quantity of the Water privately convey'd into the Ciſtern at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe for an Experiment? But I am extravagant——— Tho I remember *Ben. Johnſon*, in his Comedy of *Cynthia*'s Revels, makes a Well, which he there calls the Fountain of Self-Love, to be the Source of many entertaining and ridiculous Humours. I am of opinion, that ſomething

thing very comical and new might be brought upon the Stage, from a Fiction of the like nature. But now I talk of the Stage, pray if any thing new ſhould appear there, let me have an account of it; for tho Plays are a kind of Winter-Fruit, yet I know there are now and then ſome Windfalls at this time of year, which muſt be preſently ſerved up, leſt they ſhould not keep till the proper Seaſon of Entertainment. 'Tis now the time when the Sun breeds Inſects, and you muſt expect to have the Hum and Buz about your Ears, of Summer Flies and ſmall Poets. Cuckows have this time allow'd them to ſing, tho they are damn'd to Silence all the reſt of the Year. Beſides, the approaching Feaſt of St. *Bartholomew* both creates an Expectation, and beſpeaks an Allowance of unnatural Productions and monſtrous Births. Methinks the Days of *Bartholomew-Fair* are like ſo many Sabbaths, or Days of Privilege, wherein Criminals and Malefactors in Poetry are permitted to creep abroad. They put me in mind (tho at a different time of the Year) of the *Roman Saturnalia*, when all the Scum, and Rabble, and Slaves of *Rome*, by a kind of annual and limited Manumiſſion, were ſuffer'd to make abominable Mirth, and profane the Days of *Jubilee* with vile Buffoonry by Authority. But I forget that I am writing a Poſt-Letter, and run into Length like a Poet in a Dedication, when he forgets his Patron to talk of himſelf. But I will take care to make no Apology for it, leſt my Excuſe (as Excuſes generally do) ſhould add to the Fault. Beſides, I would have no Appearance of Formality, when I am to tell you that I am

Tunbridge-Wells,
Aug. 11. 95.

Your Real Friend,
and Humble Servant,
W. Congreve

To Mr.——

SIR,

I Received yours, which was the more welcome, becauſe it came without Invitation. I take it very kindly that you would write to me, more kindly than if you had made me a Preſent; for we certainly ſhew moſt Kindneſs for any one, in that which we do for him contrary to the Bent of our natural Tempers. Now I have obſerved that you have been conſtantly leſs inclin'd to ſhew your Parts than your Generoſity. At the very time that you have been prodigal of Pelf, you have been a Niggard of Wit. By a Greatneſs of Mind you have ſquander'd the firſt, as a very worthleſs thing; and by a juſt Diſcernment been thrifty of the laſt, as a very valuable Treaſure. But your Letter has given me ſome hopes, that you begin to take the Advice which I have ſo often given you; and that is, that for the Conveniency of Life, you would grow a little more frugal of Gold, and a little more free of your Senſe. And I begin to imagine that you have till now been covetous of the latter, only becauſe you were laying in a Stock, that for the time to come you may be never without the Ready. I was ſorry to hear my Friend—— quibble, tho, to give the Devil his due, it was not the worſt that ever I heard. But I was in hopes that Quibbles and Puns might have been cry'd down with the white Farthings. And I have been credibly inform'd, that *Will. Erwin* has refus'd to take *Cannudrums* of *Swan* for *Uſquebaugh* any longer; tho one would ſwear that *Iriſh* Wit might go for *Iriſh* Liquor. I wiſh you had ſent me ſome more News, tho I can make you but ſmall Return *in ſpecie*. My humble Service to Mr. *Congreve*, tell him that I wiſh him good

luck, and expect that he ſhould reconcile Fortune to Merit.

Dec. 6. 1694. *I am yours*, &c.

To Mr. Balaam.

Dear ——

THOU, it ſeems, haſt a mind to paſs for a Wit, by the very ſame means that *Eſop*'s Jack-Daw thought fit to ſet up for a Beau. (By the way I muſt tell you, that the Transformation of Beau to Wit, has ſomething more of the Miracle in it than the Change of Jack-Daw to Beau:) Yes, *B*——, with borrow'd Plumes haſt thou imp'd thy Wings. But I took more particular notice of a Couple that were plucked from a certain Bird of Night; which if we give credit to *W*—— the Knower, is a very filthy obſcene Animal: from which ominous Creature may Heaven defend us. Mortals, that is, we in the Country here, call him *Bell*; but the Gods, that is, thoſe in *Covent-Garden*, have named him *Break-a-day*. But it is time to begin to ſpeak plain *Engliſh*; for you, if I am not miſtaken, pretend to no other Language. But then, as you have writ for the witty Club, the witty Club may underſtand for you. I look upon your laſt to be the Act and Deed of them all. And you ſhall henceforward be Secretary to them, as *Julian* was to their Miſtreſſes. Tho I muſt tell you by the way, that the Affection which ſome of them ſhow for the Muſes, is not unlike that merry Paſſion, which put the little *French* Parſon into an amorous Fit for the Queen. Return them all thanks in my name for the Honour they have done me, in offering to admit me in my abſence a Member of their noble Society. But, *Domine, non ſum dignus.* However, I think my ſelf obliged to make them as extraordinary a Compliment,

as

as the *Morocco* Ambaſſador would have thought himſelf engaged to return the Univerſity of *Oxford*, if in the midſt of their extreme Civility they had offer'd to make him D. D. But to ſpeak to that part of your Letter which concerns your ſelf: I do not wonder that you go to the Play-houſe only for the ſake of your Miſtreſs; but methinks, at the Muſick-meeting the *Italian*'s Voice might have Charms for you. But as you go thither too, you ſay, only for the ſake of your Miſtreſs, I will believe, to oblige you, that ſhe does not go for the Eunuch's. Now I go to your Comedy here, purely for the Comedy ſake, which is a politick Country Club; and partly for the Muſick-ſake I go to our Muſick-Meeting, which is a pack of ſhrill-mouth'd Beagles for Trebles, and a pack of deep-mouth'd Bumkins for Baſes. And whenever our Conſort begins, half the Men in *Bucks*, in ſpite of their Souls, are our Audience. Once more I ſalute the witty Club. Tell them, that they little deſerve that Name, if they have not more Wit, than to take any thing ill I have ſaid. Aſſure them, that I know how to reſpect their good Qualities, and that I ſhall endeavour to ſet off their bad, which is a Friend's part. I am,

Dear —— yours, &c.

Poſtſcript.

In your firſt Letter you gave me notice of ſome Gentlemen who deſign'd to write to me. The Poſt before that, I had a very witty Letter from one of them. It is no hard matter to gueſs that it was from Mr. *Wycherly*. But *Cheek*'s Wit, if he ſent any, either went aſtray, or came ſhort. Who ſhould wonder at either?

To Walter Moyle *Eſq; at* Bake *in* Cornwall.

Dear Sir,

YOUR long Silence made me conjecture, that you are ſo intent upon being Burgeſs of *Bodmyn*, that you had forgot the Citizens of *Covent-Garden*. At laſt I received an agreeable Letter from you. You had beſt have a care of talking in *Cornwall* at the rate that you write to your Friends. If you do, the *Corniſh-men* may not think you rightly qualify'd to repreſent them. When you left the Town, you talk'd of a Critical Correſpondence between us. But Idleneſs on your ſide, and Ill-Humour on mine, have baulked a very hopeful Deſign. But an Accident has lately happen'd, which obliges me to provoke you: For there has juſt been a Play acted, call'd, *The Mock Marriage*, the Author of which, whoſe Name I have forgot, aſſerts dogmatically in his Preface, that he who writes by Rule ſhall only have his Labour for his Pains. I know not what this Author can mean by this. For, whom does he pretend to perſuade by this fine Aſſertion? Not Mr. *Moyle*, and me at leaſt. We know indeed very well, that a Man may write regularly, and yet fail of pleaſing; and that a Poet may pleaſe in a Play that is not regular. But this is eternally true, that he who writes regularly, *cæteris paribus*, muſt always pleaſe more than he who tranſgreſſes the Rules. Nothing can pleaſe in a Play but Nature, no not in a Play which is written againſt the Rules; and the more there is of Nature in any Play, the more that Play muſt delight. Now the Rules are nothing but an Obſervation of Nature. For Nature is Rule and Order it ſelf: There is not one of the Rules but what might be us'd to evince this. But I ſhall be contented with ſhowing ſome Inſtances of it,

even

even in the Mechanical Rules of the Unities. And firſt for that of Place; it is certain that it is in Nature impoſſible, for a Man who is in the Square in *Covent-Garden*, to ſee the things that at the ſame time are tranſacted at *Weſtminſter*. And then for that of Time; a reaſonable Man may delude himſelf ſo far, as to fancy that he ſits for the ſpace of twelve Hours without removing, eating or ſleeping, but he muſt be a Devil that can fancy he does it for a Week. What I have ſaid may evince a Neceſſity of obſerving the Unities of Time and of Place, if a Poet would thorowly write up to Nature. And then the Unity of Action follows of courſe. For that two Actions that are entire and independent, ſhould happen in the ſame ſhort ſpace of Time, in the ſame little compaſs of Place, begin together, go on together, and end together, without obſtructing or confounding one another; this indeed may be done upon the Stage, but in Nature it is highly improbable. Well then, ſince the Rules are nothing but Nature it ſelf, and nothing but Nature can pleaſe; and ſince the more that any Play has of Nature, the more that Play muſt delight; it follows, that a Play which is regularly written, *cæteris paribus*, muſt pleaſe more than a Play which is written againſt the Rules, which is a Demonſtration. Rule may be ſaid to be to a Play, what Symmetry of Parts is known to be to a Face. The Features may be regular, and yet a great or a delicate Air may be wanting. And there may be a commanding or engaging Air, in a Face whoſe Features are not regular. But this all the World muſt allow of, that there can never be ſeen any ſovereign Beauty, where Air and Regularity of Features are not united. Thus is Reaſon againſt this Author, but the miſchief is, that Experience is againſt him too. For all your Dramatick Poets muſt confeſs, that the Plays which they have writ

with moſt Regularity, have been they which have pleas'd moſt. I muſt trouble you with another Dramatical Criticiſm, but not till the next Opportunity.

London, Oct. 26. 95. *I am Yours, &c.*

Mr. Moyle *to Mr.* Congreve.

Dear Sir,

I Came home from the *Land's-End* yeſterday, where I found three Letters from Mr. *Dennis*, and one from you, with a humorous Deſcription of *John Abaſſus* *: ſince the dubbing of Don *Quixote*, and the Coronation of *Petrarch* in the Capitol, there has not been ſo great a Solemnity as the Conſecration of *John Abaſſus*. In all the Pagan Ritual, I never met with the Form of Poetical Orders; but I believe the Ceremony of conſecrating a Man to *Apollo*, is the ſame with devoting a Man to the *Dii Manes*, for both are Martyrs to Fame. I believe not a Man of the Grave Club durſt aſſiſt at this ridiculous Scene, for fear of laughing outright. *W.* was in his Kingdom, and for my part I would have rather ſat there than in the Houſe of Commons. Would to God I could laugh with you, for one hour or two, at all the ridiculous things that have happen'd at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe ſince I left it, 'tis the merrieſt place in the World. Like *Africa*, every day it produces a Monſter; and they are got there juſt as *Pliny* ſays they are in *Africa*, Beaſts of different kinds come to drink, mingle with one another, and beget Monſters. Preſent my humble Duty to my new Lord, and tell him, that I am preparing an Addreſs to congratulate his Acceſſion to the Throne of the Rabble. Tell the Lady, who

* *A Country Poſt.*

was

was the Author of the *Hue and Cry* after me, ſhe might have ſent out a hundred Hues and Cries before ſhe would have found a Poet. I took an effectual Courſe not to be apprehended for a Poet, for I went down clad like a Soldier, with a new Suit of Clothes on; and, I think, there could not have been a better Diſguiſe for a Poet. Mr. *Dennis* ſent me down *Peter Motteux*'s *Parodie*. I can ſay very little of the Poem, but as for the Dialogue, I think 'twas the firſt time that *Motteux* ſuffer'd any body to talk with him, tho indeed here he interrupts Mr. *Boileau* in the midſt of the firſt word. My humble Service to Mr. *Wycherly*, I deſire you would write me ſome News of the Stage, and what Progreſs you have made in your Tragedy. I am,

Oct. 7. 95. *Your affectionate Friend and Servant,*

Mr. Congreve *to Mr.* Moyle.

Dear Sir,

I Can't but think that a Letter from me in *London*, to you in *Cornwal*, is like ſome antient Correſpondence between an Inhabitant of *Rome* and a *Cimmerian*. May be my way of Writing may not be ſo modeſtly compar'd with *Roman* Epiſtles, but the reſemblance of the Place will juſtify the other part of the Parallel. The ſubterraneous Habitations of the Miners, and the Proximity of the *Baiæ*, help a little; and while you are at *B*——, let *B*—— be *Cumæ*, and do you ſupply the Place of *Sybilla*. You may look on this as Raillery; but I can aſſure you, nothing leſs than Oracles are expected from you in the next Parliament, if you ſucceed in your Election, as we are pretty well aſſur'd you will. You wiſh your ſelf with us at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe; and all here wiſh for you, from the Preſident of the

Grave Club, to the moſt puny Member of the Rabble; they who can think, think of you, and the reſt talk of you. There is no ſuch Monſter in this *Africa*, that is not ſenſible of your Abſence; even the worſt-natur'd People, and thoſe of leaſt Wit lament it, I mean, Half-Criticks and Quibblers. To tell you all that want you, I ſhould name all the Creatures of *Covent-Garden*, which like thoſe of *Eden-Garden*, would want ſome *Adam* to be a God-father, and give them Names. I can't tell whether I may juſtly compare our *Covent-Garden* to that of *Eden*, or no; for tho I believe we may have variety of ſtrange Animals equal to *Paradiſe*, yet I fear we have not amongſt us the *Tree of Knowledge*. It had been much to the diſadvantage of *Pliny*, had the Coffee-houſe been in his days; for ſure he would have deſcrib'd ſome who frequent it, which would have given him the Reputation of a more fabulous Writer than he has now. But being in our Age, it does him a Service, for we who know it can give Faith to all his Monſters. You who took care to go down into the Country unlike a Poet, I hope will take care not to come up again like a Politician; for then you will add a new Monſter to the Coffee-houſe, that was never ſeen there before. So you may come back again in your Soldier's Coat, for in that you will no more be ſuſpected for a Politician than a Poet. Pray come upon any Terms, for you are wiſh'd for by every body, but moſt wanted by your

Will's *Coffee-houſe*,
Auguſt 13. 1695.

Affectionate Friend
and Servant,
W. Congreve.

To

To Mr. Cheek.

Dear Tom,

I Receiv'd your Letter, and give you Thanks for your News. In requital I ſhall ſend you ſome concerning our Friend; in doing which, I comply both with his Deſire and yours. He has been ſick almoſt ever ſince he came hither, tho, excepting once, he has liv'd with exact Regularity. He ſays, he believes the Devil reſtrain'd his Surfeit from breaking out till he was reconcil'd to Sobriety, to render it odious, and ſet them afreſh at variance. I remember when I was at *Paris* there was a young Nun, whoſe Circumſtances in ſome meaſure reſembled our Friend's; ſhe had a Pox broke out upon her immediately after ſhe had taken her Vow of Chaſtity. He bids me tell you, that he has been once drunk ſince he came to this Place, and once witty, and a damnable Sot ever ſince. Our Friend, I ſuppoſe, rallies: But one thing is certain, that Wine is as ſure to exalt Wit, as Paint is to heighten Beauty; but then as the Devil will have it (hearken to this and tremble, *Tom*) they both decay the very things they embelliſh, even while they are giving them Luſtre. But, *Tom*, he bids me tell you, you muſt not believe him vain, becauſe he ſays he was witty: For he ſays it was amongſt ſuch prodigious Squires, that none but a Sot would have been witty in ſuch Company. Our Friend, methinks, has Reaſon: For it is as much more ſcandalous to be witty with Fools, than it is to be dull amongſt Men of Wit, as an Error in Judgment is more ridiculous than a Defect in Fancy. He ſays, he has a hundred times, ſince he came to this Place, regretted the Rabble, nay he has regretted the *Grave Club*; nay, has wiſh'd himſelf even in the *Witty Club*, which he believes

believes is by this time erected. He begins to look upon *Ball*—— as a great Man, upon *Jack G*—— as a Prodigy, and upon *W*—— as a Demi-God. Indeed a days we do well enough here; for a days we converſe with the Living-dead, that is, with thoſe who being dead yet ſpeak: but the Night, *Tom*, the Night, in which we are doom'd to the Dead-living, that is, to thoſe who being alive ſay nothing, is inſupportably irkſome; Darkneſs in *Greenland* is not more grievous to the Wretch that is left there, than it is diſmal to us in *Bucks*.

Jan. 10. 93. *I am Yours.*

To Mr. Gabriel Balaam.

Dear Gabriel,

WHEN thy laſt was written, thou hadſt put on the Lion's Skin, and mad'ſt a wonderful comical Figure in it. But I did not think to incenſe thee, nor the reſt of the Rabble; quite contrary, I thought to divert you. You ſay, you take it ill, that I ſhould upbraid you with underſtanding no Language but *Engliſh*. Why, what a Pagan Apprehenſion haſt thou, *Gabriel?* The Devil a jot did I upbraid thee. Quite contrary, I commended thee for being willing to underſtand no Language but plain *Engliſh*. And that, as I take it, has a quite different meaning. With what unreaſonable Wights have I had to do? who are offended at my Endeavour to pleaſe them, and take my Commendations for Injuries. I am accus'd, you ſay, of Ill-breeding for that Letter. Why prithee, *Gabriel*, every Man has not had the Breeding that thou haſt. I wiſh you had ſent me the Names of the Sparks who would reconcile Punctilio to Satire. It has been a damn'd inveterate Quarrel, and requires wiſe Mediators. But now I talk of Satire, that you ſay is the Diſ-

eaſe

eaſe of ſome Peoples Minds. Alas, poor Devil, thou doſt not know that it is a Maxim in Phyſick, that ſome Diſeaſes ſhew the Health, and Strength, and Vigour of the Party affected. If we believe *Hippocrates*, Hunger is a Diſeaſe; nay, Reaſon tells us the ſame thing: for, like other Diſtempers, it ſhews a Defect in Nature. But where it ſhews a Defect, it ſhews a Force too; and when that Diſeaſe is pretty acute, the Patient is ſure to do well: I will let the Application alone. For in writing to one of thy communicative Spirit, a Man is ſure to write to ſomebody who can underſtand. But this I will ſay, that if Satire be a Diſeaſe, the acuter it is, the better. But why do I talk of Diſeaſes to thee? For indeed, *Gabriel* (without Satire) thou art no Phyſician. I am, *&c.*

To Mr. Congreve *at* Tunbridge.

Dear Sir,

MY Buſineſs and my Thanks for your Kindneſs, you will find in the inclos'd, which I had ſent by the laſt Poſt, had not an Accident hinder'd it. All the Return that I can make you at preſent, is, to acquaint you with ſuch News as we have. Our Friend Mr. —— went laſt Friday to the *Bath*. He promis'd to write to me from that Place, but it would be unreaſonable indeed to expect it. For *W*—— takes up his Afternoons, and his Mornings, I ſuppoſe, are ſpent in Contemplation at the *Croſs-Bath*. Moſt of your Friends of the Coffee-houſe are diſpers'd; ſome are retreated into the Country, in hopes of ſome Favours which they expect from the Muſes; two or three of them are retir'd in Town, to ruminate on ſome Favours which they have receiv'd from their Miſtreſſes.

So

So that the Coffee-houſe is like to grow into Reputation again; for if any one gives it the ſcandalous Denomination of the *Wits Coffee-Houſe*, he muſt call it ſo by Antiphraſis, becauſe there comes no Wit there. Here are two or three indeed, who ſet up for Wits at home, and endeavour to paſs for wiſe at the Coffee-Houſe; for they hold their tongues there. Indeed the Coffee-Houſe is generally the Exchange for Wit, where the Merchants meet without bringing the Commodity with them, which they leave at home in their Ware-houſes, *alias* their Cloſets, while they go abroad to take a prudent care for the vending it. But you are of the number of thoſe happy few, who ſo abound in hereditary Poſſeſſions, and in rich Returns from *Greece* and from *Italy*, that you always carry ſome of it about you to be liberal to your Friends of that which you ſell to Strangers. Mr. —— babbles eternally, according to his old rate, and as extravagantly as if he talk'd to himſelf; which he certainly does, if nobody minds him any more than I do. He has been juſt now inquiring of me, what ſort of Diſtemper the Spleen is; an infallible ſign that he is the only Man in *Covent-Garden*, who does not know he is an Aſs. To make him ſenſible what the Spleen is, I could find in my heart to ſhew him himſelf, and give it him. If any thing reſtrains me from being reveng'd of his Impertinence this way, 'tis the Conſideration that it will make him wiſer. This Coxcomb naturally puts me in mind of the Stage, where they have lately acted ſome new Plays: but had there been more of them, I would not ſcruple to affirm, that the Stage is at preſent a Deſart and a barren Place, as ſome part of *Africa* is ſaid to be, tho it abounds in Monſters. And yet thoſe prodigious things have met with ſucceſs: for a Fool is naturally fond of a Monſter, becauſe he is incapable of knowing a Man. While you drink Steel for your Spleen at

Tun-

Tunbridge, I partake of the Benefit of the Courſe: for the Gaiety of your Letters relieves me conſiderably. Then what muſt your Converſation do? Come up and make the experiment; and impart that Vigour to me, which *Tunbridge* has reſtor'd to you.

I am your moſt Humble Servant,

John Dennis.

Mr. ——— *to Mr.* Dennis.

NAmur taken, and a Letter from Mr. *Dennis*, were two of the moſt agreeable Surprizes I ever met with. And nothing but the Reflection, how dear the Conqueſt will coſt us, I mean, the innumerable ill Poems it will produce, could allay the Pleaſure. *A*—— has watch'd for a Victory a long time, and will not miſs this opportunity to mortify the Day of Thankſgiving, and ſcribble away the publick Joy. The Devil take *Will*'s Coffee-houſe. I could be the eaſieſt Man in the World under my Calamity, if it were not for ſome of the Company there; who are now the greateſt Enemies I have in the World, worſe than the Company from which I am juſt now ſtoln to write this Letter. Among the reſt, is a Country Gentleman, who dictates Politicks abundantly; for with us, as well as at old *Rome*, we take Dictators from the Plough: but ours are ſuch, as ought never to remove their hands from it.

I am yours, &c.

Mr.

Mr. ——— *to Mr.* Dennis.

WHILE you are happy in the Politicks of the Grave Club, * and the Puns of the Rabble, you have no regard to the forlorn State of your poor Friend. Before I left *London*, I feign'd a hundred agreeable melancholy Pleaſures, with which I might fool away a Retirement; but now I deteſt being alone, and queſtion whether Mankind or Solitude be the fitter Subject for a Satire. Of this I am ſure, that God Almighty, rather than be alone, created the Devil; and Man, rather than be alone, choſe a Wife. Whatever advantage I have loſt by my Country-Life, I believe I have gain'd the Gift of Prophecy in the Wilderneſs, for I foretold the Poem with which *A*—— has viſited us.

I am yours, &c.

Mr. ——— *to Mr.* Dennis.

TO your Buſineſs hereafter, but firſt let's have a Dance, as Mr. *Bays* ſays. When I came home from the Weſt, where I had paſs'd a Fortnight, I found your three Letters full of Wit and Humour. I was charm'd with the Scandal you writ in the firſt, and inclos'd in the laſt, *viz. A*'s Poem. I found the Preamble before the Poem to be like a Suterkin before a *Dutch* Child. I read it over in great haſte, in hopes to be pleaſed at laſt with the end of it, but this is the firſt time I ever diſlik'd his Concluſion. For he threatens ſtrange things: I hope 'tis only *in terrorem*; if not, I hope God in his goodneſs will ſend us a Peace, and prevent his Songs of Triumph. Certainly, ſince the Devil was dumb there never was ſuch a Poet.

* *Two* Covent-Garden *Clubs*

Mr.

Mr. Maynwaring *to Mr.* Dennis, *ſent with the Manuſcript of* Appius *and* Virginia.

SIR,

I Am very much aſhamed that you have been ſo often at my Lodgings to call for your Play, which I would have ſent to you long ſince, if I had known where you liv'd. I read it over with a great deal of Pleaſure, and am of opinion it will be the beſt Tragedy that has appear'd theſe many Years. I am,

April 7. 1708. *Sir, Your Humble Servant,*

Arthur Maynwaring.

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

THE

INVADER of His Country:

OR,

The Fatal Resentment.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane.*

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

By Mr. DENNIS.

LONDON:

Printed for *J. Pemberton* in *Fleet-street*, and *J. Watts* near *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*: And Sold by *J. Brotherton* and *W. Meadows* in *Cornhill*; *T. Jauncy* and *A. Dodd* without *Temple-Bar*; *W. Lewis* in *Covent-Garden*, and *J. Graves* at St. *James's*. 1720. [Price 1s. 6d.]

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[Price 1s. 6d.]

To His Grace

THOMAS,

Duke of *Newcaſtle*,

Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's *Houſhold, one of His* Majesty's *moſt Honourable Privy-Council, and Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter.*

My Lord,



Take the Liberty to Dedicate to Your Grace *The Invader of his Country*, which is the *Coriolanus* of *Shakeſpear* alter'd by me. And I have preſum'd to do this without asking Your Leave, becauſe this is a Dedication of an extraordinary Nature, and an Application to Your Grace for Juſtice, in a Cauſe that is determinable by Your Grace alone, by vertue of Your Office; as all Cauſes of the like Nature, ever ſince I

could remember, have been decided in the last Appeal by Your GRACE's Predeceſſors.

My LORD, *Coriolanus* throws himſelf at Your GRACE's Feet, in order to obtain Juſtice of You, after having received as injurious Treatment from the petulant Deportment of two or three Inſolent Players, as ever he formerly did at *Rome* from the Brutal Rage of the Rabble. He has been baniſh'd from our Theatre by the one, thro' a miſtaken Greedineſs of Gain, as the other formerly expell'd him from *Rome* thro' a groundleſs Jealouſy of Power.

My LORD, when I tell the World that *Coriolanus* has been unjuſtly baniſh'd from our Theatre by two or three Inſolent Players, I am ſure all thoſe will be apt to believe me, who will reflect with Indignation and Diſdain, that that *Roman* is not the firſt Nobleman whom they have audaciouſly dar'd to exclude from thence. And I hope this provoking Reflection will oblige Your GRACE to vindicate Your own juſt Right, and the Crown's undoubted Prerogative.

If the Concern which I have in this Cauſe were the only thing in Queſtion, I ſhould make a Conſcience of giving Your GRACE any Trouble about it. But, my LORD, 'tis a Cauſe of far more extenſive and more important Conſequence. 'Tis the noble Cauſe of Your Country, in which Your GRACE has been ſo Active and ſo Succeſsful, and in which this Play was alter'd; 'tis the Cauſe of Dramatick Poetry, the Cauſe of the *Britiſh* Muſes, and of all thoſe whom They vouchſafe to inſpire. 'Tis Your GRACE who is to determine whether theſe ſhall Flouriſh for the future, and do Honour to *Great Britain*, and conſequently to augment, in ſome meaſure, the

the Intereſt and Power of Your Country; or whether the beſt Profeſſors of the nobleſt Art, and the Art it ſelf, muſt die. 'Tis Your GRACE who is to determine, whether Gentlemen who have great Capacities, who have had the moſt generous Education, who have all their Lives had the beſt and the nobleſt Deſigns for the Service of their Country, and the Inſtruction of Mankind, ſhall have their worthy Labours ſupported and render'd effectual to the great Ends for which they intended them; or whether they muſt all be ſacrific'd to two or three Inſolent Actors, who have no Capacity, who have had no Education, who have not the leaſt Concern for their Country, who have nothing in their Heads or in their Hearts but low Thoughts, and ſordid Deſigns; and yet at the ſame time have ſo much Pride, and ſo much inſupportable Inſolence, as to dare to fly in the Face of the greateſt Perſons in *England*.

I will now lay the Matter of Fact before Your GRACE, by which I believe you will very eaſily Diſcern, that there was a Conſpiracy from the beginning, between the three Members of this ſeparate Miniſtry, as they are pleas'd to call themſelves, for the Deſtruction of this Play. They were engaged to Act it the laſt Winter by their Words ſolemnly given, and the acting of it then had been moſt ſeaſonable, when the Nation was in the uneaſy Expectation of a Double Invaſion from *Sweden* on the *North*, and from *Spain* on the *Weſt* of *England*. Inſtead of keeping their Words with me; they Poſtpon'd a Play, that was writ in the Cauſe of their Country, in the Cauſe of their Sovereign,

whoſe Servants as well as Subjects they call themſelves, for the moſt Abſurd and Inſipid Trifles that ever came upon any Stage. They began the Winter with preaching up Adultery to the Town by the Mouth of a Dramatick Prieſt: They ended it much after the rate at which they began it, by teaching Ladies how they may Cuckold their Husbands without the Apprehenſion of a Diſcovery; as if any Licenſe, or any Patent, would bear theſe People out in Debauching the People, or as if ſuch a Practice were not ſufficient to diſannul any Patent. My LORD, in the beginning of this Winter they began to rehearſe the Play, after they had diſpos'd ſome of the Comick Parts to Perſons who were wholly unfit for them; and maim'd two of the principal Tragick Scenes to that Degree, that I could hardly know them. After about five Weeks Rehearſal, the tenth of *November* was fix'd for the Acting the Play. I could not prevail with them to put it off for a Week longer, notwithſtanding it was moſt apparently their Intereſt more than mine; becauſe there was a daily Expectation of the KING's Arrival. My LORD, when the Tenth of *November* came, theſe three Religious Perſons were, to the wonder of all that heard of it, attack'd with Scruples of Conſcience: They were inform'd that it was the Third Day of a Young Author at the other Houſe; and it would be Cruel, it would be Barbarous to have my Firſt Day upon the other's Third. Thus did theſe good-natur'd Gentlemen take an occaſion from a pretended Tenderneſs to exerciſe a real Barbarity. My LORD, I was very eaſily prevail'd

vail'd with to put off the Play; but little thought, at the ſame time, that they deſign'd to put it off for a Day only. I was very much ſurpriz'd when I found by the Bills, that the Play was to be Acted the very next Day, and that conſequently *Friday* was to be my Third Day: Now, My LORD, *Friday* is not only the very worſt Day of the Week for an Audience, but this was that particular *Friday*, when a Hundred Perſons who deſign'd to be there, were either gone to meet the KING, or preparing here in Town to do that Duty, which was expected from them at His Arrival.

Thus, My LORD, did theſe good, human, tender-hearted Managers take an occaſion to exerciſe a real Barbarity upon their old Acquaintance, to whom they and their Stage are more oblig'd than to any Writer in *England*, from a pretended Tenderneſs to one who is a meer Stranger to them, and from whoſe Succeſs they could expect nothing but the leſſening of their Gain. My LORD, the Play was Acted on *Wedneſday* the 11th to an Audience of near a Hundred Pound, for ſo much they own'd to me. It was favourably received by the Audience. There did ſome Malice appear twice, but it was immediately drown'd by the utmoſt Clamours of Applauſe. On *Thurſday* the Play was Acted again to an Audience of between Fifty and Threeſcore Pounds. And on *Friday* to an Audience of between Sixty and Seventy Pounds. Conſidering the Diſadvantages under which we lay, here were fair hopes for the future. And on *Friday*, after the Play was done, theſe tender-hearted Managers caus'd another to be given out, to the Aſtoniſhment of

the Audience, the Disappointment of those who had reserv'd themselves for the Sixth Day, and the Retrenching three parts in four of my Profits; and this contrary to an Ancient Rule, which has been always observ'd, till now by those who have at any time had the Government of a Playhouse, and that is, never to give over a new Play which is favourably received by an Audience as long as it brings Charges. And, My LORD, nothing can be more reasonable and equitable than the Observation of this Rule. For since the Poet ventures his Interest in his Play, which is sometimes his All, and his Reputation into the bargan, which is his Hope of future Gain, can any thing be more Just, than that the Masters or Managers of a Play-house should venture their Gain upon a probable prospect of future Profit, the loss of which for two or three Nights they will hardly feel, rather than by laying down a Play abruptly, absolutely ruin the Author, who perhaps has done his part to please.

Now, my LORD, I appeal to Your GRACE, if here was not a fair Prospect of Success for the future: The Play had been acted three Nights together, to a Hundred, to Sixty, and to Seventy Pound. The Play was receiv'd the first Night with Applause: The KING, and the Court, and the Parliament, were all coming to Town. But notwithstanding all our reasonable Expectation, the Managers gave out another Play, insolently declaring, that no Play was worth their Acting any longer than it brings a Hundred Pound. Now, my LORD, they cannot but know that several Plays which have been but indifferently follow'd the first Days, have afterwards

wards come to be admir'd Plays, and to bring crowded Audiences. The beſt Play which can be writ by an Author who has not a Cabal, will hardly bring a Hundred Pound upon the ſecond and fourth Nights; and the worſt that can be writ by a Poetaſter who has a Cabal, may do a great deal more. As long as the publick Taſte is ſo vitiated as it is at preſent, bad Plays are like to be more crowded than good ones. So that, by their own Declaration, as long as theſe Perſons have the Management of the Play-houſe, there can be no Improvement of the publick Taſte; good Writers are ſure to be diſcourag'd, and the Art of the Drama, in a little time, is certain to be loſt; and the Art of Writing is ſure to be followed by the Art of Acting. For great Actors are not to be made but by Original Parts; and as 'tis an eternal general Rule, that a Copy has neither the free Spirit nor eaſy Grace of an Original, ſo the Copy of a Copy is ſtill more faint, and the ſeveral ſucceeding Copies grow weaker ſtill the further they deſcend from the Original, till all Life and all Reſemblance comes at laſt to be loſt. But if any one happens to object to him, that when a young Man who has a Talent for Acting comes to Act a Part of which he has ſeen neither the Copying nor Original Actor, that Part is to him an Original one. To him I anſwer, that moſt of our Poets having had either the Addreſs or the Weakneſs, I leave it to Your GRACE to determine which, to write to the Manners and the Talents of ſome particular Actors, it ſeems to me to be abſolutely impoſſible, with Submiſſion to Your GRACE'S Judgment, that any Actor can become an admirable Original, by Playing a Part which was

writ

writ and design'd for another Man's particular Talent.

Thus have I laid before Your GRACE the Reasons why the Conduct of the present Managers must destroy the very Species of Dramatick Poets and Players. And these Reasons, which I hope are clear in themselves, are confirm'd by infallible Experience: It being evident from Fact, that all our principal Dramatick Poets and Players have been form'd while our Theatres were under the Lord Chamberlain's Regulation; and that both Writing and Acting have gradually fall'n off, since the Players have pretended to exclude him from his Jurisdiction over them. And, my LORD, 'tis a melancholy thing to consider, that there is not at present in *Great Britain* one promising Genius, or promising Actor, growing up for the Stage.

As every Branch of Poetry in *England* must fall with the Dramatick, there being here no constant visible Encouragement for Poets, but what is deriv'd from the Stage, I appeal to Your GRACE, whether it is worth while, to turn Poetry, which is the noblest, and perhaps the only Original Branch of the *British* Learning, out of the Nation, only to advance the Lucre of three Actors.

Thus, My LORD, have I laid this Cause before Your GRACE; not without flattering myself, that I have fully made it appear to You, that I have been us'd with extream Injustice by the Managers of the Play-house. Before this Play came upon the Stage, it had the Approbation of some of the very best Judges in *England*, who are so, and are universally acknowledg'd to be so, and who are too exal-

ted

ted both by their High Stations, and the Greatneſs of their Minds, to ſay a thing to me, which they did not think. I have had this Play long enough by me to form as true and as ſure a Judgment of it my ſelf, as any one can do, who underſtands Poetical Matters no better than my ſelf. And as a Man who is oppreſt is allow'd to ſpeak Truth in his own behalf, I humbly conceive, that nothing comparably to it has been produced at the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, ſince theſe People had the Management of it, not excepting Mr. *Cibber*'s *Heroick Daughter*, who, for ought I know, may be more Heroick than the Daughter of *Corneille*; but there is this remarkable Difference between them, that *Corneille*'s is Beautiful and Spiritual, and Mr. *Cibber*'s Ugly and Inſipid.

My LORD, I humbly beg Your GRACE's Pardon, for ſpeaking theſe few Words in my own behalf, which I do not abſolutely deſpair of obtaining, when I conſider that *Cibber* has lately employed thirty Pages in his own fulſom Commendation.

My LORD, the Mention of this Player naturally brings me to another thing which Your GRACE is now to determine; and that is, whether this is not only mine, but the Cauſe of Dramatick Poetry it ſelf, of all the Writers, and of all the Lovers of it: I hope I have made it appear, that all theſe join with me in this Petition to Your GRACE for a Redreſs of intollerable Grievances, which none but the KING and Your GRACE can Redreſs; that we who have ſcorn'd to be Slaves to our Princes, may be no longer ſubject to the ridiculous Tyranny of our own

own wretched Creatures, our own Tools and Inſtruments; that They may no longer ſet up for Judges in their own Cauſe, which *Engliſhmen* would never allow to their Kings; that They may no longer uſurp a Government, which they have neither Capacity, nor Equity, nor Authority to ſupport, and of which Your GRACE is the Lawful Monarch. How glorious will it be for Your GRACE to Protect and Preſerve ſo noble an Art, and the only reaſonable publick Diverſion that ever was yet invented! And how much will it endear Your GRACE's Name and Memory to all the Writers and Lovers of Dramatick Poetry, both preſent and to come! My LORD, as all thoſe Perſons will be highly pleaſed with an Alteration in the Management of the Stage, they certainly expect it from Your GRACE's Beneficence, from Your Love to Your Country, from Your Knowledge and Love of Letters, and from the Greatneſs of Your Mind. I am,

My LORD,

YOUR GRACE'S

moſt Obedient, and

moſt Humble Servant,

John Dennis.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *MILLS*.

THE Tragedy we repreſent to Day
Is but a Grafting upon Shakeſpear's *Play,*
In whoſe Original we may deſcry,
Where Maſter-ſtrokes in wild Confuſion lye,
Here brought to as much Order as we can
Reduce thoſe Beauties upon Shakeſpear's *Plan;*
And from his Plan we dar'd not to depart,
Leaſt Nature ſhould be loſt in Queſt of Art:
And Art had been attain'd with too much Coſt,
Had Shakeſpear's *Beauties in the Search been loſt.*
As Philomel, *whom Heav'n and* Phœbus *teach,*
Has Notes which Birds, that Man inſtructs, ne'er reach.
" *So* Shakeſpear, *Fancy's ſweeteſt Child,*
" *Warbles his Native Wood-Notes wild.* Milton.
While ev'ry Note takes the rapt Heroe's Heart,
And ev'ry Note's victorious over Art.
Then what is ours, to Night, excuſe for Shakeſpear's *Part.*
You chiefly, who are truly Britons *nam'd,*
Whoſe Breaſts are with your Country's Love inflam'd,
Whoſe martial Toils as long as Time ſhall live,
Whoſe Conqueſts Credit to old Fables give:
Conqueſts which more renown'd by Age ſhall grow,
To which ev'n late Poſterity ſhall owe
The nobleſt Hiſtory the World can ſhow;
You in our juſt Defence muſt ſure engage,
And ſhield us from the Storms of Factious Rage.
In the ſame Cauſe in which each Champion fights,
In the ſame noble Cauſe our daring Poet writes.
For as when Britain's *Rebel Sons of late*
Combin'd with Foreign Foes t'invade the State,
She to your Valour and your Conduct owes,
That ſhe ſubdued and cruſh'd her num'rous Foes:
We ſhew, to Night, ſuch Treaſons to prevent,
That their Guilt's follow'd by their Puniſhment,
That Heav'n's the Guardian of our Rightful Cauſe,
And watches o'er our Sov'reign and our Laws.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE,

Written by the Author, and intended to be Spoken.

NOW, Sirs, we wait to know if the ſame Doom
Attends our Heroe here that did at Rome.
By Noiſe and Uproar he was driven from thence,
While Merit was a poor and weak Defence:
But let him not by thoſe be baniſh'd hence.
If he was baniſh'd thence, 'twas againſt Right,
And done by the mad Rabble's beaſtly Spight;
If the ſame Spight his Merit here attends,
Perhaps too here he'll find the choſen few his Friends.
But if theſe Friends prove weak in his Defence,
And he and Shakeſpear *muſt be driven hence;*
As when he formerly was baniſh'd Rome,
He led the Volſcians *on to urge its Doom;*
So now he Swears, in his impetuous Rage,
Jack-Puddings, Eunuchs, Tumblers ſhall engage,
To damn the Muſes, and deſtroy the Stage.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Epilogue which follows was writ by Mr. *Cibber*, and ſpoke by Mrs. *Oldfield*. I never could get a ſight of it before it was ſpoke, and when it was ſpoke, I heard it at ſuch a diſtance from Mrs. *Oldfield*, that I heard it very imperfectly. When I came to read it, I found it to be a wretched Medley of Impudence and Nonſenſe. As I ſaw he had made exceeding bold with me, ſo I found, that like a very honeſt Gentleman, he had betray'd the Truſt repos'd in him, and endeavour'd to give the Audience an ill Impreſſion of the Play. At the latter end of the Epilogue, there is an appearance of Loyalty, which ſav'd the whole from the Fate which had otherwiſe attended it. But 'tis as eaſy for Mr. *Cibber* at this time of Day to make a Bounce with his Loyalty, as 'tis for a Bully at Sea, who had lain hid in the Hold all the time of the Fight, to come up and ſwagger upon the Deck after the Danger is over. I would fain hear of ſome Proof that he gave of his Zeal for the Proteſtant Succeſſion, before the King's Acceſſion to the Crown, or ſome Proof which he has given ſince by any Action which was not to get him Money, and bring the Court to his Play. I am perfectly ſatisfied that any Author who brings a Play to *Drury-Lane*, muſt, if 'tis a good one, be ſacrificed to the Jealouſie of this fine Writer, unleſs he has either a powerful Cabal, or unleſs he will flatter Mr. *Robert Wilks*, and make him believe that he is an excellent Tragedian; which would be as Ridiculous and as abſurd, as it would be to Compliment a Fellow in a Fair upon his walking on the High Rope, who is only a Tumbler; or as it would be to compliment Mr. *Cibber* upon his Maſterpieces in Tragedies, *Perolla*, and the *Heroick Daughter*, which are as full of Nonſenſe and Falſe *Engliſh* even as this Epilogue, and are full of ſtiff, awkward, affected Stuff, and Lines that make as hideous a Noiſe, as if they were compos'd in an Itinerant Wheel-Barrow.

To end as I began with the Epilogue; if any Reader can tell me the meaning of ſome Lines in it, *erit mihi magnus Apollo*.

EPI-

EPILOGUE, Written by Mr. *CIBBER*, Spoken by Mrs. *OLDFIELD*.

OF late, most Authors, when their Plays are done,
Contrive to send us prating Women on;
As if our Wise Haranguing could not fail
T' appease the Critick, as when under Sail
Ships throw an empty Barrel to a Whale.
But hold——don't thus Affront us?——
That Criticks are like Whales, so far's but Civil,
But that a Woman is a Barrel——O! the Devil!
O ho! Now at his senseless Wit I partly guess!
Barrels, he thinks, may well our Forms express;
He means, we're like for Sound, and Hoops, and Hollowness:
Swiftly concluding it of course must follow,
The Part of Woman most desir'd, her Heart, is hollow.
And pray, what's Man then, to return his Jest?
Why, when a Woman's well provok'd, a Beast;
For on their wisest Heads, we can clap Horns at least.
Barrels! A sawcy Puppy! senseless Rogue!
'Gad, I've a mind to Damn his Epilogue!
His Play I need not——no; poor wretched Elf!
That Matter's Rug! He's done that Job himself.
He has preach't Morals to wild English *Brains,*
In stupid Hopes, you'll thank him for his Pains.
Whoe'er from Tragick Scenes Success would see,
Should give your various Tastes Variety;
Instead of Camps and War, Lovers, and Grotts,
To swell the Fair with Sighs and——pretty Thoughts,
(Tho' Criticks must be pleas'd,) h'as feasted them with Faults,
Or that his Fancy might no Taste escape,
Have treated Rakes of Pleasure with a Rape:
Or, to secure him Friends, shewn other Sights;
For Whiggs, asserted Liberty, and Rights;
Or a Despotick King——for Jacobites.
And then, when things were brought to th' last Confusion,
Have shewn, what honest Men might make their Use on,
What here, all Parties join'd in once——a Revolution.
This could not fail——Nay, some still keep such Pother,
They lik'd the One so well, they want Another!
Why here, for half a Crown, you might have seen
What Madness 'twere to live such Days again.
Had he shewn Laws infring'd, or let you see
The Sweets of Rectilineal Tyranny,
Or lash't those Wretches, who, while free, complain
They're robb'd of their Hereditary Chain,
And Pine for Kings——fit only on the Stage to Reign,
You that adore 'em then might here enjoy 'em,
Whilst Men with Hearts, like Beasts of Prey annoy 'em.
To shut them hence, let Free-born Souls endeavour
That BRUNSWICK's *Line may give us* KINGS *for Ever.*

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Caius Martius Coriolanus,		Mr. *Booth*.
Aufidius,		Mr. *Mills*.
Menenius,		Mr. *Corey*.
Cominius,		Mr. *Thurmond*.
Sicinius,	Two Tribunes	Mr. *W. Wilks*.
Brutus,	of the People.	Mr. *Walker*.
Lucius Cluentius,		Mr. *Boman*, Sen.
Titus Largius,		Mr. *Williams*.
Ædile,		Mr. *Oates*.
1st Citizen,		Mr. *Bickerstaff*.
2d Citizen	Of *Coriolanus*'s	Mr. *Penkethman*.
3d Citizen,	Party.	Mr. *Johnson*.
4th Citizen,		Mr. *Miller*.
1st Citizen,	Of *Sempronius*'s	Mr. *Norris*.
2d Citizen,	Party.	Mr. *Cross*.
1st Servant,		Mr. *Penkethman*.
2d Servant,	To *Aufidius*,	Mr. *Norris*.
3d Servant,		Mr. *Miller*.

WOMEN.

Volumnia, Mother to *Coriolanus*,	Mrs. *Porter*.
Virgilia, Wife to *Coriolanus*,	Mrs. *Thurmond*.

Senators of *Rome*, and *Antium*; Citizens, Soldiers, Ladies and Attendants.

The SCENE *is partly in* Rome, *and partly in the Territories of the* Volscians.

THE

THE INVADER of his Country: OR, The FATAL RESENTMENT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Alarm; and after it enter Cominius *and three Tribunes of the Legions.*

COMINIUS.

HALT! give the Word.

1 *Trib.* Halt!

2 *Trib.* Halt!

3 *Trib.* At length they make a Stand.

Com. Lightning confound them! had they ſhewn in Battel
But half the Fury of this headlong Flight,
The Victory had paſt Diſpute been ours.
With what reſiſtleſs Eagerneſs they ran,
And with what Slaughter curs'd *Aufidius* follow'd!
Who now ſtands low'ring upon yonder Brow,
And threatens, like a Storm, to pour upon us.

What Force, what Spirit have we to receive him?
O Death to all my Hope of Fame and Conqueſt!
We ſhall be routed ſhamefully, entirely:
Rome for two hundred Years has been victorious,
And never loſt a Battel till this Hour.
O cruel Gods! that thus have choſe *Cominius*
To give th' Example of ignoble Flight.

1 *Trib.* My Lord, one Comfort is remaining yet;
Methought that in the Intervals of Fight,
I now and then diſtinctly heard th' Aſſaults
Of thoſe our Friends that lye before *Corioli.*

2 *Trib.* I heard them plainly, and their ſhouts of Triumph,
Which Southern Guſts convey'd and ſnatch'd by turns from us.

Com. Ye Gods, who have determin'd *Rome* ſhall riſe
By War, to be the Miſtreſs of the Univerſe,
O give them ſudden Victory, and bring them
With all their Forces, and their Heroe *Marcius,*
To turn the Fortune of the Field and *Rome.*

1 *Trib.* Who comes there?

2 *Trib.* Stand!

3 *Trib.* Give the word!

Enter Lucius Cluentius.

L. Cluent. Mars and *Quirinus!*

1 *Trib. Lucius Cluentius* from *Corioli.*

Com. Tribune, thy News! what Fortune have our Friends?
How fares the Hope of *Rome,* the noble *Marcius?*

1 *Trib.* Well, as I hope, but that the Gods beſt know.

Com. Ha! What doſt thou mean?
Anſwer, in what condition didſt thou leave him?

L. Cluent. Cover'd with Fame, and crown'd with Victory,
And warmly he purſu'd the flying *Volſcians.*

Com. Thou miſtak'ſt:
The *Volſcians,* to which *Marcius* ſtands oppos'd
With *Titus Largius,* are within *Corioli.*

L. Cluent.

L. Cluent. Yes, but this Morning, at the break of Day,
With all their Force they made a deſperate Sally,
And beat our braveſt *Romans* to their Trenches:
Till rallied and led up by noble *Marcius*,
They ſeem'd to take new Life, new Fire from Him,
And breath'd, and look'd, and fought once more like *Romans*.
Then we turn'd Chaſers who before were hunted,
And quickly made the *Volſcians* ſeek for Shelter
Amidſt their Wives and Children.
Com. O would to all the Gods that thou wouldſt end
As nobly thou begin'ſt!
L. Cluent. *Marcius*, ſtill foremoſt in the chaſe of Glory,
Hung like Deſtruction on their broken Rear,
And made a dreadful Slaughter of their Flyers;
Up to their Gates, expanded to receive them,
Swift as conſuming Lightning he purſu'd them,
Still blaſting, as he follow'd; when, curs'd Moment!—
Com. And fatal Pauſe! Go on, for I'm prepar'd
To hear the worſt of Fate.
L. Cluent. O wonderful, but oh diſaſtrous Valour!
Marcius, tranſported by his matchleſs Fire,
Enters the Town impetuous with the *Volſcians*;
And while our fierceſt *Romans* ſtopt and paus'd,
Struck and aſtoniſh'd at the wond'rous Action,
With Horror and Confuſion I beheld
The maſſy Gates returning on their Hinges,
And *Marcius* ſhut among ten thouſand Foes,
And left alone expos'd to all their Fury.
Com. O noble *Roman!*
Marcius is ſlain, the Hope of *Rome* is gone;
For thou wouldſt die, I know, a thouſand Deaths,
Before thou wouldſt be Captive to the *Volſcians*.
Tho' thou ſpeak'ſt Truth, methinks thou ſpeak'ſt not well.
How long is't ſince this fatal Action happen'd?
L. Cluent. Above an Hour, my Lord.
Com. *Corioli* is diſtant but a Mile,
And hither we diſtinctly heard their Drums;

How couldſt thou in a Mile confound an Hour,
And bring thy News ſo late?

L. Cluent. Spies of the *Volſci*
Held me in chaſe, that I was forc'd to wheele
Three or four Miles about; or elſe, my Lord,
I had in leſs than half the time been here.

Com. Hie thee to *Rome*, and let the Senate know this;
And tell them I my ſelf have been repuls'd,
And that each moment I'm in expectation
Of being once more attack'd by fierce *Aufidius*.

[*Exit* Cluent.

Enter a fourth Tribune.

4 *Trib.* My Lord, *Aufidius* leads his *Volſcians* down
Into the Plain, and ſeems reſolv'd t' attack us.

Com. Are all the Soldiers ready to receive them?

4 *Trib.* Their Hands are ready, but their Hearts are [weak.

Com. Then all, I fear, is loſt.
Farewel, O *Rome*, and thou, O Life, farewel!
For I will ne'er return Inglorious home;
And know, O *Rome*, that he who for thee Dies,
Does more than he who Conquers. Ha! who's yonder,
That looks as he were flea'd all o'er? O Gods!
That Figure and that Stamp I've ſeen before,
And nobly painted thus with Hoſtile Blood.
'Tis ſure the Ghoſt of *Marcius* come from Hell,
To be reveng'd of the perfidious *Volſcians*.

Marc. [*Within.*] Come I too late?

Com. By Immortal *Jove* 'tis he! he lives, he lives:
The Shepherd knows not Thunder from a Tabor,
More than I know the Sound of *Marcius'* Voice,
From every meaner Man's.

Enter Marcius.

Marc. Come I too late?

Com. Yes, if you come not in the Blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Marc. Oh let me claſp thee!
In Arms as ſound as when I woo'd, in Heart
Jocund as when our Nuptial Day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.

Com.

Com. What Wonder, or what God has brought thee hither?
Lucius Cluentius brought the fatal News
But now, that thou wert ſhut within *Corioli.*
Marc. You heard the Truth.
Com. What God, propitious to the Fate of *Rome,*
Wrought thy Deliverance ſo very ſoon,
So very unexpectedly?
Marc. I want both Time and Breath t'inform you now.
Com. Thou Flower of Warriors, how fares *Titus Largius?*
Marc. As the Man fares who does the work of Fate,
Condemning ſome to Death, and ſome to Exile;
Ranſoming ſome, ſome pitying, threatning others:
Holding *Corioli* in the Name of *Rome,*
E'en like a fawning Greyhound in the Leaſh,
To let them ſlip at pleaſure.
But ſee he comes himſelf t' inform you further.

Enter Largius.

Com. More Wonders! welcome, *Titus;* thou art come
Moſt unexpected, in a lucky Hour.
Larg. Oh General! ſee there the noble Steed,
For we are but the bare Capariſon.
Oh I have Miracles to entertain thee,
Tranſcending all Belief, ſurpaſſing all Example.
Behold that Wonderful, that Godlike Man,
Who when he was enclos'd among ten thouſand,
Drove them, like ſome Divinity, before him;
Infuſing mortal Terrors thro' their Souls:
Then to our *Romans* open'd wide their Gates,
And let in mighty Ruin on them all.
Com. Thou Heroe of the Age, and God of War,
With Wonder I ſurvey thee.
Marc. No more, I do beſeech you.
My Mother has a Right t' extoll her Blood;
Yet when ſhe praiſes me, ſhe always grieves me:
This is a time for Action, not for Talk.
Haſt thou brought any Succours to us, *Titus?*

Larg. All but a few who ſtay to guard the Town,
For one ſhort Hour or two.
For if we win the Field, the Town is ours;
But loſing that, we loſe of courſe the other.
Marci. Where lies the Enemy? Are we Lords of the [Field?
If not, why, General, ceaſe we till we are ſo?
Com. Marcius, we have to diſadvantage fought,
And now expect to be attack'd again.
Marci. The Men half vanquiſh'd are, who are attack'd;
Let us march up to them without delay,
And be ourſelves th' Attackers.
How lies their Battle? Know you on what Side
They have plac'd their Men of Truſt?
Com. As near as I can gueſs, my Noble *Marcius,*
They who compoſe their Center are the *Veterans,*
On whom they moſt rely, commanded by
Tullus Aufidius, their ſucceſsful General.
Marci. A fortunate and formidable Leader.
Were there a Man on Earth whom I cou'd envy,
It ſhould be this *Aufidius;*
And were I any thing but what I am,
I then could wiſh that I were only he.
Com. You have fought together. [other,
Marci. Were half this Globe in Conflict with the
And he upon my Party, I'd revolt
That I might combat him; he is a Lyon,
Whom I am proud to hunt; therefore beſeech you,
By all the Battles we have fought together,
By all the Blood we have together ſhed,
And by the ſolemn Vows which we have made
To let no Time diſſolve our bond of Friendſhip,
I beg you that you would directly ſet me
Againſt this fierce *Aufidius* and his *Antiats;*
And that without the leaſt delay we march,
Filling the Air with Swords and Darts advanc'd,
And make ev'n this the great deciding Hour.
Com. Tho' I could wiſh
You were conducted to a gentle Bath,

And

And healing Balm infus'd into your Wounds,
Yet dare I ne'er deny what *Marcius* asks:
Then let the Soldiers ſtrait ſurround this Tent,
And take your choice of thoſe who are moſt fit,
To imitate thy great and bright Example.

Marci. They are moſt proper who are the moſt willing,
If there be ſuch, which were a Crime to doubt;
Who love this noble Paint with which I'm dy'd;
If here are any who are leſs afraid
Of dangers to their Perſons, than their Fames,
If any think brave Death outweighs bad Life,
And that his Country's dearer than himſelf,
Let all who find theſe noble Diſpoſitions
Advance their Swords, to ſhew their Reſolutions,
Such are my Friends, my Brethren and my Countrymen,
And only ſuch are fit to follow *Marcius*.

[*They all ſhout and flouriſh their Swords.*

1*ſt Sold.* Lead on, brave *Marcius*, thee we follow all
To Death or Victory.

All. To Death or Victory we follow all.

Com. Was ever ſuch a ſudden wondrous Change?
They look, they move, they breath with other Souls,
And more than mortal Fury. [*Shout again.*

Marci. Ay, in that Shout the *Volſcian* Army fell;
Yes, my brave Friends, ye have already conquer'd,
I ſee it in your Eyes, I hear it in your Voices.
Come on, and I, as Time does Fate, will lead you
To Slaughter and unbounded Devaſtation.

All. To Death or Victory lead on, brave *Marcius*. [*Exe.*

[*Alarm as in Battle.*

Enter Marcius *and* Aufidius *at ſeveral Doors.*

Marci. I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worſe than a Promiſe-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike.
Not *Africk* owns a Serpent I abhor
More than thy Fame and Envy; fix thy Foot.

Marci. Let the firſt Starter dye the other's Slave;
And after that moſt ignominious Death,

May the Gods doom him to eternal Torments.
Aufid. If I fly, *Marcius*, hoot me like a Hare.
Marci. Tullus Aufidius, know, within theſe three [Hours
Alone in your *Corioli* I fought,
Alone in your *Corioli* I vanquiſh'd.
Where walking like the Subſtitute of *Jove*,
I with this ſingle Arm dealt Fate amongſt them.
Believ'ſt thou 'tis my Blood with which I'm mark'd?
No: 'tis thy deareſt Friends, and thy Relations.
Now rouſe thy Faculties to great Revenge,
And ſcrue them to the utmoſt height of Fury.
Aufid. Think'ſt thou, when I behold thy hated Face,
want to be provok'd by Words to kill thee?
Thou ſay'ſt, I ſee upon thy painted Skin
The Blood of my dear Friends, and my Relations:
Thou Fool, what's that to t'other ſtabbing Sight,
When in thy haughty and inſulting Eyes
I ſee thy boaſted Triumphs o'er *Aufidius*.
Yes, that's the Sight that works my Rage to Madneſs,
And in me kindles ſuch a raging Feaver,
That if 'tis not extinguiſh'd by thy Blood
I'll quench it with my own.
Marci. Then take thy Wiſh,
Have at thy Life, and all the *Volſcian* Pow'r.
[*Here they fight, and certain* Volſcians *come to the Aid of* Aufidius; Marcius *fights till they are driven in breathleſs.*
Auf. to his Men. Stand from between us, oh, ſtand off, I charge you.
Stand off, ye Scandals to the Fame of *Tullus!*
Baſe and officious Cowards, how did you dare
To think that I, engaged againſt one *Roman*,
Could ſtand in need of you?
[*Flouriſh, Alarm. A Retreat is ſounded. Enter at one Door* Cominius *with the* Romans, *at another Door* Marcius. *The Soldiers proclaim the Victory of* Cominius.
Com. Enough, my kind Companions of the War,
You

You force me to uſurp another's Right,
For there's the Heroe to whom all is due:
'Tis he who ſav'd your Perſons, ſav'd your Names,
And did immortal Honour to your Country;
Who rais'd *Cominius* to eternal Fame,
Ev'n from the brink of everlaſting Infamy.
Oh *Caius*, *Caius*, I am loſt in Wonder;
For I this Day have ſeen thee do ſuch things,
Such more than mortal things, that ſhould'ſt thou now
Hear with deliberate Calmneſs what before
Thou didſt with godlike Fury, much I queſtion
Whether thou wouldſt not ſtart at the Relation,
And doubt the Truth of thy own Hiſtory.

Marci. Enough, enough, my General, and too much.
I have ſome Wounds upon me, and they ſmart
To hear themſelves remember'd.

Com. But baſe Forgetfulneſs might make them angry,
And black Ingratitude might make them feſter.
However, *Marcius*, ſo far thou art right,
That Talk is but a barren Recompence
For thy unequall'd Merit.
Therefore I'll ſay no more, 'till I report it
Where Senators ſhall mingle Tears with Smiles,
Where great *Patricians* that are uſed to Victory
Shall ſtart, and ſhrug, and lift their Eyes to Heaven;
Where Matrons ſhall grow pale at the Relation,
Trembling with pleaſure intermix'd with horrour;
Yet greedy ſtill, devour the wondrous Tale:
Where the dull Tribunes, and the rank *Plebeians*,
That have ſo long malign'd thy growing Glory,
Shall ſay, againſt their Hearts, we thank the Gods,
Our *Rome* hath ſuch a Soldier. Yet this Victory
Thou gain'dſt, when thou wert wearied more than half
By conquering with thy ſingle Arm *Corioli*.

Marci. Nay, General ——

Com. Proceed we now to ſomething more than Talk.
Then be it known to all the World that *Marcius*
By Merit wears the Laurel of this Victory;

And for a laſting Token of this Conqueſt,
My Noble Steed known to the Camp I give him,
With all his rich Capariſon; from hence,
For what he did within *Corioli*, call him,
With all the applauſe and clamour of the Hoſt,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus, Hail!

All. All hail, *Coriolanus!*

Marci. I will go waſh, and when my Face is fair,
You ſhall perceive whether I bluſh or not.

Com. Beſides, of all the Horſes, all the Treaſure,
Whereof we have taken ſtore in Field and City,
We render you the Tenth, to be choſe out
Before the common Diſtribution's made.

Marci. I thank you, General: but of all your Gifts
Your Steed and Noble Sirname I accept,
Which ſetting my old Honours ſtill before me,
Shall glorioufly excite my Soul to new ones.
But abſolutely I refuſe the reſt,
And ſtand upon my common part with thoſe
Who have been bare Spectators of the Victory.

Com. Now, my Companions of the War, prepare
To march our conquering Legions back to *Rome!*
You, *Caius Marcius*, muſt remain with me.

[*Exeunt all but* Comin *and* Coriol.

Com. Now we muſt back to *Rome*, *Coriolanus*,
Where all will now give way to Joy and Tranſport,
T' unruly Joy, and to tumultuous Tranſport,
And there will be nor time, nor place for Council;
A word then to thy darling Intereſt now:
When we're at *Rome*, I know th' aſſembled Senate
At my Propoſal will deſign thee Conſul,
Be not thou wanting to thy own advancement.

Cor. And how ſhould I be wanting?

Com. 'Tis, *Caius*, thou art Brave beyond Example,
Thy Soul's poſſeſt of ev'ry peaceful Virtue,
Temperate, chaſt, obſervant of the Laws,
With an Integrity like that of *Jove*,
Above the Pow'r of Fortune or of Fate; Yet

Yet thy one Blemiſh will all this diſgrace.
Cor. Name it, my Lord.
Com. Thou haſt a Soul too haughty and ſevere
For one who lives in a Free State, a State
That's ſo much founded on Equality.
You have been too harſh, and have provok'd the People.
Cor. I hate the People.
Com. Then give me leave to tell you, you're ungrateful;
For to this very People, whom you hate,
You more than half your matchleſs Conqueſts owe,
And more than half your Glory.
Cor. Owe them to them!
Com. To them, by whoſe Aſſiſtance you have conquer'd,
And in the Camp you cheriſh and eſteem them.
Cor. Becauſe they pay a blind Obedience here,
And ne'er diſpute the Will of their Superiors;
At *Rome* they inſolently aim at Pow'r,
And to controul the Nobles and the Senate,
And therefore there I hate them.
Com. The Diſcipline of War requires unbounded Sway,
But Peace reſtrains aſpiring Pow'r by Law:
And when at *Rome* the People curb the Senate,
'Tis when th' ambitious Race of our *Patricians*
Seem aiming at that Tyranny themſelves,
For which they expell'd the proud and cruel *Tarquin*.
Cheriſh the People when at *Rome* henceforward,
As here on *Volſcian* Land you fight for them.
Cor. Is it for them I fight? Is it for them
I loſe my deareſt Blood?
Com. Is it not in thy Country's Cauſe thou fight'ſt?
Cor. Moſt certainly.
Com. And are the Walls or Fields thy Country then?
Cor. No; the *Patricians*, and the noble Senate.
Com. A narrow Country, of a poor Extent,
Not the tenth part ſo large as was our *Rome*,
When 'twas firſt founded by our Martial *Romulus*.
Thy Country is the People.
Cor. When they're but nam'd, they ſhock my very [Nature.

Com.

Com. And doeſt thou think thy Nature different then
From that of this ſo deſpicable People?
Know, what they are thy Anceſtors have been,
And what thou art will their Deſcendans be.
Alas, we're all compounded of one Stuff:
The Gods, who made us, no ſuch difference ſee,
Between *Patricians* and th' ignoble Vulgar?
But hark! the Trumpet calls; we muſt to *Rome*;
And as we march, let's in our Minds revolve,
That this brave People, whom ſo much thou hat'ſt,
Are deſtin'd by the Gods to rule the Univerſe.
By them our *Rome* ſhall to the Stars ariſe:
Whom the Gods favour, let not Man deſpiſe.

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Volumnia, *and* Virgilia.

Vol. FIE, my *Virgilia*, leave theſe doleful Murmurs:
Dreams are but idle Vapours without Meaning.
Virg. Ay, but for five ſucceſſive Nights this Viſion
At dead of Night has viſited my Slumbers;
For five ſucceſſive Nights I've ſeen my Lord
Supriz'd, ſurrounded, murder'd by the *Volſcians*.
Vol. The meer Deluſions of your Melancholy.
But, after all, ſuppoſe Preſage divine
Did by theſe Viſions break your reſtleſs Slumbers,
Should they perſwade you to throw off the *Roman*,
And to appear dejected and deſponding!
This is juſt counter to the Gods Deſign;
Why ſhou'd at any time divine Prediction
Deſcend, t' inform us of our future Fate?
Is it, that by foreſeeing we can ſhun
Th' Eternal Dictates of Almighty Will?
Or, that the Powers take barbarous Delight,
To plague the Minds of miſerable Mortals,
By vain Fore-knowledge of avoidleſs Ills?
No ſure; 'tis that our Souls without ſurpriſe
May be prepared to meet the worſt of Fate,
That we ſecure may view its ghaſtfull'ſt Terrors,
Stem with undaunted Breaſts a Flood of Evils,
And may, in ſhort, behave our ſelves like *Romans*,
And like the darling Offspring of the Gods.

Virg.

Virg. You are the awful Parent of my *Marcius*:
Do you not love your Son?
Vol. Yes, with a Love, as tender, and as true,
As ſofteſt Mothers love their darling Children:
For which of them can ſhow a Son like *Marcius*
To juſtifie her Fondneſs? Such a Son
As my luxuriant, wanton Fancy form'd,
Such as my boldeſt, warmeſt Wiſhes pray'd for;
Exactly ſuch a one the Gods have ſent me.
Yet ſuch a Child, and ſuch an only Child,
So cheriſh'd, ſo belov'd, (for all true Love
Is always regulated by th' Advantage
Of the beloved Object, not its own;)
E're yet the Down his tender Cheek adorn'd,
While Youthful Beauty drew all Eyes upon him,
When, tho' a King ſhould beg a live-long Day,
Some Mothers would not part with him an Hour;
I, knowing Indolent, Inglorious Men
To be but Pictures, the dead Furniture
Of Houſes that are Noble, that 'tis Glory
That ends what we begin, and makes the Man;
Convinc'd of this, to a cruel War I ſent him,
Where he thro' Manly Dangers hunted Fame,
And Brow-bound with the Oak came back to *Rome*.
I tell thee, Daughter, my Heart ſprung not more
When firſt I heard there was a Man-child born,
Than when my Boy firſt prov'd himſelf a Man.
Virg. But can you think of his untimely Death,
And not feel Horror at the dreadful Thought?
Vol. No; at that Thought great Nature takes th' Alarm;
Yes, at that Thought, thoſe very piercing Terrors,
Thoſe ſhadd'wing Horrors, which torment your Breaſt,
Begin to ſwell and tyrannize in mine,
But ſtrait with *Roman* Spirit I ſubdue them;
And ſtill remain the Miſtreſs of my Soul.
My Comfort is, that if my *Marcius* dies,
The noble Services he does for *Rome*,

And his Eternal Fame, ſhall be my Offſpring.
Virg. I have a doleful, and a boding Heart.
Vol. I an auſpicious, and a ſprightly one,
And rather think that mine's inſpir'd from Heaven.
Methinks I hither hear your Husband's Drums;
I ſee, I ſee him pluck *Auſidius* down;
While all the routed *Volſcians* fly amain,
As Hunters from the roaring Lion fly,
And leave their General to my *Marcius'* Rage.
And thus methinks I ſee him Stamp, and thus
I hear him to our *Romans* cry aloud,
Come on, ye Cowards; ye were got in Fear,
Tho' ye were born in *Rome*: his Bloody Brow
With Iron Hand then wiping, on he goes,
Like to a Harveſt Man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or loſe his Hire.
Virg. His Bloody Brow! Oh Heavens!
Vol. Away, you Fool; it more becomes a Man,
Than gilded Trophies, and triumphant Chariots.
The Breaſts of *Hecuba* appear'd not lovelier,
When in her charming Bloom ſhe ſuckled *Hector*;
Than *Hector*'s Forehead, when it ſpouted Blood,
In the contention againſt ſtern *Achilles*.
Virg. Heav'n guard my Lord from fell *Auſidius'* Rage.
Vol. He'll beat *Auſidius'* Head below his Heel,
And tread upon his Neck. Alas, *Virgilia*!
What makes the Blood come mantling o'er thy Face,
And then departing leave a Death-like Pale?
Why is thy Eye thus fix'd? What mean theſe Starts,
And theſe convulſive Tremblings?
Virg. 'Tis he himſelf! it can be none but he.
That Godlike Form belongs to none but *Marcius*.
Protect me, and ſupport me, all ye Powers.
Enter Cominius, Coriolanus, *and* Menenius.
Cor. The Powers make me their Subſtitute for that;
'Tis I'll protect thee, and ſupport thee now.
Come to my Heart, to which thou art more dear,
Than

Than the Life-Blood that warms it.

[Cominius *entertains* Volumnia.

Virg. Exceſs of Bliſs, which I can never bear,
The mighty Joy, ſo ſudden, ſo impetuous,
Conſumes my Spirits, and devours my Life.
What Power has given thee to my eager Arms?
What God has ſnatcht thee from the Jaws of Fate,
And hither ſent thee on the Wings of Love,
To ſtop my Hand, and cheer my dying Eyes?

Cor. The God of War, the God of Victory,
At the requeſt of Love's propitious Goddeſs.

Virg. Of Victory? This is too much, ye Gods!
O fierce Convulſions of tranſporting Joy!
But ſee, the nobleſt Mother of the World
Remains too long neglected.

Cor. I knew not till this Moment ſhe was here,
So much my Eyes and every buſy Power
Of my rapt Soul were taken up with thee.

Vol. [*to Com.*] Now pour ten Thouſand Bleſſings on him, Gods!
Theſe are unparallel'd, unheard-of Wonders?

Com. This is not half the Truth.

Men. Conqueſt and Glory evermore like this.
Attend the Godlike Man!

Vol. O Joy, that lifts *Volumnia* to the Skies,
And places her among the deathleſs Gods!

Cor. Pardon, that I've ſo long delay'd my Knee;
For you, I know, have knelt to all the Gods
For my Proſperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. O *Marcius*, *Marcius*, O my Son, my Son,
Thou wondrous Prop of a declining State,
Support of *Rome*, and Glory of thy Race!
Thy joyful Mother's Ornament and Honour,
My worthy *Marcius*, my *Coriolanus*!
O riſe, thou Turner of Deſpair to Victory,
Riſe, thou ſole glorious Conqueror of *Corioli*.

Cor. What, my Friend too? My good *Menenius* here?

Men.

Men. Now the Gods crown thee!
'Tis Forty Years ſince laſt my Eyes were moiſt,
But all my Mother comes into them now:
Now welcome, welcome, yes, ten thouſand Welcomes!
A Curſe begin ev'n at his very Heart,
Who is not glad to ſee thee.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, your Colleague and th' aſſembled Senate
Deſire your Preſence.

Com. I come;
And, *Marcius*, you without delay muſt follow.

Cor. I will. [*Exit* Comin.

Volum. Now all that ever my luxuriant Fancy
Invented, to indulge my fondeſt Wiſhes,
Is truly come to paſs; there wants but one thing;
You muſt be Conſul now, *Coriolanus*.

Cor. Yes, if I can be ſo, without becoming
The Creature of the deſpicable Rabble.

Men. Come to the Capitol; you are expected.

[*Exeunt* Coriol. *and* Men.

Vol. Now where's the dreadful Viſion of the Night?
Marcius has been ſurrounded by the *Volſcians*;
But ſingly, ſolely has o'ercome them all.
He with his ſingle Arm ſubdu'd *Corioli*;
Then ſwift as Lightning joyn'd our routed Army:
And rallied them to Conqueſt and to Glory.
He was the very Soul of their vaſt Body,
Was all in all, and all in ev'ry part;
Where-e'er he went, before him Fortune flew,
And certain Fate attended on his March,
And Victory upon his dreadful Plume
Sate perch'd, and clapt her joyful Eagle's Wings:
Three times our *Marcius* ſingled out *Aufidius*,
And thrice the *Volſcian* ſunk beneath his Thunder,
And bent his Knee, as 'twere in Adoration

Virg. Ye Gods!
Theſe are tranſporting, and amazing things!

Volum. Hark! how the People ſhout! Come, let's go gaze
Upon his unpremeditated Triumph. [*Ex.*

SCENE II. *The Capitol.*

Enter Sicinius, *and* Brutus, *two Tribunes of the People.*

Brut. 'Tis true, the Death of *Tarquin* gave a looſe
To this outragious Pride of the *Patricians*,
Which till that Hour had been reſtrain'd thro' Fear;
Leſt the vex'd People ſhould recall their Monarch,
And rather chuſe one Tyrant than Three hundred.

Sicin. And yet this *Marcius*, now *Coriolanus*,
In Pride and Inſolence out-does them all.

Brut. When we were choſen Tribunes, you remember
His Oppoſition, and his proud Deportment;
And when the People pin'd in the late Dearth,
'Twas he withſtood the giving them Relief,
By dealing them Corn *gratis*.

Sicin. His new Exploits will ſcarce abate his Pride,
Nor his new lofty Title.

Brut. No, nor this mad Reception of the People.
How in tumultuous Crowds they throng to ſee him,
And view their deadlieſt Foe with Lovers Eyes!
Blear'd Sights are ſpectacled to ſee him paſs,
And halting Crutches learn Activity;
And crying Babes into Convulſions fall,
While prattling Nurſes chat of none but him:
The Kitchin Malkin pinns her richeſt Buckram
About her reachy Neck, and up ſhe climbs,
And clings like Ivy to the Walls, to eye him.
Stalls, Windows, Bulks are ſmother'd up and choak'd,
The Leads of Houſes fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
With variable Complexions, all agreeing

In

In Earneſtneſs to ſee him; cloiſter'd *Flamens*,
That ſhun the Eyes of Men, and leave Society,
To be quite ſwallow'd up in Contemplation,
Now labouring cleave the waving Crowd, and puff
To win a vulgar Station; our veil'd Dames
Commit the War of white and fine Carnation
In their nice lovely Cheeks, to be devour'd
By *Phœbus'* burning Kiſſes; ſuch a Rage,
And ſuch an univerſal Eagerneſs,
As if that whatſoever God who leads him
Were ſlyly crept into his human Powers,
And gave him graceful Poſture.

Sic. The Senate is reſolv'd to chuſe him Conſul.

Brut. And the mad People will confirm that Choice.

Sic. Then our Authority is at an end.

Brut. And with it Liberty.

Sic. Our Comfort is,
That he wants Temper to ſupport theſe Honours;
And all that Pride, with which he threats the State,
Will, like an Engine manag'd without Skill,
Recoil upon himſelf.

Brut. That is indeed a comfort.

Sic. And doubt not, but the giddy changing Vulgar,
Whoſe Rights are in our keeping, will forget,
With the leaſt Cauſe, the Glare of theſe Atchievements;
Which Cauſe that he will give, I no more doubt,
Than his Preſumption and his Inſolence.

Brut. I heard him ſwear,
Were he to ſtand for Conſul, never would he
Appear i'th' *Roman Forum*, ne'er put on,
The candid Veſture of Humility:
Nor ſhewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
To the vile People, beg their ſtinking Breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Brut. It was his word.
Oh, he would miſs it, rather than obtain it;
But by the Suit of the Nobility,
And of the Gentry to him.

Sic. And may his evil Genius prompt him ſtill
To hold that Purpoſe, and to execute it.
Brut. You may depend upon it, that he will.
Sic. It ſhall be like our Wiſhes then, Deſtruction to him.
Brut. He or our Office muſt find ſure Deſtruction:
Therefore we muſt inſinuate to the People,
With what malignant Hatred he has vex'd them;
That to his Power he would have made them Mules;
Silenc'd their Pleaders, overturn'd their Freedoms:
Contemning them as Animals, as Beaſts,
Incapable of Human Thought or Action;
And to be us'd like Camels in the War,
Who have their Provender for bearing Burdens,
And Blows for ſinking under them.
Shout. Enter Citizen.
What's the matter?
Cit. The conquering *Coriolanus* comes this way:
I have ſeen the Deaf Men throng to ſee him walk,
The Blind to hear him ſpeak; Matrons flung Gloves,
Virgins their Handkerchiefs and Silken Scarfs
Upon him as he paſs'd, the Nobles bended
As to *Jove*'s Statue, and the Commons made
A ſhow'r and thunder with their Caps and Shouts,
Such as I never heard before.
Brut. The Senate is broke up; ſee, *Caius Marcius*,
And with him comes *Cominius*, and *Menenius*.
Let us begone. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Coriolanus, Cominius, *and* Menenius.
Com. The Senate have with wonder heard thy Deeds,
And have with one conſent, for thy great Services,
Reſolv'd to make thee Conſul.
Anon you muſt beſpeak the Peoples Voice.
Cor. I do beſeech you,
Let me o'erleap that Cuſtom, for I cannot
Put on the Gown, ſtand naked, and entreat them,
For my Wounds ſake, to give their Suffrages:
From this be pleas'd that I may be excepted,

Com.

Com. Know, Sir, the Peoples Voices are their Rights,
Nor will they bate one jot of Ceremony.
Men. He ſhall not put them to it.
Go, pray Sir, and adapt you to the Cuſtom,
And take, as all your Predeceſſors have done,
The Honour with the Form.
Cor. It is a Part which I ſhall bluſh in acting;
And what might well be taken from the People.
To brag unto them, Thus I did, and thus;
Shew them th' unaking Scars which I ſhou'd hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the Hire
Of their Breath only.
Men. Come, come, no more; you muſt reſolve to do it:
So to our Noble Conſul we wiſh Joy,
And all acceſs of Honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Roman Forum.*

Enter ſeveral of Coriolanus *his Party.*

1 *Cit.* Come, come, Is there no falſe Brother among us? Are you all reſolv'd to vote for *Coriolanus*?
All. All, all.
2 *Cit.* If he does require our Voices, we ought not to deny him.
3 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.
4 *Cit.* We have a Power in our ſelves to do it; but 'tis a Power that we have no Power to do. For if he ſhew us his Wounds, and tell us his Deeds, we are to put our Tongues into theſe Wounds, and ſpeak for them. So if he tell us his noble Deeds, we are likewiſe to tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous, and for the Multitude to be ungrateful, were to make a Monſter of the Multitude;

of the which we being Members, ſhould bring our ſelves to be monſtrous Members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will ſerve: For when we ſtood up about the Corn, he himſelf ſtuck not to call us the many-headed Multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd ſo by many, not that our Heads are ſome Brown, ſome Black, ſome Auborn, and ſome Bald, but that our Wits are ſo diverſely colour'd. And truly I think, that if all our Wits were to go out of one Skull, they would fly *Eaſt*, *Weſt*, *North*, and *South*, and to every part of the Compaſs.

2 *Cit.* Think you ſo? Which Way do you judge my Wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Thy Wit will not ſo ſoon out as another's, 'tis ſtrongly wedg'd up in a Blockhead. Yet if it were once out, it would neither fly, nor run, nor walk, no nor creep: It would directly tend to its center of Gravity, and ſink plumb down, with as much alacrity as a Millſtone.

Enter ſeveral of Sempronius *his Party.*

All Sem. A *Sempronius!* A *Sempronius!*

All Cor. A *Coriolanus!* A *Coriolanus!*

All Sem. No Purſe-proud *Patrician!* no Contemner of the People.

All Cor. No Cuckold-making *Patrician!* no Denier of his own Hand.

1 *Sem.* Why, who denied his own Hand?

2 *Cor.* Why *Sempronius*, *Sempronius*.

2 *Sem.* Why here's an impudent Slander, my Maſters, when all the World knows that he can neither write nor read; by the ſame token that he and I had the ſame Education.

2 *Cor.* A rare Fellow for a Conſul truly!

[*All* Coriolanus's *Party laugh.*

2 *Sem.* Ay marry is he, and to be valued for his natural parts. His Father ſaw, that he had ſuch prodigious parts, that it would be in vain to teach him any

any thing. He found he never would have occaſion for any Man's Wit but his own; and ſo, my Maſters, a *Sempronius*, a *Sempronius!*

1 *Cor.* No Box and Dice Man! No Hap-Hazarder! [*All C. laugh and ſout.*

Look you, Sirs, we will not chuſe a Man for Conſul, who will be ſure to make Chance his Deputy-Governor. He who has ruin'd his own Eſtate by Hazard, is hardly like to ſecure ours by Conduct. [*All C. laugh.*

And ſo I ſay no *Sempronius.*

2 *Semp.* No Subverter of the Peoples Liberties, no *Coriolanus.*

1 *Cor.* Yes, *Coriolanus* is like to ſubvert our Liberties, becauſe he is the only Man who has kept out young *Tarquin*; and *Sempronius* is like to ſecure theſe Liberties, becauſe he has been all along in a Plot for the bringing him in. And in what manner for the bringing him in? Why wielding in his unconditional Arm a Spunge inſtead of a Scepter, with which, when the Boy is diſpos'd to be frolickſome, he may run about in Moon-light and rub out Milk-ſcores.

All Cor. Ha, ha, ha! Liberty and Property! Liberty and Property! no *Sempronius*, no Spunger.

1 *Semp.* Hark you me, *Sanga!* Here you bawl out Liberty and Property! You owe me fifty Seſterces.

1 *Cor.* Well, Sir! Well, Sir!

1 *Semp.* And if you don't either vote for *Sempronius*, or pay me immediately, I will forthwith take both your Chattels and your Carcaſe into *Salva Cuſtodia*; and there's Liberty and Property for you, you Dog.

All Semp. Ha, ha, ha.

All Cor. What, does he threaten? Knock him down! knock him down!

1 *Semp.* Nay then,---The Temples of our Gods, the Temples of our Gods are in danger!

All Semp. The Temples of our Gods, the Temples of our Gods are in danger!

1 *Cor.* Very fine! This *Sempronius* is a bleſſed Perſon indeed! he Games, he Cheats, he Swears, he Drinks, he Drabs; and yet whenever this Scoundrel is out of Place, all things are upon the brink of Ruin forſooth, our Temples are about to be turn'd Topſy-turvy, and the Gods to ſtand upon their Heads; as if nothing but profligate Vice could be the firm Support of Religion, or that the Gods were too weak to defend themſelves without ſuch Bully Backs to their Seconds.

1 *Semp.* Religion is like to come into mighty Repute indeed, when Fellows are about to come into play, who are ſo proud and ſo ſawcy that they ſcorn to pull off their Hats to the Gods.

1 *Cor.* You lie, you Rogue, you lie, there are no ſuch coming into play. Our Gods are like to be finely help'd up, by *Sempronius*'s bringing young *Tarquin* in. *Sempronius* and he have been travelling, with a murrain to them; they have been in *Ægypt* together, and now we muſt exchange our own for *Ægyptian* Gods; *Apollo* muſt give Place to a Leek, *Mercury* to an Onion, and *Jove* himſelf to a Clove of Garlick. Bleſſed Gods are theſe *Ægyptian* Divinities! which they who worſhip devour; and which have ſo ſtrong an Influence on their Votaries, that while a Man has his Gods in his Guts, he is unfit to breath in human Society.

All Cor. No *Sempronius!* No God-Eater!

1 *Cor.* Look you, my Maſters, don't let theſe People tell *Sempronius*, that we did not ſhew our Breeding to them; give them a general Huzza at parting, and each of them in particular a luſty thwack o'er the Shoulders.

All Cor. Huzza!

1 *Cor.* But here comes *Coriolanus*, and in the Gown of Humility: Let us obſerve his Behaviour a little.

Enter Coriolanus *and* Menenius.

Men. Come, come for ſhame; it will be thought meer Arrogance,
T' expect the very Cuſtoms of your Country Should

Should truckle to your Merit, and refuſe
To do what all our nobleſt *Romans* have done.
Cor. What muſt I ſay, Sir?
A plague upon it, I can never bring
My Tongue to ſuch a pace. Look, Sir, my Wounds,
I got them in my Country's Service, when
Some certain of your Brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noiſe of our own Drums.
Men. O all the Gods! You muſt not ſpeak of that:
You muſt deſire they would think upon you.
Cor. Think upon me! Hang them!
Rather forget me, as they have done Virtue,
And every thing that's worthy.
Men. Come, come; pray ſpeak to them in handſome manner, and marr not your own Fortune. I muſt leave you. [*Exit.*
1 *Cit.* Now let us paſſing one by one ſalute him,
And be ſaluted by him, and deſired
To give our Voices.
And now a Wager on the handſom'ſt Bow.
Cor. O *Jove*, what part am I about to play!
Here comes the beaſtly Crew, all Beaſts alike,
Yet each a different Brute; now for their Bows,
Which will be different in them as their Looks,
Their Leers, their Sneers, their Goggles and Grimaces.
Shocking Reſpect! Civility offenſive!
Ridiculous variety of Awkwardneſs!

[*The Citizens paſs by* Coriolanus, *each making a ſingular awkward Bow, and a different ridiculous Grimace.*

Cor. You know the cauſe of my ſtanding here?
Your Voice?
2 *Cit.* 'Tis yours noble Sir.
Cor. And yours?
3 *Cit.* Ay, ay, Sir.
Cor. And yours?
4 *Cit.* Were it as big as *Stentor*'s, it were yours, Sir.
Cor. And yours?

5 *Cit.*

5 *Cit.* My Voice, my Lungs, and my Midriff, all are at your Service, noble Sir.

Cor. And yours?

6 *Cit.* Ay, by all means, Sir.

Cor. And yours?

7 *Cit.* Give you Joy, Sir.

Cor. And yours?

8 *Cit.* You ſhall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. Worthy Voices. And yours?

9 *Cit.* Mine, Sir, I muſt be paid for.

Cor. Your Price?

9 *Cit.* To ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, pray let me have it.

9 *Cit.* You have Wounds to ſhew.

Cor. Which ſhall be yours in private. Your Voice, Sir? What ſay you?

9 *Cit.* Oh! Dear Sir, you have it freely.

Cor. Rare Voices! Sweet Voices! Delicate Voices! I have your Alms. Adieu!

2 *Cit.* But this is ſomething odd.

3 *Cit.* Fooliſh enough, Neighbour!

4 *Cit.* Very whimſical, by *Jupiter!*

5 *Cit.* Were it to do again — ! But 'tis no Matter. Come let's withdraw a little, and make room for more.

Cor. Here comes a ſingle Voice, and by his Mien A Tooth-Drawer, or Corn-Cutter at the beſt. Death! Muſt I beg of him too?

1 *Cit.* I have not ſtood by, and obſerved for nothing. He has flouted all my Companions, and I ſuppoſe I am to expect the like uſage in my turn; which to prevent by *Hercules*, I'll try to mortify this haughty, daughty Heroe.

Cor. You know what I come for, Sir.

1 *Cit.* O *Gemini!* Not I, by *Hercules*, Sir! I know nothing of the Matter, Sir.

Cor. How! Not know my Buſineſs?

1 *Cit.* Have you Buſineſs with me, Sir? Pray what may your Name be?

Cit.

Cor. My Name, Sirrah?

1 *Cit.* Nay, don't be angry, don't be angry, Sir. Some People are not willing to tell their Names. There may be Reaſons, Reaſons for that. But pray, Sir, what Country-man are you? When I know your Country, perhaps I may know what you come for. Are you an *Etrurian*, a *Campanian*, or a *Volſcian*?

Cor. A *Volſcian*, you Raskal?

1 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, ſo I ſay, Sir, a *Volſcian*; if you are a *Volſcian*, look you, you come for Cure. You have received ſome Contuſions, from ſome *Roman* Baſtinado's, and ſo having heard of my Fame, do you ſee, for a moſt skilful Operator. — There's no more to be ſaid, I'll do your Buſineſs, Friend, I will, by *Hercules*.

Cor. By *Jove*, you Raskal, I'll do yours.

1 *Cit.* Help! Help! Murder! Murder!
What a Logerhead was I,
[Cit *runs*, Cor. *follows beating him.*
For ſetting my notable Head-piece
Againſt the Great Toe of this Brawner!
[*Exit* 1 *Cit. Enter two others.*

Cor. Here come more Voices. Sirs, your Voices, Voices.

10 *Cit.* You have deſerved nobly of your Country.

11 *Cit.* You have received many Wounds for it.

Cor. I will not ſeal your Knowledge with the ſight of them. I will make much of your Voices, and ſo trouble you no farther.

Both. The Gods give you Joy, Sir, heartily.

Cor. Moſt ſweet Voices. Here are more of them. Your Voices? For your Voices I have fought, watched for your Voices, for your Voices, bear of Wounds two Dozen and odd; Battles thrice ſix I have ſeen or heard of. For your Voices have done many things, ſome more, ſome leſs. Your Voices! Indeed I would be Conſul.

9 *Cit.* And he ſhall be Conſul. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honeſt Man's Voice.

10 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Conſul. The Gods give him Joy, and make him good Friend to the People.

All.

All. *Amen, Amen!* God ſave thee, noble Conſul.

Cor. Worthy Voices! Sweet Voices! Delicate Voices!

Enter Menenius, *with* Brutus *and* Sicinius.

Men. You have ſtood th' appointed time, and now the Tribunes
Endue you with the People's Voice, it follows
That you, inveſted in th' official Marks,
Anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sici. The Cuſtom of Requeſt you have diſcharg'd,
The People do admit you, and are ſummon'd
To meet anon, t' approve the Choice they have made.

Cor. Where? At the Senate-houſe?

Sici. There, *Coriolanus.*

Cor. May I change theſe Garments?

Sici. You may, Sir.

Cor. I'll do't without delay; and when once more
I know my ſelf, I'll meet th'aſſembled Senate.

Men. I'll keep you Company. Will you along?

Brut. We here expect the People. [*Exe.* Cor. Men.

Sic. Fare you well.
He has it now; and by his Looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at's Heart.

Brut. With a proud Heart he wore his humble Weeds.
Will you diſmiſs the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my Maſters! have you choſe this Man?

2 *Cit.* He has our Voices, Sir.

Brut. We pray the Gods he may deſerve your Loves.

2 *Cit.* *Amen,* Sir: In my poor unworthy Judgment He mock'd us, when be begg'd our Voices.

3 *Cit.* Yes, certainly, he flouted us downright.

4 *Cit.* No, 'tis his way of Speech; he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one among us, ſave your ſelf, but ſays
He us'd us ſcornfully: He ſhould have ſhewn us
His Marks of Merit, and his Wounds receiv'd
In fighting for his Country.

Sic.

Sic. Why, did he not?
All. No, no, no Man ſaw them.
3 *Cit.* He ſaid he had Wounds
Which he wou'd ſhew in private.
And with his Hand, thus waving it in ſcorn,
I would be Conſul, ſays he; aged Cuſtom
But by your Voices will not ſo permit me;
Your Voices therefore: When we granted that,
He ſaid, I thank you for your Voices, thank you
For your moſt ſweet Voices, your moſt delicate Voices,
Your moſt worthy Voices; now you have left your Voices,
You may take ev'ry thing elſe that belongs to you
Out of my ſight. Was not this mockery?
Brut. Did you perceive,
He did ſolicite you in frank Contempt,
When he did want your Loves; and do you think
That his Contempt will not be grinding to you
When he hath Power to cruſh? Why had your Bodies
No Souls among you? Or had you Tongues to cry
Againſt the Rule and Dictate of your Reaſon?
Sic. Have you ſo oft e'er now deny'd the Asker,
And now on him who did not ask, but mock'd,
Beſtow'd your ſlighted Voices?
3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.
2 *Cit.* And will deny him;
I'll have five hundred Voices of that ſound.
1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their Friends to help them.
Brut. Get you hence inſtantly, and tell thoſe Friends
They have choſen a Conſul, that will from them take
Their Liberties, and make their Voices vile
As thoſe of Dogs, that are as often beat
For Barking, as they are for that purpoſe kept.
Sic. Aſſemble all, and on a ſafer Judgment
Revoke your ignorant choice; enforce his Pride,
And his inveterate Hatred, and forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble Weed.

How

How in his Suit he ſcorn'd you, while your Zeal,
Dazzled and blinded by his glaring Service,
Did not diſcern his Inſolent Deportment,
Which he moſt gibingly, ungravely faſhion'd,
According to th' invenom'd Hate he bears you.

Brut. But lay the fault of that on us your Tribunes;
Say, that we labour'd to remove all Scandals
That lay betwixt the Conſulſhip and him.

Sic. Yes, ſay you choſe him more by our Command,
Than by the Dictates of your own Affections:
And preſently, when you have got your numbers
Together, to the Capitol repair.

All. We will ſo; almoſt all repent their choice.
Away, away, away. [*Exeunt* Plebeians.

Brut. Ay, now the Winds are up, and the Waves roar,
And we the Rabble wiſely have enrag'd,
To be reveng'd of this *Coriolanus*;
Whom we muſt ruine, or our ſelves be loſt.
This proud *Patrician* threats our new-born Pow'r,
Which either yet we muſt retain, or die.
So much we have enrag'd the haughty Senate,
By heading that Sedition of the People,
Which forc'd the Fathers to create us Tribunes;
And Tribunes we muſt be, or muſt be nothing.

Sic. Then let us to the Capitol;
There let us to the beſt advantage guide
This Madneſs of the roaring Multitude,
And calm our ſelves; let's rule the Storm we have rais'd,
Calm as the Ruler of the raging Main,
Incenſing his mad Billows to devour
Some bold Blaſphemer who defies his Pow'r.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Largius, *and other Senators.*

Cor. TUllus *Aufidius* then had made new Head.
Larg. He had, my Lord; and it was that which
Our ſwifter Compoſition. [caus'd
Cor. So then the *Volſcians* ſtand but as at firſt,
Ready, when Time ſhall prompt them, to make Inroad
Upon us once again.
Com. Lord Conſul, they are worn and harraſs'd ſo,
That we ſhall hardly, in our Age, behold
Their Banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you *Aufidius?*
Larg. On Safeguard he came to me; and did curſe
Moſt bitterly the *Volſcians*, who ſo vilely
Yielded the Town. He is retir'd to *Antium.*
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Larg. He did, my Lord.
Cor. How? What?
Larg. How often he had met you Sword to Sword.
That of all things upon the Earth, he hated
Your Perſon moſt: That he would pawn his Fortunes,
So he might only be proclaim'd your Vanquiſher.
Cor. At *Antium* lives he?
Larg. At *Antium.*
Cor. I would I had a Cauſe to ſeek him there,
T'oppoſe his Hatred fully: Welcome home.

Enter

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

See where the Tribunes of the People come,
The many-headed Monſters common Tongues;
Whom I deſpiſe and hate, becauſe the Wretches
Would raiſe their puny and their upſtart Power
Above what we, the Nobles, ought to bear.

Sic. Paſs no further.

Cor. Ha, what ſay'ſt thou?

Brut. It will be dangerous to go on, no further.

Cor. What is the Cauſe of this ſo ſudden Change?

Men. Ay, what uncommon Accident has happen'd?

Com. Has he not paſs'd the Nobles and the Commons?

Brut. *Cominius*, no.

Cor. Thou Wretch, Deſpite o'erwhelm thee.
What ſhould the People do with theſe bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their Obedience fails,
And grows rebellious to the greater Bench.
When not what's fit, but what muſt be was Law,
Then were they choſen. In a better Hour
Let what is fit, pronounce it muſt be fit,
And trample on their Power.

Brut. He has ſaid enough.

Sic. He has ſpoken like a Traytor, and ſhall anſwer
As Traytors do.

Brut. The *Ediles*, ho. Let him be apprehended.

Enter an Edile.

Sic. Go call the People, in whoſe Name, my ſelf
Arreſt thee as a traytorous Innovator,
A public Foe to *Rome*. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thy Anſwer.

Cor. Hence, old Goat.

All Sen. We all will be his Sureties.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy Bones
Out of thy Garments.

Sic. Help, help, my Fellow-Citizens.

Enter a Rabble with the Ediles.

Men. On both ſides more Reſpect.

Sic. Here's he who would deprive you of your Power.

Brut.

Brut. Sieze him, *Ædiles.*
All Pleb. Down with him! down with him!
2 *Sen.* Weapons! Weapons! Weapons!
[*They all buſtle about* Cor.
Men. Tribunes, *Patricians*, Citizens, what ho!
Sicinius, *Brutus*, *Coriolanus*, Citizens!
Now what will follow next? I am out of Breath,
And want the Power to ſpeak, and they to hear.
Confuſion has already taken place,
And Ruin, its Attendant, muſt enſue.
Patience, ye Tribunes of th' unruly People;
And thou, *Coriolanus*, too have Patience.
Speak to the People, good *Sicinius*, ſpeak.
Sic. Hear me, People. Peace.
All Peop. Let's hear our Tribune. Peace. ſpeak, ſpeak.
Sic. You are about to loſe your Liberties;
Marcius, by force, will ſeize upon your Rights,
This very *Marcius* whom you nam'd for Conſul.
Men. For ſhame, *Sicinius*;
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Sen. To unbuild the City, and to lay all flat.
Sic. The City! What's the City but the People?
Pleb. 'Tis true, the People are the City.
Brut. By the Conſent of all we were eſtabliſh'd
The People's Magiſtrates.
Pleb. You ſo remain.
Men. And ſo are like to do.
Cor. That, that's the way to lay the City flat,
To bring the Roof down to the deep Foundation,
And bury all its Order, and its Beauty
In heaps and piles of Ruin.
Sic. This deſerves Death.
Brut. Or let us ſtand to our Authority,
Or let us loſe it. We do here pronounce,
In all the People's Name, in whoſe juſt Power
We were elected theirs, *Marcius* is worthy
Of preſent Death.
Sic. Therefore lay hold of him,

Bear him to the *Tarpeian* Rock, from whence
Into Deſtruction caſt him.
Brut. Seize him, *Ædiles.*
Cor. No; I'll die here. [*Draws.*
There are among you who have ſeen me fighting,
Now come and try the power of this Right Hand.
Men. Down with that Sword. Tribunes, withdraw a while.
Brut. Lay Hands upon him.
Men. Help, *Marcius*, help; ye who are Noble, help,
Both old and young.
All Peop. Down with him! down with him!
[*The Tribunes*, Ædiles, *and People are beaten in.*
Men. Go, get you to your Houſe, begone, away,
All will be naught elſe.
2 *Sen.* I pray be gone.
Cor. Stand faſt, we have as many Friends as Foes.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
1 *Sen.* The Gods forbid.
I pr'ythee, noble Friend, home to thy Houſe;
Leave us to cure this Cauſe.
Com. Beſides,
'Tis a Miſtake to think our Friends are equal:
So far from that, 'tis Odds ſo diſproportion'd
That Numbers cannot reach it. Come away,
For Manhood is call'd Foolery, when it ſtands
Againſt a falling Fabrick. Will you hence
Before the Rout returns? whoſe Rage grows mad
As interrupted Waters, which o'erwhelm
What they before ſupported. Come away.
[*Exeunt* Com. *and* Co
1 *Sen.* This Man has marr'd his Fortune.
Men. His Nature is too noble for the World.
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,
Nor for his Thunder *Jove*; his Heart's his Mouth:
What his Breaſt forges, that his Tongue muſt vent.
And being angry, he forgets that e'er
He heard the Name of Death. [*Noiſe with*
Her

Here's goodly Work.

1 *Sen.* I would they were a-bed.

Men. I would they were in *Tyber*.
What, with a Vengeance, could he not ſpeak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus *and* Sicinius *with the Rabble again.*

Sic. Where is this Viper, that would lay the City
Depopulate and bare; that he might then
Be all in all himſelf?

Men. You worthy Tribunes.

Sic. He ſhall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* Rock
With rigorous Hands. He has reſiſted Law,
And therefore Law ſhall ſcorn him further Tryal,
Than the Severity of the publick Power
Which he ſo much contemns.

Men. If by the Tribunes leave, and yours, good People,
I might be heard, I then would ſpeak one Word,
The which can be no further detrimental
Than ſo much loſs of Time.

Sic. Speak briefly, then,
For we are peremptory to diſpatch
This viperous Traytor; for to baniſh him
Were to prolong our Danger, and to keep him
Were certain Death; therefore 'tis decreed,
This very Night he dies.

Men. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned *Rome*, whoſe Gratitude
Towards her deſerving Children is enroll'd
In *Jove*'s own Book, like an unnatural Dam,
Should now devour her own.

Brut. We'll hear no more.
Purſue him to his Houſe, and pluck him thence;
Leſt this Infection of Malignant Nature
Spread its contagious Poyſon.

Men. Hear me but one word more.
This Tyger-footed Rage, when it ſhall find
The Harm of thoughtleſs Swiftneſs, will too late
Tye leaden Pounds to its Heels; proceed by Proceſs,
Leſt Parties, as he is belov'd, break out,

And ſack great *Rome* with *Romans*.
Brut. Were that the Caſe indeed———
Sic. Can you demur then?
Have we not had a Taſte of his Obedience?
Our *Ædiles* ſmit, our ſelves reſiſted? Come.
Men. Conſider this; he has been bred to War,
Since he could draw a Sword, and is ill ſchool'd
In boulted Language: Meal and Bran together
He throws without Diſtinction. Give me leave,
And peaceably I'll undertake to bring him
Where he ſhall anſwer, by a lawful Form,
Even at his utmoſt Peril.
Noble Tribunes,
This is the human Way, the other Courſe
Will prove too bloody, and the End of it
Unknown to the Beginning.
Sic. Be you, *Menenius*, then the People's Officer.
Maſters, lay down your Weapons.
Brut. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the *Forum*, we'll attend you there,
Where if you bring not *Marcius*, we'll proceed
In our firſt Way.
Men. I'll bring him to you. [come,
Let me deſire your Company. [*to Senators.*] He muſt
Or what is worſe will follow.
Sen. Come, pray let's to him. [*Exe*

SCENE II. *The Houſe of* Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus *and Senators.*

Cor. Let them ſet Death in its worſt Shape before me
Upon the Wheel, or at wild Horſes Heels,
Or pile ten Hills on the *Tarpeian* Rock,
That the vaſt Precipice might ſtretch below

The very Beam of Sight, yet ſhould they find
That I am ſtill unalter'd.

Enter Volumnia.

Sen. A *Roman* Spirit!

Cor. I wonder that my Mother
Does not approve of this my juſt Proceeding:
She who was wont to call them Wooden Veſſels,
Things that were bought and ſold for wretched Groats.
Why did you wiſh me milder? would you have me
Falſe to my Nature? Rather ſay, I play
The Man I am.

Vol. O Sir, Sir, Sir!
I would have had you put your Power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Enter Menenius *with Senators.*

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, ſome-
You muſt return and mend it. [thing too rough;

1 *Sen.* There's no Remedy,
Unleſs, by your Refuſal, our good City
Cleave in the midſt, and periſh.

Vol. Pray be adviſ'd;
I have a Heart as much reſolv'd as yours,
But yet a Brain that teaches me to uſe
My Anger to advantage.

Cor. What muſt I do?

Men. Return to the Tribunes.

Cor. Well! What then? What then?

Men. Repent what you have ſpoke.

Cor. To them? I cannot do it to the Gods.
Muſt I then do it to them?

Enter Cominius.

Com. I from the *Forum* come, and, Sir, 'tis fit
You make your Party ſtrong, or elſe ſecure yourſelf
By Calmneſs or by Abſence; all's in Uproar.

Men. Only fair Speech will do it.

Com. I think 'twill ſerve, if he can bend his Mind to't.

Vol. He muſt, he will.
Pr'ythee now ſay you will, and go about it.

Cor. Muſt I go worſhip then this monſtrous Idol?
Muſt my baſe Tongue give to my noble Heart
A Lie that it muſt bear? Well, I will do it!
And yet were but my ſingle Life at ſtake,
They firſt to Duſt ſhould grind this Mould of *Marcius*,
And throw it in the Air. Now to the *Forum*;
You have put me to a moſt unnatural Part,
Which I ſhall play moſt awkwardly.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, ſweet Son, as thou haſt ſaid
My Praiſes made thee firſt a valiant Soldier,
To have my Praiſe for this, perform a Part
Thou haſt not done before.

Cor. Well, I muſt do it.
And thou, my Nature, and my generous Mind,
Now leave me for a while: Inſtead of theſe,
Some Harlot's wanton Soul inform my Body;
My martial Voice, that like a Trumpet, once,
Was wont to rouze up Valour in our Soldiers,
Grow ſoft and and melting as the warbling Flute,
Small as an Eunuch's Pipe, or Virgin's Voice,
That lulls aſleep a Babe: The Smiles of Knaves
Entrench my honeſt Cheeks, and may my Eyes
Grow Imitators of the falſe *Hyena*:
A Beggar's canting Tone poſſeſs my Tongue;
And my arm'd Knee, that never bow'd before,
But to the Gods and you, now bend, like his
Who has receiv'd, or who expects an Alms.
Confuſion! Muſt I do this! No, I will not:
Leſt I ſhould ceaſe to honour my own Truth;
And by my Body's Action, teach my Mind
A moſt inherent Baſeneſs.

Vol. At thy choice then,
Whether is greater Condeſcenſion, mine
To beg of thee, or thine to ask of them?
Let univerſal Ruin ſeize on all,
I laugh at Death, with as large Heart as thou.
Do as thou liſt! Thy Bravery was mine,

Thou

Thou ſuck'dſt it from me, but thy Pride's thy own.
Cor. Come, come, you ſhall be ſatisfied.
Mother, I am going to the *Roman Forum*,
Where I will cheat the Rabble of their Loves,
Decoy their Hearts, and cogg their very Souls from 'em:
Come home the very Minion of the Crowd,
The Darling of each dirty vile Mechanic.
Juſt now I go, and Conſul I'll return,
Or never truſt my Tongue to flatter more.
Vol. Do as you liſt. [*Exit.*
Com. Come, come, the Tribunes wait you. Pray prepare
To anſwer mildly, for they're arm'd, I hear,
With Accuſations ſtronger than their former.
Cor. The Word is Mildly. Pray now lead the Way;
Let them accuſe me by Invention, I
Will anſwer in mine Honour.
Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly: Be it then mildly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sicinus *and* Brutus.

Bru. In this part charge him home; that he affects
A Regal Power: If he evade us there,
Then urge him with his Hatred to the People,
And that the Spoil got from the *Antiats*
Was ne'er diſtributed ——What, will he come?

Enter Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old *Menenius*, and thoſe Senators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the Poll?
Æd. I have, 'tis ready,
Sic. Have you collected them by Tribes?
Æd. I have, they're ready.
Sic. Aſſemble preſently the People hither,
And when they hear our poſitive Decree

Pronounc'd by vertue of their Right, then let them
Confirm it by unanimous Conſent,
Inſiſting on their own Original Power.

Æd. I ſhall inform them.

Sici. When they have begun,
Let them not ceaſe, but with a Dinn confus'd
Inforce th' immediate Execution,
Of what we chance to ſentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Bid them be ſtrong, and ready for this Hint,
When we ſhall chance to give it.

Bru. Go about it.
Provoke him ſtreight to rage. He has been us'd
Ever to conquer, has been ſtill impatient
Of Contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to Temp'rance; then he ſpeaks
What's in his Heart; and that is there, which we
Expect ſhould break his Neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, *with others.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beſeech you.

Cor. Ye great and tutelary Gods of *Rome*,
Keep *Rome* in Safety, and the Chairs of Juſtice
Supply'd with worthy Men: Plant Love among you,
Adorn our Temples with the Pomp of Peace,
And from our Streets drive horrid War away.

1 *Sen. Amen, Amen.*

Men. A Noble Wiſh.

Enter the Ædile, *and the* Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye People.

Æd. Liſt to your Tribunes, give attentive Audience.
Peace, I ſay.

Cor. Firſt hear me ſpeak.

Both Trib. Well, ſay. Peace, ho.

Cor. What is the Reaſon,
That being paſs'd for Conſul, with full Voice,
I'm ſo diſhonour'd, that the very Hour
You take it off again?

Sici.

Sic. Anſwer to us.
Cor. Say then, 'tis true, I ought ſo.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From *Rome* all limited and lawful Power,
And to eſtabliſh lawleſs, boundleſs Sway,
For which you are a Traytor to the People.
Cor. How, Traytor!
Men. Nay, temperately: your Promiſe.
Cor. The Fires of loweſt Hell confound the People!
Call me their Traytor, thou injurious Tribune!
Within thy Eyes ſat twenty thouſand Deaths,
As many Millions in thy threatning Hands,
Both Numbers doubled in thy Lying Tongue,
Still would I dare to tell thee, with a Voice
As free as I invoke the Gods, thou ly'ſt.
Sic. Hear him, ye *Romans*.
All. To the Rock with him.
Sic. Silence.
We need not lay new Matter to his Charge.
What you have ſeen him do, and heard him ſpeak;
Beating your Officers, curſing your ſelves,
Oppoſing Law with Force, and here defying
Thoſe whoſe unqueſtionable Power muſt try him,
This Criminal, this Capital Offence,
Deſerves th' extreameſt Death.
Bru. But ſince he has ſerv'd well for *Rome*——
Cor. What, do you prate of Service?
Bru. I talk of that, who know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this the Promiſe that you made your Mother?
Com. Pray know——
Cor. I'll know no further.
Let them pronounce the ſteep *Tarpeian* Death,
Vagabond Exile, fleaing, ſtarving, lingring
But with a Grain a Day, I would not buy
Their Mercy at the Price of one fair Word;
Nor check my Courage for what they can give,
To have it for Good-Morrow.

Sic.

Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from Time to Time,
Annoy'd, oppreſs'd the People, ſeeking means
To overturn their Power; and now at laſt
Given hoſtile Strokes, not only in the Preſence
Of dreaded Juſtice, but upon its Miniſters;
We, in the People's Name, and People's Power,
Even from this Inſtant baniſh him our City,
Ne'er to re-enter *Rome*, but on the Pain
Of being thrown headlong from the Rock *Tarpeian*;
And in the People's Name, and People's Power,
We here once more pronounce it ſhall be ſo.

All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo; let him away;
He's baniſh'd, and it ſhall be ſo.

Com. Hear me, my Maſters, and my common Friends.

Sic. He's ſentenc'd; no more hearing.

Com. Let me ſpeak.

Sic. Speak, what?

Bru. 'Tis now too late; th' Offender has been ſentenc'd,
And he is baniſh'd as a Foe to *Rome*,
And to the *Roman* People; and it ſhall be ſo.

All. It ſhall be, it ſhall be ſo.

Cor. You common cry of Curs, whoſe Breath I hate,
As the contagious Reek of rotten Fens;
Whoſe Loves I prize, as the dead Carcaſſes
Of Men unbury'd, which corrupt the Air;
I from *Coriolanus* baniſh you,
And here remain with your Uncertainty.
Let ev'ry feeble Rumour ſhake your Hearts;
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes,
Fan you into Deſpair; have ſtill the Power
To baniſh your Defenders, till at length,
Your Ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Delivers you moſt deſpicable Captives,
To Foes that ſhall without a Blow ſubdue you,
And therefore ſcorn your City and your ſelves.

For

For me, thus, thus, I turn my Back upon you,
And make a better World where'er I go.

Sic. Maſters, go home; the *Ædiles* ſhall attend him,
And ſee him forth the Gates. [*Ex. Tribunes and People*

Cor. But here comes Company will try my Firmneſs;
From theſe my parting will not be ſo eaſy.

Enter Volumnia, *and* Virgilia.

Com. We muſt not be at this ſad Enterview;
We'll meet you at the Gates.

Cor. There I'll expect you.

Men. Till then farewell. [*Ex.* Com. *and* Men.

Vol. O *Marcius*, *Marcius*, whither art thou going?

Cor. Nay, Mother,
Where is your Ancient Courage? You were wont
To ſay they were Extreams that try'd Mens Spirits;
That common Chances common Men could bear.
Where are the noble Precepts that you taught me?
Thoſe Precepts that could make invincible
The Heart that learnt them.

Vol. Now may the red right Hand of *Jove* confound
All Trades in *Rome*, and all Employments periſh.

Cor. What, what, what!
When I am wanted, I ſhall be belov'd.
Nay, Mother,
Reſume that Spirit that was wont to ſay,
If you had been the Wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours you'd have done, and ſav'd
Your Husband ſo much Toil. I need not tell you,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable Strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them. Mother, Farewell.

Vol. Farewell my Son; I leave thee to *Virgilia*,
She has moſt need of Comfort. [*Exit.*

Cor. And thou, my dear *Virgilia*——

Virg. Never bid me farewell, I ne'er will leave thee;
But where thou goeſt, thy faithful Mate will follow.

Cor. Alas, thou talk'ſt of things impoſſible.
Can'ſt thou endure the hardſhips I muſt ſuffer?

Virg.

Virg. 'Tis parting, parting, is the dreadful hardſhip;
I can bear any thing if thou art with me,
Without thee nothing.——
Alas, he hears This cold and unconcern'd!
Look, if he ſheds one pitying Tear at parting!
See, if he caſts one tender mournful Look,
Or throws one Sigh from his obdurate Heart.

Cor. Is it for me, before my inſulting Foes,
To ſhew my Grief by Tears, to mourn like Women?
Or Men like Women: They who make me grieve
Shall feel, not ſee, my Sorrow; they ſhall feel
The greatneſs of my Grief in my Revenge.
By all that's binding upon Earth, or awful in the Skies,
I will revenge thy Grief, and mine, *Virgilia.*
Then temperate thy Sorrow, leſt the Wretches
In thee, my dearer Part, inſult o'er me.

Virg. Have I the Power to moderate my Sorrow?
Can human Nature part with all its Happineſs,
And never once complain?

Cor. Imitate me; compoſe, at leaſt, thy Outſide,
Suppreſs thy Sighs, tho' all within's unquiet.

Virg. As ſoon the Soul may from the Body part
Without a Groan, as I can from my *Marcius.*
Ah, how can I reſolve to part for ever?
For ever, *Marcius,* has a fearful Sound.

Cor. Then think'ſt thou that I take my' Eternal leave?

Virg. Thou know'ſt that to return is certain Death.

Cor. Yes, Death and Vengeance to th' accurſed Tribunes.
Before yon Planet has renew'd its Orb,
I that depart from hence an empty Cloud,
Fraught with Deſtructive Thunder will return,
And break upon them with avoidleſs Ruin.

Virg. Yet my ſad Heart with doleful Beatings tells me
We part for ever.

Cor. No; e'er yon Moon repoints her blunted Horns,

I will chaſtize my Foes, and comfort thee.

Virg. But whither art thou going?

Cor. Where I can find Revenge.

Virg. Shall I not hear from thee?

Cor. Yes, if my Actions anſwer to my Thoughts,
The Univerſe ſhall hear from me.

Virg. I ſhall be dead of Grief e'er thou return'ſt.

Cor. My Mother ſoon will teach thee nobler Paſſions,
And tell thee, that my Wife ſhould mourn like *Jove's*,
With Grief that meditates Revenge.
Now for one parting Kiſs, one laſt Embrace.

Virg. The laſt! Thou kill'ſt me, *Marcius*.

Cor. Now all the Gods protect thee.

Virg. When thou deſert'ſt me ev'ry God forſakes me,

Cor. Adieu!
In queſt of great Revenge thy Lover flies.

Virg. Support me, Virgins, for *Virgilia* dies. [*Exe.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *Antium.*

Enter Coriolanus *in mean Apparel, diſguis'd and muffled.*

Cor. A Goodly City is this *Antium*; City!
'Tis I that made thy Widows; many an Heir
Of theſe fair Edifices, by my Hand
Has groaning bit the Ground. Then know me not,
Leſt that thy Wives with Spits, and Boys with Stones
In puny Battle ſlay me. Save you, Sir.

Enter Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, Sir, where great *Auſidius* lies.
Is he in *Antium*?

Cit. This very Night he holds a ſolemn Council,
And, at his Houſe, he feaſts our Prime Nobility.

Cor. Which is his Houſe, Sir?

Cit. This here before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir; farewell. [*Ex. Cit.*
O World, thy ſlippery Turns! Friends now faſt ſworn,
Who in two Breaſts now ſeem to wear one Heart,
Whoſe very Souls ſeem Twins, which Fate has blended
Inſeparably, ſhall within this Hour,
On a Diſſention of a Doit, break out
To bitter'ſt Enmity. So felleſt Foes,
Whoſe Paſſions and whoſe Plots have broke their Sleep,
T' attempt each other's Ruin; by ſome Chance,
Some Trick, not worth a Drachma, ſhall grow Friends
And intermix their Offspring. Who e'er thought

To

To ſee the Hour when I ſhould court *Aufidius*,
To be reveng'd upon ungrateful *Rome?* [*Exit.*

Muſick plays. Enter a Serving-Man.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, come, what Service is here? Hey, where are you all? Drunk before the Gueſts, by this Light!

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly Houſe, and ſplendid Entertainment; But I appear not an invited Gueſt.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, Friend? Whence are you? Here's no room for paltry Companions. Come to the Door, march, march.

Cor. Juſt ſuch a Welcome *Coriolanus* ought T'expect from *Volſcians.*

Enter 2 *Servant.*

2 *Serv.* Heyday, who have we here? This, by his Garb and Mien, ſhould be one of thoſe Creatures whom they call a Hanger-on, a Spunger, or Smell-Feaſt. Whence do you come, Friend? Pray, how far have you nos'd this Supper in the Wind?

1 *Serv.* This Fellow, I'll warrant, as naturally ſmells a Supper while 'tis a dreſſing, as a ſagacious Hog ſpies the Wind as 'tis coming. Has the Porter his Eyes in his Head, that he gives Entrance to ſuch Companions? Go, get you out, go.

Cor. Away. [*Strikes him.*

2 *Serv.* Away! Get you away.

Cor. Vaniſh, thou Phantom, vaniſh. [*Kicks him.*

2 *Serv.* I am ſo horribly frighted, that I really don't know whether I have been kick'd or no.

1 *Serv.* As certainly as I have been cuff'd, *Tony.* We may be Evidences one for another, and ſufficient Damages we may recover. I would not part with my Cuff for five Seſterces.

2 *Sen.* I would not give him my Kick again for ten. But here comes *Mark*, we'll bring him into this Bus'neſs as ſure as the Day.

Enter

Enter 3d Servant.

3 *Serv.* What Fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* Hark, in your Ear, *Mark*; here is a poor Creature almoſt famiſh'd; the ſmell of this Supper has attracted the Wretch, as Loadſtone does the Iron. Now, my Maſter's Orders you know are very ſtrict, that none but the Gueſts, and their Servants, ſhould enter. This Fellow muſt be got out, d'you ſee; and be got out without roughneſs he cannot; we have tried gentle Means already. Now Roughneſs, my Friend *Tony* and I have not the Hearts to uſe, 'tis ſuch a meek, humble, good-natur'd Creature.

3 *Serv.* A Couple of Milk-Sops; let me alone.

1 *Serv.* Well, well, we leave you.

2 *Serv.* To be kick'd, *Tony*.

1 *Serv.* And cuff'd, *Pompey*: A Man ought, you know, to ſhare his Fortune with his Friend. Let us ſtep behind this Skreen, and wait the Event.

3 *Serv.* Hey, you Fellow.

Cor. Ha!

3 *Serv.* Ay, Fellow; ſo I ſay, Sir; you Fellow, you that ſtare as if you were a ſtar-gazing. What, a murrain, are we about to tell Fortunes here? I'll tell you your Fortune with a Vengeance. Do you know, my dear Friend, that ſomebody under this Roof will be kick'd immediately? Ay, ſo I ſay, kick'd, my dear Friend; kick'd for his Impudence and his Impertinence, for intruding where he had nought to do, and for provoking his Betters? Do you know this, my dear Friend?

Cor. Serve with thy Trencher, hence. [*Kicks him.*

1ſt and 2d Servants appear and laugh.

1 *Serv.* *Mark* has it as well as we.

2 *Serv.* A true Fortune-teller, by *Jove*.

1 *Serv.* Do you know, my dear Friend, that ſome Body under this Roof will be kick'd immediately?

2 *Serv.* Kick'd, for his Impudence and his Impertinence; do you know this, my dear Friend?

3 *Serv.*

3 *Ser.* Ah Vengeance ſeize you both.—— Sir, you're a moſt worthy, moſt deſerving Perſon, and if I can do you any Service——

Cor. I want your Maſter, Sirrah.

3 *Ser.* Sir, ſtep but into the next Room, and have a Moment's Patience till the Gueſts have ſupp'd, and I'll go up to him. Be pleas'd to walk this way, Sir. [*Exit* Coriol.

SCENE *draws and diſcovers* Aufidius *and the Senators at Table.*

1 *Lord.* Be not ſo haſty, *Tullus*; ſtay to Night.

Auf. After your Lordſhips leave me, not an Hour;
The Troops are, by my Orders, march'd already,
And our Succeſs depends on our Diſpatch.
For we may likely take in ſeveral Towns
Before that *Rome*'s provided to reſiſt us:
Whoſe wiſeſt Senators have been deceiv'd,
By truſting to our late diſſembled yielding;
And ſo disbanding haſtily their Troops,
While we maintain'd, and even augmented ours,
Have naked and defenceleſs left their Frontiers.

2 *Lord.* My Lords, if my Intelligence proves true,
There is a further and a ſtronger Reaſon
Why *Tullus* ſhould ſet forth without delay:
For now the Senate and the *Roman* People
Highly againſt each other are incens'd:
The Tribunes have Impeach'd, and mean to Try,
For Capital Offences, *Caius Marcius*,
Rome's brave Defender, and our mortal Foe.

Auf. Then, if we march while this Diſſention's warm,
We bear down all before us like a Deluge;
For *Caius Marcius* was the only *Roman*,
Who, when his Country had no Army ready,
Could raiſe one by his Breath alone, as *Jove*
Firſt made the World, by ſaying Let it be.
You may remember when in the late Dearth,
The People, mutinying, refus'd the Service,
He, in a Morning, muſter'd up his Friends,

And made a terrible Incurſion on us,
Which ruin'd half our Territory.

3 *Lord. Auſidius*, thou commend'ſt him like a Friend.

Auf. Life hates not Death ſo much as I do *Marcius*,
Yet I'll do Juſtice to the Worth I hate.
Even when his Country had an Army rais'd,
What was that Army when-e'er he was abſent?
He was the Soul of all their warlike Enterpriſes.
Was it their Army that reduc'd *Corioli?*
No; 'twas the conqu'ring Arm of *Marcius* only;
Who, by that wondrous Action, loſt his Name,
And found a nobler, with Immortal Glory.
Who beat the Troops which I in Perſon led?
Was it *Cominius*, *Rome*'s Commander? No.
I drove *Cominius* and his Troops before me,
As Whirlwinds drive the Duſt;
In Skill, in Stratagem, in Feats of Arms,
Their braveſt *Romans* I ſurpaſs'd and foil'd,
Till *Marcius* came againſt me, like a God,
By Force divine o'er-pow'ring human Nature.
Conqueſt attended him where-e'er he came,
And Fortune follow'd him as Fate does *Jove*.
Where-e'er he came, Skill, Valour, Stratagem,
All in a Moment were conſtrain'd to yield,
Or by their Perſeverance ſhew'd their Impotence,
And grew ridiculous.

1 *Lord.* Perhaps the Tribunes may to Death purſue him.

Auf. No, that, my Lords, they neither can nor dare,
For the *Patricians* are too faſt his Friends:
But they eternally may diſoblige him;
Which if they do, O then that we could gain him.

2 *Lord.* I'd give, methinks, a third of my whole Fortune,
To ſee him here in *Antium* as a Friend.

3 *Lord.* That ſight would be moſt welcome to us all.

1 *Lord.* To all moſt welcome, but moſt wonderful.

Auf. Twelve times in ſingle Combat I have try'd him,
And twelve times ſhamefully have from him fled.

For

For which tho' to the Death I ought to hate him,
Yet always ſhall my private Paſſions yield
To what's my Country's univerſal Good.

Enter 1 *Servant and* Coriolanus *at a Diſtance; the other two Servants appear at the Door.*

1 *Serv.* Sir, Sir, Sir. [*Pulling* Aufidius.

Auf. What would the Fool have?

1 *Serv.* The Fool has earneſt Buſineſs, Sir, as Fools now-a-Days generally have; here's an odd ſort of a Fellow that is reſolv'd to ſpeak with you, whether you will or no.

Auf. What's his Buſineſs?

1 *Serv.* I know not; I believe a Wager.

Auf. Sirrah, what Wager?

1 *Serv.* I believe he has laid that he will kick your Family round. All but your Honour have had it already.

Auf. Sirrah, becauſe as you're a Fool I ſometimes
Have given you privilege to prate, you think
Your beaſtly Tongue has a perpetual Licence.
Where is this Fellow?
My Lords, I beg your Pardon for a Moment.
[*Comes to the front of the Stage.*
Whence com'ſt thou, and what would'ſt thou? What's thy Name?

Cor. Doſt thou not know me, *Tullus?*

Auf. No: thy Name.

Cor. A Name unmuſical to *Volſcian* Ears,
And harſh in ſound to thine.

Auf. Can'ſt thou not ſpeak it?

Cor. Methinks thy Guardian Genius ſhould inform thee;
Nature her ſelf ſhould, rouzing, take th' alarm,
And thy pure Blood, which I've ſo often ſhed,
Should ſwiftly to thy panting Heart retire,
And whiſper there what mortal Foe is here.

Auf. Now by the God of War there breaths but one Man

Who dares to talk, or dares to look like thee.
How haſt thou dar'd to appear thus here alone?
Think'ſt thou to carry *Antium* like *Corioli*,
That thou art here unſeconded, unguarded?

Cor. 'Tis *Rome*, not *Antium*, that I come to carry.

Auf. What ſay'ſt thou?

Cor. Would'ſt thou revenge thy Country, or thy ſelf?
If 'tis thy ſelf thou would'ſt revenge, here ſtrike,
Ungrateful *Rome* will thank thee for the Blow.

Auf. Ye Gods, what's this I hear!

Cor. But if thou would'ſt revenge thy Country's Wrongs,
Behold me here, no common Friend to *Antium*,
No vulgar Foe to *Rome*; for I will fight
Againſt my canker'd Country, with the Spleen
Of the Infernal Furies.

Auf. What has it done? what caus'd this wondrous Change?

Cor. *Tullus*, thou ſee'ſt me here a baniſh'd Man.

Auf. Baniſh'd! Is't poſſible!

Cor. Hoop'd out of *Rome* by vile accurſed Slaves,
Permitted by our daſtard Nobles, who
Have all forſaken me: For which may Fortune,
And every Guardian God of *Rome* forſake them.
Tullus, I come to make a noble Barter with thee;
Give me Revenge, I'll give thee Victory.

Auf. O *Marcius*, *Marcius*,
Each word thou haſt ſpoke has weeded from my Heart
A Root of ancient Envy. If that *Jupiter*
Should from yon glittering Firmament, in Thunder
Speak things Divine, I'd not believe 'em more
Than thee, all noble *Marcius*. Let me twine
My Arms about that Body, againſt which
My ſhiver'd Spear a hundred times has broke,
And ſcarr'd the Moon with Splinters. Here I embrace
The Anvil of my Sword, and here conteſt
As hotly and as nobly with thy Love,
As ever in ambitious Strength I did

Contend againſt thy Valour. Know, thou Hero,
I lov'd the Maid I married, never Man
Sigh'd truer Breath; but, that I ſee thee here,
Thou noble Soul, more raviſhes my Heart,
Than when I firſt my wedded Miſtreſs ſaw
Paſs bluſhing o'er my Threſhold to my Bed.
Thou art arriv'd, thou Thunderbolt of War,
Even in the dreadful *Criſis* of *Rome*'s Fate.
Even now our Troops are marching, and I purpos'd
Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawn,
Or loſe my Arm for't. Thou haſt worſted me
Twelve ſeveral Times, and I have nightly ſince
Dream'd of Encounters 'twixt thy ſelf and me:
We have been down together, in my Sleep,
Unbuckling Helms, fiſting each other's Throats,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Marcius*,
Had we no Quarrel elſe to *Rome*, but that
Thou thence art baniſh'd, we would muſter all
From twelve to ſeventy; and pouring War
Into the Bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
Like a bold Deluge mark our Way with Ruin.
Let me preſent you to our Friendly Senators,
Who now to take their leaves of me are here.

Cor. You bleſs me, Gods! [*They go to the Table.*

Auf. My Lords, what you have wiſh'd ſo oft in vain,
But what we thought no God would dare to promiſe,
Fortune and Time have of themſelves effected.
Behold the noble *Caius Marcius* here,
The Friend of *Antium*, and the Foe of *Rome*.

All Sen. Ha, *Caius Marcius* here! [*All riſe.*

Auf. Baniſh'd from *Rome* by his ungrateful Country.

1 *Sen.* Ha, baniſh'd!

2 *Sen.* Immortal *Jupiter*!

3 *Sen.* What Miracle is this!

4 *Sen.* Let us bow down before the Godlike Man.

1 *Sen.* Welcome to *Antium*; yes, a thouſand Welcomes.

4 *Sen.* With you, the Tutelary Gods of *Rome*,
Are come to dwell among us.
3 *Sen.* When your ungrateful Country baniſh'd you
It paſs'd a fatal Sentence on it ſelf.
1 *Sen.* *Rome* in that Moment fell from all its Glory.
2 *Sen.* Now, in its turn, our *Volſcian* State will riſe.
4 *Sen.* You come to Reign, and to Command among us.
And, if you would revenge your barbarous Wrongs
On your ungrateful Country, we have Troops
That march againſt it now, and good *Aufidius*
Is proud to ſhare with you his high Commiſſion.
Auf. Moſt proud of ſuch a Partner.
Cor. My Lords, you overwhelm me with your Kindneſs:
But my bold Hand, not Tongue, ſhall ſhew my Gratitude.
Auf. For me, I muſt away within an Hour,
Marcius may take a Night's Repoſe, and follow.
Cor. Behind you *Marcius* will not ſtay a moment.
Repoſe but feeds my inward Agitation,
While Vengeance preys upon my burning Entrails;
But Motion that will haſten dire Revenge
Will give me Eaſe of Mind.
By the Reception which I meet with here,
And by the Uſage which I found at *Rome*,
Who would not take this *Antium* for the City
For which I all my Life had fought and conquer'd,
And *Rome* the hoſtile Country, of whoſe Natives
I, from a Boy, had made perpetual Slaughter.

Enter a Centurion.

Cent. Where is the General?
Auf. What are thy Tydings? Say.
Cent. The Troops that march'd this Evening, have already,
Without Reſiſtance, paſs'd the *Roman* Frontiers,
And mark'd their way with Blood and Devaſtation.

The

The *Roman* Territory's in a Flame,
With which the Welkin glows; th' impartial Sword
Spares neither Age nor Sex, Degree nor Order,
But makes promiſcuous Slaughter of our Foes.
Confuſion and Diſmay ſeize all who eſcape,
And all to their wall'd Towns for Refuge fly,
And all thoſe Towns ſend Poſt to *Rome* for Succour.
Suffetius, your Lieutenant, begs, by me,
That you would haſte to joyn th' impatient Troops,
And take th' Advantage of their eager Fire,
And of the Foe's ſurprize.

Auf. To Horſe without delay. Now, noble *Marcius*,
E'er thrice the Sun his flaming Courſe renews,
Capricious *Rome* ſhall curſe the fatal Hour
That e'er ſhe dar'd to baniſh her Defender.

Cor. I wait on you.

Auf. My Lords, we take our leaves.
May Fortune be propitious to your Lordſhips.

All Sen. Glory and Victory attend *Aufidius*,
And thee, moſt noble *Marcius*.

Auf. Sirrah, do you attend me to the Gate,
That you may take my Orders as I go. [*Exeunt.*

1 *Serv.* Here's an Alteration!

2 *Serv.* By *Jove*, I thought to have cudgell'd him; and yet my Mind gave me his Cloaths made a falſe Report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an Arm he has! He turn'd me about with a Finger and a Thumb, as one would ſet up a Top.

2 *Serv.* And what a Foot he has! Well, I have had five hundred Kicks, but never had ſuch a Kick before! He mounted me like a Foot-Ball.

1 *Serv.* Well, this Frolick began with my Maſter. This *Caius Marcius* has been us'd to Cudgel him. So that we Servants have had an Honourable Beating.

2 *Serv.* What do you ſay! Us'd to Cudgel the General!

1 *Serv.* Well Saucebox! What if I did ſay Cudgel the General? Did not the General ſay ſo himſelf? Pray what did he do before *Corioli*? Did not he Scotch him and Notch him like a Certonedo? Gad, if our General had not ſhewn the wrong ſide of himſelf, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

Enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* Oh Slaves! I can tell you News, News you Raſcals.

1 *and* 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? Let us partake.

3 *Serv.* Well! I would not be a *Roman* of all Nations under the Sun, I had as lief be a condemn'd Perſon.

1 *and* 2 *Serv.* Ay! Why ſo?

3 *Serv.* Why this Offſpring of *Hector* will carry my Maſter directly to *Rome*, and lug the Porter of *Rome* Gates by the Ears. He will mow down all before him. *Rome* will ſoon come into my Maſter's Hands. The *Romans* will be all turn'd out of their Places, and we who are Scoundrels now ſhall immediately become great Men.

1 *Serv.* What, we Footmen become great Men?

3 *Serv.* Why, what if we are Footmen, Puppy? How many Footmen, ſince I can remember, have I known preferr'd? Or Fellows worſe than Footmen? Do not we ſee every Day a proud Splenetick Puppy lolling backwards in a Gilt Chariot; when all the Town remembers, that twenty Years ago they ſaw him ride behind it? I tell you, we ſhall be all great Men.

1 *and* 2 *Serv.* Ay, ay, we ſhall be all three very great Men.

3 *Serv.* But now do you know how to behave your ſelves, you Raſcals, when you come to be great!

1 *Serv.* Not I, by *Jupiter*.

2 *Serv.* Nor I, by *Hercules*.

3 *Serv.* Then obſerve, and take Example by me. When I come to be a great Man, I will have but half my Memory, and no Ears at all in my Head.

1 *Serv.*

1 *Serv.* And why but half your Memory?

3 *Serv.* I will remember to mawl my Enemies, and forget to do good to my Friends.

2 *Serv.* But why no Ears in your Head?

3 *Serv.* I will have them remov'd a little nearer to my Pockets.

1 *Serv.* Whither muſt that be?

3 *Serv.* Why, to the Palms of my Hands, you Scoundrel! He who ſpeaks to me, ſpeaks to me here. [*Pointing to his Hand.*] He who ſpeaks to any other part of me, is an impertinent Fellow, and talks to the Deaf.

1 *Serv.* But how will you paſs your Time, when you come to be great?

3 *Serv.* Why, as that ſort of great Men does who with great Fortunes have little Underſtandings, and low Thoughts in high Stations. All the Morning I will be doing nothing, in ſecret and in State. And while I am doing nothing gravely and myſteriouſly, I will be as inacceſſible, and as uncomatable, as if I were Wiſdom or Honeſty.

2 *Serv.* But how will you paſs your Afternoons?

3 *Serv.* Why, juſt as I paſs my Mornings; in doing nothing; only I will ſee a Friend or two.

1 *Serv.* What, Wits, Virtuoſi, Politicians I warrant you.

3 *Serv.* No: Fools, you Puppy. Folly in Brocade ſhall be my Companion, and Merit in Rags ſhall be my Door-keeper. But, to pin the Basket, as ſoon as I come to be great, I will uſe the State as a Sharper does his Bubble, I will flatter it and cajole it egregiouſly, expreſs flaming Zeal for its Service, talk of nothing but Public Spirit, and the Love of my Country; but at the ſame time I will cheat my dear Country moſt damnably, yet rail moſt vehemently at any one who has it in his Power to cheat it more than my ſelf. If I can but fill my own Coffers, I care not one Farthing if my dear

dear Country is five hundred Millions in Debt, and Bankrupt past recovery.

1 *Serv.* Oh rare *Mark*, he has not liv'd twenty Years in the Service of great Men for nothing.

2 *Serv.* *Mark* has had his Eyes and his Ears open.

1 *Serv.* He will certainly be a very great Man.

3 *Serv.* Why Sirrah! I am a greater Man than you may imagine already. I am *Factotum* and *Major-Domo*, and Viceroy in my Master's Absence. Look here is the Key of the Wine Cellar, Sirrah! Come, I'll begin my Reign with an Act of Grace, carry you two down into my Kingdom of Darkness, pierce a fresh Hogshead, and thereby depriving you of your little Understandings, absolutely gain your Affections. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *ROME.*

Enter the two Tribunes and Menenius.

Bru. Then you hear nothing from him?

Men. No, I hear nothing;
His Mother and his Wife hear nothing from him.

Bru. In War this *Marcius* was a worthy Officer,
But insolent in Peace, o'ercome with Pride;
Ambitious even beyond Imagination,
And doating on himself.

Sic. And aiming at perpetual Soveraignty.

Men. Had *Caius Marcius* aim'd at Soveraignty
He would have been more popular.
For the *Patrician* who enslaves this People
Must do it by themselves.

Sic. We should, by this, have felt his Tyranny,
To all our Sorrows, had he gone forth Consul.

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*
Sits safe and easy still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy Tribunes, There

There is a Slave, whom we have thrown in Prison,
Reports, the *Voscians*, with two several Powers,
Are entred in the *Roman* Territories,
And with the deepest Malice of the War
Destroy what lies before them.

Bru. Go see this Rumourer whipt for his bold Lie.
The *Volscians*, whom so lately we reduc'd,
Have not the Heart to break with us.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The Fathers, in great Earnestness, are going
All to the Senate House; some News is come
That turns their Countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this Slave.
Whip him before the People's Eyes, for daring
Thus to disturb the Town by his Invention.

Mess. But, worthy Sir,
The Slave's Report is seconded; and more,
More fearful is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. Sir, 'tis by many Mouths deliver'd freely,
How probably I cannot tell, that *Marcius*,
Join'd with *Aufidius*, marches against *Rome*,
And vows Revenge as ample as between
The youngest and the oldest of our *Romans*.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good *Marcius* home again.

Sic. The very Trick on't.

Men. This is improbable, and highly so;
He and *Aufidius* are no more compatible
Than the two Branches of a Contradiction.

Enter second Messenger.

2 *Mess.* You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearful Army, led by *Caius Marcius*,
Associated with fell *Aufidius*, rages
Upon our Territories, and already
Have mark'd their way with Fire, and Blood, and Ruin.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh! you have made rare Work! *Men.*

Men. What News, what News?

Com. Yes, you have helpt to raviſh your own Daughters!
To ſee your Wives diſhonour'd to your Noſes.

Men. What is the News, what is the News, *Cominius?*
If *Marcius* ſhould be join'd with *Volſcians*—

Com. If *Marcius* ſhould be join'd———
Why he's their God, he leads them like a Being
Made by ſome nobler Artiſt than meer Nature,
That forms Man perfecter, and ſhapes him better.
And under him they march with no leſs Confidence,
Than Heroes when commanded by a God.

Men. Oh! you have made good Work!

Com. He'll ſhake your *Rome* about your Ears.

Men. As *Hercules* the Pillars which he rais'd.
You have made fair Work.

Bru. But is this true, Sir?

Com. As ſure as you'll look pale, and tremble too,
Before you find it other; all the Regions
With cheerfulneſs revolt, they who reſiſt
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And periſh conſtant Fools. And who can blame him?
Your Enemies and his find ſomething in him,
Tho' you ſo much contemn'd him.

Men. We are all undone, unleſs the Godlike Man'
Have Mercy equal to forgiving Gods.

Com. And who ſhall dare to ask it?
The Tribunes cannot do't for ſhame, the People
Deſerve ſuch Pity of him as the Wolf
Does of the Shepherd: Which of his beſt Friends
Has not deſerted him, and ſeem'd his Enemy?

Men. True! Were he putting to my Houſe the Brand
Which ſhould conſume it, I have not the Face
To ſay, I beg you ceaſe. You have made fair Hands:
You and your Crafts-Men, you have crafted fair.

Com. You have brought
A Trembling upon *Rome*, ſuch as was never
So incapable of Help.

Trib.

Trib. Say not we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him.
But yet, like timerous Beasts, and daftard Nobles,
Submitted basely to your Noisy Clusters,
And passively beheld him hooted from our Walls.

Com. But they, I fear, who thus could hoot him out,
Will roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The second Name of Men, obeys his Nod,
As if he were his Subaltern: Despair
Is all the Strength, Defence and Policy
That *Rome* can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the Clusters!
And is *Aufidius* with him! You are they
That made the Air unwholsome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy Caps in nauseous hooting
At *Coriolanus* Exile. Now he's coming,
And not a Hair upon a Soldier's Head
Which will not prove a Scorpion.
As many Coxcombs as you threw up Caps,
He'll tumble down, and pay you for your Voices.
Nay, 'tis no Matter.
If he could burn us all into one Coal,
We have deserv'd to be consum'd together.

All Cit. Faith, we hear fearful News.

1 *Cit.* For my own part,
When I said Banish him, I said 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I. And, to say the Truth, so did very many of us; nay, indeed, all of us.

All Cit. Ay, all of us.

Com. All of you say so! How came he banish'd then?

1 *Cit.* What we did, we did for the best; and tho' we consented to his Banishment, yet was it against our Wills. [Voices!

Com. Against your Wills! You goodly things, you
Who urg'd you on to such a fatal Injury?

1 *Cit.* Why e'en our worthy Tribunes.

[*Com.*

Com. Why then your worthy Tribunes are the Persons
Who have laid waste the *Roman* Territory,
Have brought their Country to the brink of Ruin,
Have to the Temples of our Gods set Fire,
Have fix'd the murthering Knife to all your Throats,
And, to the Arms of leud Licentious Ruffians,
Have given your Wives and Daughters. So farewell.

1 *Cit.* O terrible!

Com. Come on, *Menenius*, let us to the Capitol.

[*Exe.* Com. *and* Men.

2 *Cit.* Have our Tribunes done all this?

3 *Cit.* The Furies break their Necks for it.

4 *Cit.* What need we trouble the damn'd Neighbours, for what we can do ourselves. We are the Furies.

All Cit. Ay, we are the Furies, we are the Furies. To the Rock, to the Rock with them.

Bru. How!

Sic. What do I hear?

4 *Cit.* The Punishment they design'd for *Coriolanus*, let them feel themselves.

All Cit. To the Rock, to the Rock with them.

Bru. Hear me, my Masters.

1 *Cit.* No, no, you have prated us into Mischief enough already, a Plague o'your Rhetorical Throats for it.

Sic. Can you refuse to hear us then, my Masters?

2 *Cit.* No, by no Means, but you shall take a gentle leap first.

4 *Cit.* We shall see what a delicate Speech you'll make when your Neck's broke.

All Cit. To the Rock, to the Rock, away with 'em.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Aufidius *and four Tribunes.*

Auf. NEver was ſuch a Torrent of Succeſs.
Where-e'er we march we mark our Way with Ruin.

1 *Trib.* The *Roman* Territories are ſo alter'd,
So chang'd from what they were with the wild waſte,
The very Natives wilder'd, loſe their way;
And the Poſſeſſors of the Fertil Soil
Behold their own, and ſeeing it require it.

2 *Trib.* Beholding too the *Romans*, we require them.
Where are thoſe Spirits that appear'd intrepid?
Thoſe Spirits at whoſe ſight our *Voſcian* Troops
So often have turn'd pale with ſhivering Terror.

Auf. The Soul of *Caius Marcius* was the Spirit
Invigorating all; now he has left them,
The whole vaſt Body is become a Lump
Of lifeleſs and half animated Clay.

3 *Trib.* At leaſt in *Rome* it ſelf we thought to have found
Some firmneſs; even there, on our approach,
Confuſion and wild Uproar ſeem to lord it,
And even the Brave deſpair; while Peaſants fly
To them for ſhelter, they forſake their Walls,
And wanting Firmneſs to expect their Fate,
Come out to meet it here.

4 *Trib.* Their very Prieſts rely on Heaven no more,
No more fall proſtrate before *Mars* or *Jove*;
But leaving all their Temples unattended,

In

In full Proceſſion bow the Knee to *Marcius*;
As if that *Marcius* were the only God
On whom, for their Deliverance, they depend.
Auf. Their Prieſts are fearful, ſuperſtitious Fools,
And proud or humble, always in exceſs.
But even their Heroes, and their Sages come;
Cominius and *Menenius* have been here, [*Marcius*:
The Fellow-Conqueror one, and both the Friends of
Both bow'd their Knees, and both employ'd their Prayers,
Both cry'd for Mercy, and both cry'd in vain.
4 *Trib.* *Menenius*, by the moving Tale he told,
Of what his Country ſuffer'd, melted all;
But *Marcius* ſtill remain'd unmov'd, inflexible.
Auf. Tribune, you muſt miſtake, for I obſerv'd him
Look under with his Eyes, while he with Pain
Reſtrain'd the Moiſture ſtrugling to get free;
And much I queſtion how he will ſuſtain
This next and laſt Effort which *Rome* prepares.
3 *Trib.* What may that be?
Auf. A tender Train of mournful Ladies, with them
His Mother, and his Wife, and little Children,
Kneeling and holding up their Hands for Mercy.
Intelligence, on which I may depend,
Imports as much. If he at laſt relents——
1 *Trib.* If he relents, he dies.
2 *Trib.* If he relents, this Dagger's in his Heart.
3 *Trib.* And mine.
4 *Trib.* And mine.
Auf. Away. 'Tis true, if he relents he dies,
But ſhall not baſely be oppreſs'd by odds.
I, in ſo juſt Cauſe, alone ſuffice.
4 *Trib.* You! will you ſet your Life againſt a Traytor's,
And to blind Fortune truſt your Country's Cauſe?
Suppoſe he kills you?
Auf. If he kills me, know
Aufidius will fall worthy of himſelf,
And of the Glory of his great Forefathers.
Yet for the ſake of *Antium*, I'll take care

Not

Not to fall unreveng'd. But ſee, he comes:
I muſt receive him. To my Tent repair,
And there expect my coming.
All. We will. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Auf. Now, noble *Marcius*, what is to be done?
Cor. We will before the Walls of *Rome*, to-Morrow,
Set down our Hoſt. My Partner in this Action,
You muſt acquaint the *Volſcian* Lords how plainly
In all this matter I have born my ſelf.
Auf. You have regarded them alone, have ſtopt
Your Ears againſt the general Suit of *Rome*;
Refus'd all private Whiſpers, even with thoſe
Who thought themſelves ſecure of you.
Cor. This laſt old Man,
Who with a broken Heart went back to *Rome*,
Lov'd me above the Meaſure of a Father;
Nay, deify'd me rather. Their laſt Refuge
Was to ſend him, for whoſe old Love I have,
Tho' I to him appear'd inexorable,
Offer'd the firſt Conditions they refus'd,
And cannot now, accept to grace him only,
Who thought he could do more. A very little
I have yielded to. Freſh Embaſſies and Suits,
Nor from the State, nor private Friends, hereafter
Will I lend Ear to. Ha, what Shout is that? [*Shout.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my Vow
The Moment that I make it? No, I will not.

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, Y. Marcius, *with other Ladies and Attendants.*

Auf. Marcius, ſee here a mournful moving Train.
Cor. Ha, Gods! a mournful moving Train indeed!
My Wife comes foremoſt, then the honour'd Mould
Wherein this Trunk was fram'd, and, in her Hand,
The Grand-Child to her Blood. But my Reſentment
All Bond and Privilege and Nature breaks,
And lets dull Obſtinacy now be Virtue.

Auf. Ay, *Marcius*, bear this great, this utmoſt Tryal,
And thou haſt reach'd the Top of Mortal Glory.
I leave you.
Cor. Nay, *Tullus*, you muſt ſtay and ſee ——
Auf. Excuſe me;
Such Entertainments want no Standers-by,
And your Integrity to me's unqueſtion'd.
I leave you to receive them. [*Exit.*
Cor. What is that Curt'ſy worth? Or thoſe Dove's Eyes,
Which can make Gods forſwern? I melt, and am not
Of ſtronger Earth than others. O for a Kiſs!
Long as my Exile, ſweet as my Revenge.
Now, by the jealous Queen of Love, that Kiſs
I carry'd from my Love, and my true Lip
Hath ever ſince preſerv'd it like a Virgin.
But oh, ye Gods, while fondly thus I talk,
See the moſt noble Mother of the World
Stands unſaluted; ſink my Knee in Earth,
Of my deep Duty more Impreſſion ſhew
Than that of common Sons.
Vol. Have you forgot this Lady?
Cor. The noble Siſter of *Poplicola*,
The Moon of *Rome*, chaſte as the Iſicle
That's crudled by the Froſt from pureſt Snow,
And hangs upon the Temple of *Diana*.
Vol. This is a poor Epitome of yours,
Which by th' Interpretation of full Time
May ſhew like all your ſelf.
Cor. The God of Soldiers,
With the Conſent of ſupreme *Jove*, inform
Thy Thoughts with Nobleneſs, that thou may'ſt prove
To Shame invulnerable, and ſhew in Battel
Like a great Sea Mark, ſtanding ev'ry Flaw,
And ſaving thoſe that eye thee.
Vol. Ev'n he, your Wife, *Valeria*, and my ſelf,
And all this Train of noble *Roman* Ladies,
Are Suitors to you.

Cor.

Cor. For any thing, except ungrateful *Rome.*
Vol. Rome, tho' ungrateful, is your Country ſtill.
Cor. No; *Rome*, that caſt me out, diſown'd her Offspring;
And doubly I diſown th' ungrateful City,
And *Volſcian Antium* is my Country now:
'Tis *Antium* feeds, diſtinguiſhes, adores me,
Whereas *Rome* threw me out with baſeſt Contumely.
Vol. I never knew the Rabble yet was *Rome*;
Yet ev'n the Rabble have reveng'd thy Cauſe,
Have thrown their Tribunes from the Rock *Tarpeian*,
And voted thy Repeal.
Cor. For that I thank my *Volſcians*, and not them;
And I will laugh at their vile Fears, and uſe them
As my moſt deadly Foes; nay, my Revenge
Shall reach the very Walls that now protect them;
Yes, I'll deſtroy the very Walls that ſhelter them.
Vol. 'Tis a wild Vengeance,
That like an Earthquake, or a general Deluge,
Sweeps good and bad in a promiſcuous Ruin:
Our noble Senators are all your Friends.
Cor. No Coward ever can be term'd a Friend,
A Coward loves himſelf too well to be a Friend;
And 'twas the abject Fear of the baſe Senate
That ſacrific'd me to the Rabble's Rage;
For which, to *Volſcian* Swords, and *Volſcian* Fire,
I'll ſacrifice their City and themſelves.
Vol. Dar'ſt thou ſay this on this high Eminence,
From which thou now beholdſt afflicted *Rome*,
Survey'ſt the awful Temples of our Gods,
That above all of *Capitoline Jove?*
Methinks I hear him from his ſacred Hill
Speaking in Thunder thus; Have I decreed
That *Rome* ſhould be my great Vicegerent here,
Should terminate its Empire with thoſe bounds
That terminate the World; have I decreed this!
And *Marcius*, thou, dar'ſt thou attempt its Ruin?
And as he utters this in dreadful Tone,

Methinks I ſee him o'er his ſacred Temple,
Lifting above the Clouds his awful Head,
And rolling in his Red Right Hand the Thunder.
Cor. That *Rome* ſhould be the Miſtreſs of the Univerſe,
By Sovereign Juſtice ne'er could be decreed;
That Revelation's but a pious Fraud,
Invented firſt by *Rome*'s ambitious Chiefs,
To ſanctify their hourly Uſurpations,
And make Injuſtice wear Religion's Mask.
Vol. Oh impious!
Cor. The Wills of Gods eternal are, like them;
And nought by Gods to Men can be reveal'd
That contradicts their great Original Will,
That contradicts great Nature's ſacred Laws,
Thoſe ſacred Laws of juſt, and right, and fit,
Which the informing Breath of *Jove* at firſt
Infus'd into our new-created Souls.
Vol. Yet ſtill the Temples of our Gods are there,
Thoſe Gods to whom thou haſt ſo often ſacrific'd,
The Gods of thy Fore-fathers. Can'ſt thou ſee them,
And impiouſly dar'ſt purpoſe to deſtroy them!
Cor. 'Tis true, indeed,
There are the Temples, but their Gods are Here:
Their Gods abandon'd *Rome*, when *Marcius* left it;
And above all, the God they moſt adore,
Great *Mars*, the Father of their boaſted Founder,
With me he went t' inhabit *Volſcian* Land,
With me he marches all the toilſome Day,
With me he all the watchful Night encamps;
See where he marks his Way with Fire and Blood,
To ſcourge th' ungrateful *Romans!*
Vol. What haſt thou ſaid? Thy Voice has Daggers, *Marcius*,
And thou a cruel unrelenting Soul.
Ten thouſand Widows, and as many Orphans
Already has thy dreadful Vengeance made;
Deſtroy'd their Subſtance all with Hoſtile Fire,
And now they wander helpleſs, friendleſs, comfortleſs,

And fill the Air with Cries and Lamentations,
Enough to pierce the Hearts of Gods and Men.
Cor. Thanks to their Tribunes, and their noble Senate.
Vol. From hence thou ſeeſt the Temples of our Gods:
Oh could thy Eyes but pierce the ſacred Walls,
And ſhew thee the wild Horror that's within,
The diſmal ſight would break thy cruel Heart.
Proſtrate before each unrelenting God,
Thou would'ſt behold old venerable Age,
And helpleſs Infancy, and holy Matrons,
And Virgins wither'd in their Bloom with Sorrow;
All fainting, ſwooning, dying with the fear
Of what may fall to-morrow.
Virg. Oh Gods, his Eyes their Firmneſs ſtill maintain,
And we are loſt for ever.
Vol. Yet haſt thou made thy Mother and thy Wife
More wretched than the miſerableſt *Roman*;
As thou'rt the Cauſe of all this Deſolation,
A Cauſe that we can neither hate nor curſe,
Nor pray for thy Defeat; the reſt can pray,
And they who cannot pray, yet dare to hope,
And they who dare not hope, yet dare to wiſh,
And ſtill are happy in th' extreameſt Line.
But we can neither pray, nor hope, nor wiſh;
What can we wiſh for? for our Country's Triumph?
That is, alas, to wiſh for thy Deſtruction:
Or for thy Victory? Oh that's our Country's Ruin!
Cor. I cannot, muſt not any longer hear you.
Vol. A little more, and I have done for ever:
Th' Ingratitude of *Rome* provokes thy Wrath
To ſuch a height, that nought but its Deſtruction
Can ſatisfy thy thirſt of dire Revenge;
And yet was e'er Ingratitude like thine?
Cor. Ingratitude? To whom?
Vol. To whom, but me? to me, who gave thee Life,
By whom thou cam'ſt into the World a *Roman*,
Who took peculiar care t' inſtruct thy Childhood,
T' inſtruct thy Youth in every gen'rous Art;

Who form'd thy growing Limbs to Martial Strength,
And ſteel'd thy Breaſt with Fortitude Divine,
Contempt of Danger, and contempt of Death,
Inflam'd thy Breaſt with thy dear Country's Love,
Love of great Actions and eternal Fame;
And who diſtinguiſh'd thee from other *Romans*,
As much as they're diſtinguiſh'd by the Gods
From all th' inferior Nations who ſurround them.
Now in requital of theſe matchleſs Benefits,
Ungrateful *Marcius* murders me.

Cor. What means my Mother?

Vol. And can'ſt thou ask? And art thou then to know
That 'tis the Maxim of each *Roman* Matron,
That when ſhe can no longer live with Honour,
Great *Jove* aloud calls out to her to die.
And can I longer live with Honour? No;
If thou go'ſt on with thy curs'd Enterprize,
Death or eternal Infamy's my choice.
For I muſt either live to ſee my Country
In its laſt Pangs, and hear its dying Groans,
While thou, my Child, art the deteſted Cauſe,
The Subject of its frightful Imprecations;
Or live to ſee thee dragg'd thro' *Roman* Streets,
A dreadful Spectacle to Gods and Men,
And doom'd to die the moſt accurſed Death
Of Traytors and of Parricides.
Therefore thou either muſt deſiſt, or kill me;
This very moment thou muſt kill me, *Marcius*;
Here, here's the Dagger, but thou giv'ſt the Blow;
Yes, thou muſt paſs o'er Her who gave thee Life,
Before thou ſtir'ſt one Step t' aſſault thy Country.

Cor. What would, at laſt, my Mother have me do?
Muſt I be baniſh'd by the *Volſcians* too?
But juſtly baniſh'd, baniſh'd as a Traytor?
Muſt I betray my Benefactors then?
Muſt I betray th' important Truſt repos'd in me?
And ſo become the Out-caſt of all Nations?

Vol. I would not have thee do a ſhameful thing,
But love thy Glory equal with my Life;
No; reconcile the jarring Nations only.
Cor. That's to betray them: They reſolve on Conqueſt,
And will be ſatisfy'd with nought but Empire,
At leaſt with Reſtitution of the Lands
The *Romans* ſo unjuſtly have uſurp'd from them;
That was the Treaty which *Menenius* ſign'd,
And which *Rome* afterwards refus'd to ratify.
If without that Condition I deſiſt,
How can I e'er behold *Aufidius* more?
Or with what Eyes regard the *Volſcian* Lords?
Or from the *Volſcian* People what expect
But Infamy and Ruin? [more,
Virg. The Gods forbid, thou e'er ſhould'ſt ſee them
No: *Rome*, repenting of its barb'rous Uſage,
Has with one Voice repeal'd its cruel Sentence.
To *Rome* with me thou ſurely ſhalt return.
Cor. And how can I behold afflicted *Rome*,
Or how can *Rome* behold me?
Me, who have laid its Territories waſte,
Deſtroy'd its Cities with conſuming Fire,
And made ten thouſand of its bleeding Sons
Feel my remorſeleſs Sword's devouring Edge.
If I was baniſh'd when I fought and conquer'd for them,
What can I now expect but certain Death
From its tumultous, feeble, faithleſs Tribunes?
Not only my Revenge, my Preſervation
Requires that *Rome* ſhould fall. Can you deſire
Your Son ſhould die to ſave his mortal Foes?
No: Periſh, periſh this ungrateful City!
Vol. Dye then, *Volumnia*: But, before I die,
Thus, thus the Mother falls at the Son's Feet,
Not to ask any Pity for her ſelf,
But Mercy, Mercy, for her ſinking Country.
Down, Ladies, down.

Cor. Oh, the confuſion of my tortur'd Soul!
Vol. Pronounce *Rome* ſafe, or I am fall'n for ever.
Cor. Ye Gods, ye Gods! live *Rome*, and *Marcius* die
first.
Oh, riſe, my Mother; you and *Rome* have conquer'd;
But your unhappy Son's for ever loſt.
Hoa! Who waits there?
Give Orders that the Troops return tow'rds *Antium*,
And tell *Aufidius* I expect him here.
The Troops march back towards *Antium*, where muſt
I go?
Virg. Once more with us to *Rome* thou ſhalt return.
Thy Apprehenſions to the Winds deliver.
Our *Romans* will regard thee as a God,
For ſhewing Mercy to thy bleeding Country,
After ſuch mortal Provocations giv'n
By black Ingratitude, and baſe Injuſtice.
Vol. Thou haſt done a Godlike Deed, and ſupream
Jove,
And ev'ry God who ſees it, will reward it.
Virg. Thou'ſt rais'd up a whole miſerable People,
All in a moment, from Deſpair to Rapture.
Vol. Oh, the tranſporting Joy that we ſhall meet
At our Return in ev'ry Voice and Eye!
Virg. Our greateſt Conquerors were ne'er receiv'd
With half the Joy, with half the Acclamations!
Vol. Then what muſt our tempeſtuous Raptures be!
Oh, we are happy as the Deathleſs Gods!
Nor ſhall our Triumph be confin'd to *Rome*,
Or the ſhort Time we live.
Virg. No: o'er the Univerſe its Fame ſhall ſpread.
Vol. Nations unborn, and Languages unform'd
Shall tell the bliſsful Tale, and bleſs the Actors.
Yes, with Immortal Bliſs, Immortal Fame———
Virg. And everlaſting Love we ſhall be crown'd.
Bleſt with the long Poſſeſſion of my *Marcius*,
I ne'er till Death will part with him again.
Cor. Here ceaſe your Tranſports. See, *Aufidius* comes:
Pleaſe

Pleaſe to retire to yonder Tent a while,
For I muſt take a long but fair Adieu. [*Ex. Women.*

Enter Aufidius.

Tullus Aufidius. Ha!
Why doſt thou greet me with this alter'd Countenance,
This ſilent Wonder in thy wrathful Eyes?

Auf. Juſt now a Slave brought Orders to the Troops
That they ſhould backward turn their March to *Antium*;
And impudently ſaid he came from you.

Cor. 'Tis true, I ſent him.

Auf. Then, *Caius Marcius*, you have done much Wrong
To me, and all the *Volſcians*.

Cor. O *Tullus*, *Tullus*, hadſt thou but been by
To hear the piercing things that mov'd my Soul,
Thou would'ſt have ſworn they might engage even *Jove*
To change his high Decrees.

Auf. Your Mother and your Wife we know have done this.

Cor. The nobleſt Mother, and the tender'ſt Wife!

Auf. Yes, they are dear Relations, I confeſs,
And 'tis for them you ſet at Scorn the Gods,
By whom ſo ſolemnly you ſwore.

Cor. Unlawful Oaths are in themſelves invalid.
And is it lawful to deſtroy my Country?

Auf. No, not your Country, but your mortal Foes;
And ſo the *Romans*, by their barb'rous Uſage,
You ſaid were grown: You ſaid, and ſpoke the Truth;
And this is but a poor and mean Evaſion,
And you muſt anſwer 't to th' Avenging Gods,
By whom you ſwore with bitter Imprecations.

Cor. Then I will anſwer it; let that ſuffice;
And to the Gods alone I'll be accountable.

Auf. Yes, I dare truſt them, ſoon they will revenge
The Wrong that's done to their Almighty Powers:
But you muſt anſwer your Offence to me.

Cor. To you!

Auf.

Auf. To me, ungrateful Man.
Who took you in, with open Arms, but I,
A ſupplicating Exil and a Vagabond,
Fallen below Pity, nay below Contempt?
Who gave his Honour to the *Volſcian* Lords,
That you inviolably ſhould be theirs?
And rais'd you up to more than former Glory,
And even to envied Greatneſs, to the Power
Of taking a Revenge as ample as thy Will?
Now what's the great Return you make for this?

Cor. Such a Return as none but I could make;
Such a Return as, not ten Days ago,
Would have been Phrenſy in the proudeſt *Volſcian*
To hope, or to expect.
I infus'd Spirit thro' your abject Troops,
Gave them a Taſte of Deathleſs Victory,
Firſt ſhew'd them that the *Romans* can be conquer'd:
Compell'd my Countrymen to ſue for Peace,
And ſign an ignominious Treaty with you;
The ſame Conditions which *Menenius* brought;
Shameful for them, but glorious to your Troops,
And advantagious to the *Volſcian* State.

Auf. Name not the faithleſs Treaty, that condemns you;
For to what ſerves it, but to give *Rome* Breath
To recollect her ſelf, and pour Revenge
Into the very Heart of *Volſcian* Land?
Doing no more, thou haſt done leſs than nothing,
But rankled and envenom'd more a Foe
Too much provok'd by curſed Pride before.

Cor. How ſelfiſh Men ſtalk under public Zeal
To their baſe Ends! Before this Peace was granted
Thou wert not ſatisfy'd, but to thy Followers
Thou breath'dſt, in Corners, ſullen Diſcontent.
Then I went on too faſt, and too precipitate,
And left whole Fortreſſes and Towns behind me,
With an Intention to betray the *Volſcians*,
By cutting off their Intercourſe with *Antium*.
'Tis not too little, but too much Succeſs, That

That thus provokes the great *Auſidius'* Envy.
Auf. Envy a Traytor and a Parricide!
Cor. Thou ſay'ſt that I have Obligations to thee;
To them thou oweſt that thou ſpeak'ſt this, and liv'ſt.
Yes, take thy Life; *Jove* gave it thee at firſt,
I give it now; and now I owe thee nothing.
Auf. My Life from you! Firſt have it in your Power.
Cor. Thou know'ſt, *Auſidius*, 'tis much harder for me
To ſay I'll kill thee, than to ſtrike the Blow.
Twelve times, thou know'ſt, when I advanc'd my Sword
The Deſtinies advanc'd their fatal Sheers,
And nought but ignominious Flight could ſave thee.
Auf. And canſt thou think thou art the Man thou wer't,
When thou retain'dſt thy Honour and thy Virtue?
Cor. Both Gods and Men, with one Conſent, proclaim
That *Marcius* is the Man he always was;
His Honour and his Virtue ſtill the ſame:
And therefore the Immortal Powers aſſiſt me,
And Fortune is my Friend and my Confed'rate,
And whatſoever Side I chuſe, for that declares.
'Tis I that made my ſoaring Country ſtoop,
That never ſtoop'd before; and when they ſu'd
For Peace, to me they ſupplicating ſu'd,
And took no Notice of the Great *Auſidius*.
Now try the Voices of thy Countrymen;
I gave them Orders to march back to *Antium*,
See then if thou can'ſt lead them on to *Rome*.
Auf. Too well I am convinc'd thou haſt ſeduc'd,
By curſed Flattery, and by ſhameful Arts,
My Followers, my Soldiers, and my Friends.
Cor. 'Tis likely I ſhould ſtoop to flatter *Volſcians*,
Who ne'er could bow my Nature to Compliance
Even with my Country's mean and abject Cuſtoms.
'Twas my Authority alone ſeduc'd them,
Authority from Deathleſs Actions drawn,
And from my Triumphs o'er their baffled Leader.

Auf.

Auf. Oh, they muſt needs admire the wondrous Man,
Who for ſome certain Drops of Womens Rheum,
That are as cheap as Lies, betray'd and ſold
The Labour of their Noble Enterprize,
Their Intereſt, and their Glory. [Nature,

Cor. Thus far I've ſtruggling curb'd my impatient
But on thy Life no more; for, by great *Mars*———

Auf. Name not the God, thou Boy of Tears.

Cor. Nay then ————

Auf. Upon this Spot retract thy injurious Order,
Or thou ſhalt ſeal it with thy Blood, or mine.

Cor. Then take thy Wiſh.
This Boy, that, like an Eagle in a Dove-Court,
Flutter'd a thouſand *Volſcians* in *Corioli*,
And did it without Second or Aſſiſtance,
Thus ſends their mighty Chief to rail in Hell.
[*Fight*, Auſid. *falls.*

Auf. O *Marcius!* thou haſt conquer'd, and *Auſidius*
Is now but Duſt; but, with my flowing Blood,
My Frantic Paſſion cools; forgive me, *Marcius*,
That I thus far provok'd thy noble Nature:
And I, to merit thy Forgiveneſs, tell thee
That thou, like me, art in the Shades of Death,
And ſoon wilt follow me, unleſs thou --- Oh! [*Dies.*

Cor. Hail! and eternally Farewell, brave *Tullus!*
But what's the Caution Death thus interrupted?
Thou ſoon ſhalt follow me, unleſs thou --- what?
Oh! here's the Explication of th' Ænigma.

Enter three of the Tribunes, with their Swords drawn.

1 *Trib.* Where is our General?

Cor. There.

1 *Trib.* What Wretch's Hand has done this curſed Deed?

Cor. A Wretch whoſe Hand's inur'd to *Volſcian* Blood.
Then love thy ſelf, and vaniſh. Go, be gone,
Provoke him not.

1 *Trib.* Provoke the Villain!
I come not only to provoke but kill him.

Cor.

Cor. If thou haſt Power to kill him, he'll engage
To own that he's a Villain. This to try. [*Kills him.*
So, for all thee I ſtill am very Honeſt.

2 *Trib.* Our fourth Man either loyters, or betrays us.
Let us ſtrike home, and let us ſtrike together.
We will revenge our General and our Friend.
What, do you recoil?

Cor. Yes, like a Martial Engine, to advance
With certain Execution. Lie thou there.
[*Kills the ſecond. Women ſhriek behind the Scenes.*

Enter fourth Tribune.

Vol. and Vir. Behind, Oh, look behind.

Cor. The Women ſee and ſhriek. I muſt diſpatch.
Theſe two are Victims to my juſt Reſentment,
Fall thou a Sacrifice to *Tullus*'Ghoſt
[*Kills the 3d Trib. and the 4th runs him thro' the Back.*

4 *Trib.* Now falls the Sacrifice which moſt will pleaſe him. [*Loud Shriek.*

Cor. No, treacherous Villain, I have Life remaining
To ſend thee to the under World before me,
And thou ſhalt be the Lacquey of my Fate.
Fly, Dog, and tell *Aufidius* that I come. [*Falls.*

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, *and* Valeria.

Vol. Alas, my Son, my Son!

Vir. My deareſt Lord!
Ah, Gods, the Blood runs ſtreaming from his Wound!
He bleeds to Death! and is no Succour nigh?
Haſte, fly for help.

Cor. All Help is vain, for we muſt part, *Virgilia.*

Vir. No, we muſt not; there's not a God in Heaven
So cruel to decree me quite ſo wretched.

Cor. My Blood and Life are at the loweſt Ebb.

Vir. Ah, now I ſee a Sight that will diſtract me,
And dread the utmoſt Malice of my Fate;
For the firſt time my *Marcius* now turns pale.

Vol. Yet looks undaunted ſtill.

Cor. Mother, farewell. Nay, if you weep!——

Vol. 'Tis I have only Cauſe, 'tis I have done this.

Thy

Thy filial Piety has been thy Face;
And I have kill'd my Son.
Cor. You have sav'd your Country.
Vol. What's my Country now,
To me a Widow, helpless, childless, comfortless?
Cor. My everlasting Fame be now your Son,
And your own Deathless Glory be your Husband.
Where-ever *Roman* Annals shall be read,
The Godlike Action you have done this Day
To endless Ages will transmit your Name,
And all the Good eternally will bless you.
Be it your Care to comfort poor *Virgilia.*
Vir. Is this the Happiness that I expected?
Now first I hop'd to have thee mine entirely,
Inseparably mine, and now we part,
For ever part. And must we? No, we will not;
For when thou go'st *Virgilia* will not stay.
Cor. Virgilia, let me die as I have liv'd,
And, like a *Roman,* view the Tyrant Death,
With Scorn, as I have always done in Battle.
Thy Grief alone can make him formidable,
One parting Kiss; a long, a long Farewell. [*Dies.*
Vir. He's gone, he's gone, and I no more must see him!
No more must dwell upon his charming Tongue,
And hang on his enchanting Lips no more:
And thou prophetic Vision of the Night,
And ye the dire Forebodings of my Soul,
All, all is come to pass. See here he lies:
Ay, here he lies, surpriz'd, surrounded, murther'd.
Vol. Yet in his Fall he still is *Coriolanus,*
Himself alone a Conqueror o'er Numbers;
Himself the dread Revenger of his Murther!
But the just Gods require an ampler Vengeance,
For their lov'd Heroe's Death. Even now the Years
Come crouding on, for so the Gods inspire me,
When *Rome* shall all the Land around possess,
And even the Name of *Volscian* be no more. [*Shout.*

Enter

Enter Cominius, Menenius *and Attendants.*

My Lords *Cominius* and *Menenius* here!

Com. We came with freſh Inſtructions from the Senate,
And larger Offers ſtill of ſhameful Peace,
But find the *Volſcians* fled in wild Confuſion,
And panic Fright, for ſo our Hinds inform us;
Upon what wondrous Accident they know not.

Vol. See there the Cauſe;
See where their mighty Chief, *Aufidius*, lies.

Men. And, Oh! ſee *Marcius* pale in Blood beſide him.

Com. What provok'd Death to make this diſmal Havock!

Vol. That Queſtion muſt redouble all my Griefs:
I was the fatal, I the only Cauſe.

Com. You?

Vol. I, on my Son, prevail'd at length for Mercy;
Which caus'd *Aufidius* Rage, and all their Fates.

Com. O Death! thou haſt a coſtly Conqueſt made,
And waſted all at once, like fooliſh Spendthrifts,
The Soil that would have brought thee many a plenteous Harveſt.
Tho' *Marcius* fill'd his Country with Confuſion,
Which ſtill lies ſtrugling in Convulſive Pangs,
He ſhall not paſs unprais'd nor unlamented:
For 'twas thy Fate in Death, as in thy Life,
To be thy Country's Champion and Deliverer.
In ſolemn, ſlow Proceſſion let us march,
And bear the ſad Remains of him to *Rome*,
Where pompous Rites of Funeral ſhall be paid them.
Where, Ladies, you who have thus nobly ſav'd
Your Country, ſhall receive immortal Honours.
But they who thro' Ambition, or Revenge,
Or impious Int'reſt, join with foreign Foes,
T' invade or to betray their Native Country,
Shall find, like *Coriolanus*, ſoon or late,
From their perfidious Foreign Friends their Fate.

F I N I S.